

"I Yam What I Yam!"

POPEYE

E. C. SEGAR



VOLUME ONE

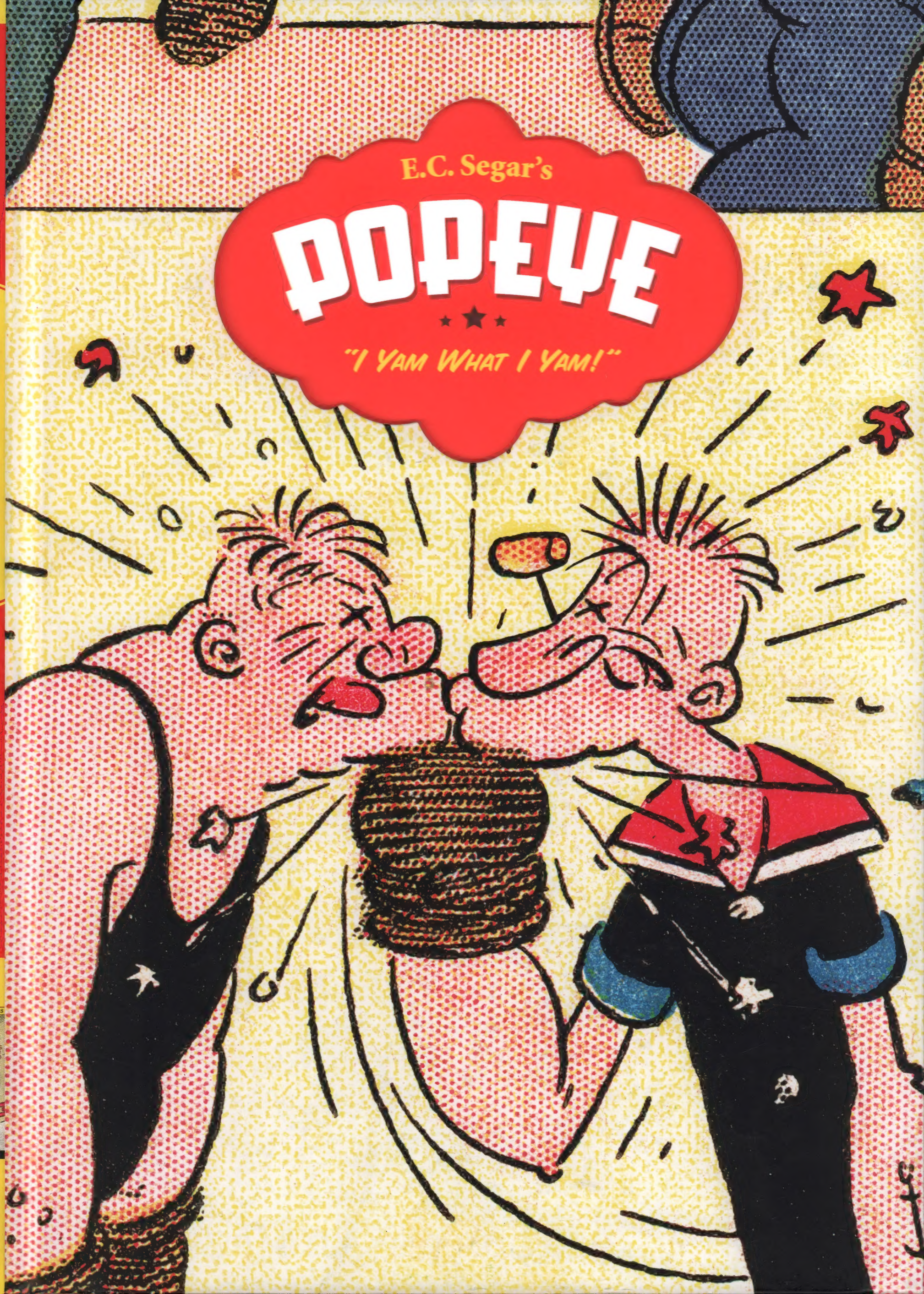
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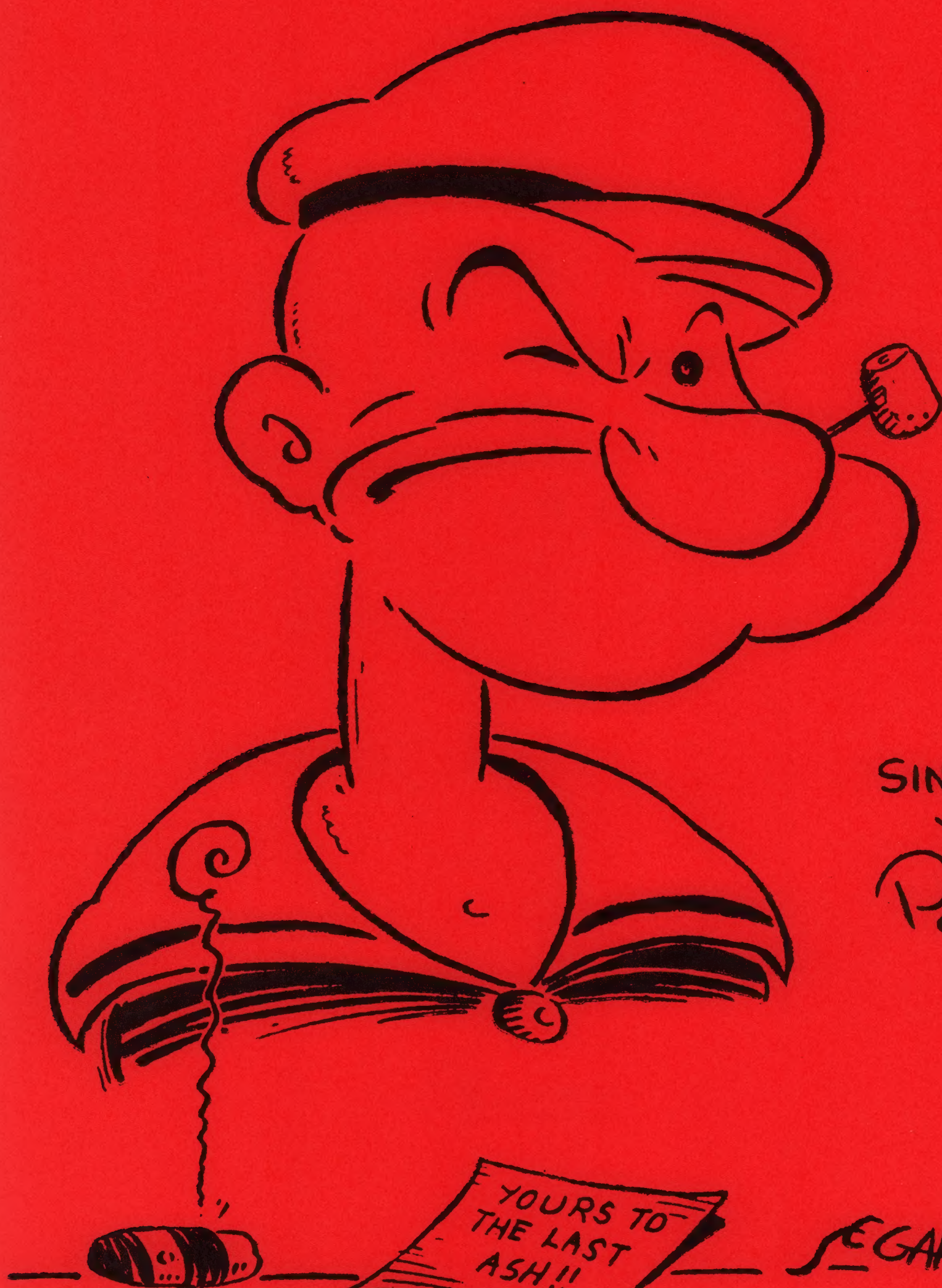
E.C. Segar's

POPEYE



"I YAM WHAT I YAM!"





SINCERELY
YERS-
POPEYE,

YOURS TO
THE LAST
ASH!!

EGAR



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Segar's POPEYE



by JULES FEIFFER

TO STIR UP CONFUSION, there is more than one Popeye. All Popeyes look more or less alike: a runty, squinty-eyed sailor with bulbous forearms who smokes a corncob pipe. All Popeyes have one notable physical attribute: they can beat up anybody and mostly do. However, while the animated Max Fleischer Popeye needed a can of spinach to beat Bluto, the daily and Sunday newspaper strip Popeye was perfectly capable of winning fights without strength-enhancing, vegi-based steroids. In fact, the daily and Sunday Popeye didn't bother with spinach (or Bluto) until years after he had secured his name in print.

Popeye's main gift in his early years was his endurance. Huge brutes pounded him as mercilessly as Bluto on his best day, but Popeye kept coming back for more. He would not be defeated. He outlasted all villains, outlasted *Thimble Theatre* (the strip he got his start in as a supporting player), and even outlasted his brilliant creator. E.C. Segar died in 1938, a mere ten years after he introduced Popeye to the world on January 17, 1929 — nine days before my own birth. My earliest attempt at drawing centered on Popeye more than any other hero. And why not? By 1933 he was a national treasure.

Popeye captured the sensibility of a nation mired in the Great Depression. Suffering a shortage of jobs, little food on the table, and no serious signs of recovery, we remained, somehow, a nation undaunted. It was a time of expansive energy, unreasonable optimism, silliness, and laughs: Rodgers and Hart, the Gershwins, Dorothy Parker, the Marx Brothers, Gold Diggers of 1933. Popeye was at one with his time, crossing over from the Jazz Age "boop boop a doop" to the down-and-out age. "Remember My Forgotten Man."

Popeye was the forgotten man: uneducated, unsophisticated, untamable. His mangled English pulsated with the vital spirit of immigrant America: "*I yam what I yam and tha's all I yam.*"

Patient and long suffering in regard to his sweetie-pie Olive Oyl, maternal and fiercely protective of his ward Swee' pea,

unassuming and proud of Eugene the Jeep, his magical, gift-giving pet, Segar's Popeye had all sorts of sides to him. In the hands of this genius-cartoonist, a character could be as lovable as Charlie Brown while at the same time explosively violent. On the wrong side of an argument he was perfectly capable of misusing his powerful muscles (muskels, on radio) and readers would love him none-the-less. Popeye, in Segar's vision, was the flawed common man as Walt Whitman might have imagined him, Frank Capra directed him, and Samuel Beckett mixed with Eugene Ionesco hired to write his dialogue.

In Popeye's world everyone (but our hero) was cheerfully corrupt, giddily greedy, amoral, immoral, without a sign of compassion or conscience — in other words, a farcical cartoon version of Depression-age America. The difference, however, was that beneath it all lay an extraordinary civility. Characters in Popeye always displayed good manners as they went about lying, cheating, and stealing. No one was more engagingly polite than the four-flusher Wimpy, Popeye's best friend. Wimpy made few distinctions between good guys and bad guys — all were his marks. He lived to con our hero and everyone else within his proximity. Given an opening, he slyly played his pal for a sucker, but his manners were perfect.

No strip housed more contradictions, a noisy tenement of clashing impulses: gentleness meets with nastiness; courtesy meets violence; greed, loutishness, and brutishness knock heads with kindness, righteousness, and moral vigor. Brute strength, used by all sides, is so run-of-the-mill it is like steak and fries. And fist fights are uncommonly good natured.

There were few aspects of rotten behavior that Segar didn't depict and make funny and, beyond funny, make tolerable. Underneath the tumult lay an air of profound decency. Segar seems to be saying: *It's a mess of a world, so let's stop bitching and get on with it.*

Olive Oyl, the love of Popeye's life, was vain, intemperate, jealous, and felt no

qualms about using physical violence. Yet Popeye loved her, and so did the readers — as we enjoyed every variety of swine, scoundrel, brute, and villain, who in real life would have sent us fleeing.

It didn't take long to realize that the rules of Popeye's world were, simply, that there were no rules. So the only corrective was Popeye's fists. His violence restored balance, brought justice, and made everyone feel better, often including the bad guys he beat up. And the graphic cartoon beauty of his fistfights was gorgeously rendered. Segar was a master at whirlwind, over-the-top cartoon violence, as pain-free as Wile E. Coyote's falling off a cliff hundreds of feet down into a gorge below.

In this mad and corrupt universe, Popeye stood out as the one moral force, the single representative of thoughtfulness, goodness, and compassion. He wasn't mawkish about it. It was as innate to his character as his squint and forearms.

The animated Popeye didn't bother with character, wit, or nuance. There was but one story, repeated thousands of times in endless versions: Popeye fighting Bluto over Olive Oyl and able to win in the end only because he was lucky enough to find a can of spinach. Jeez!

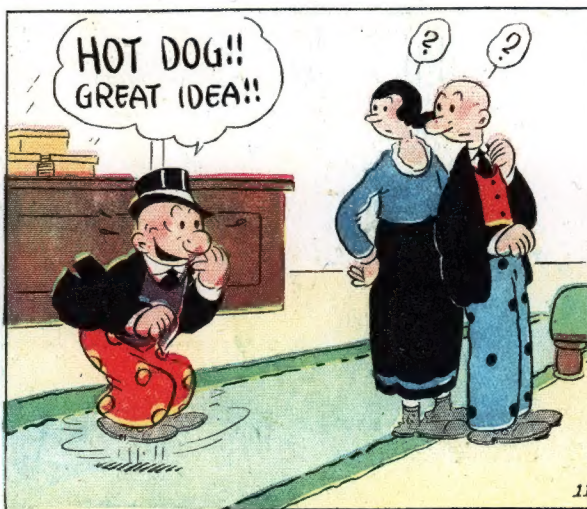
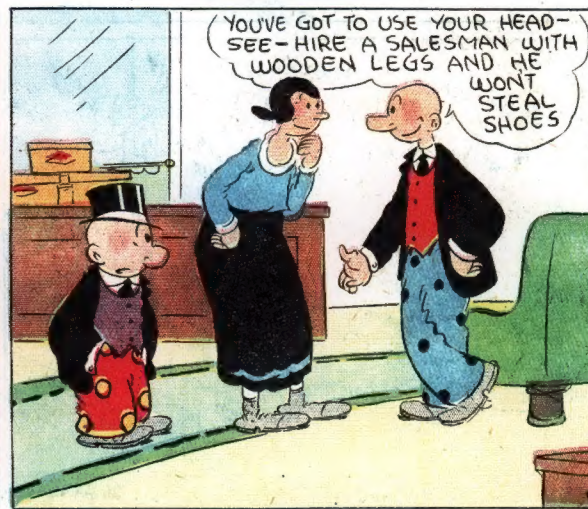
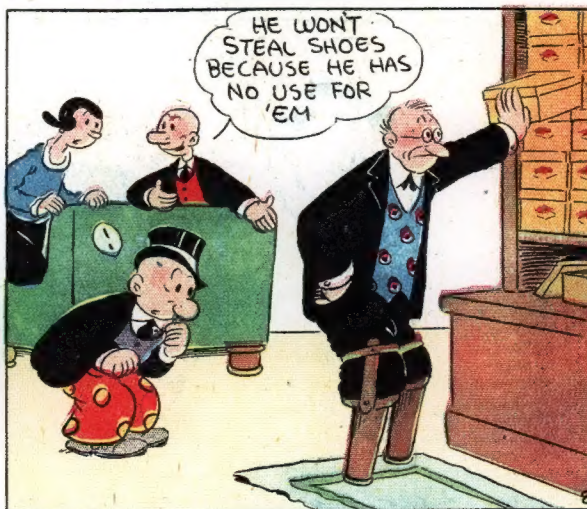
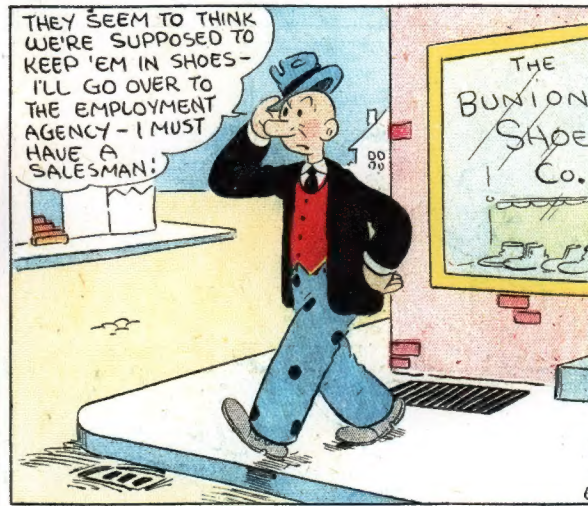
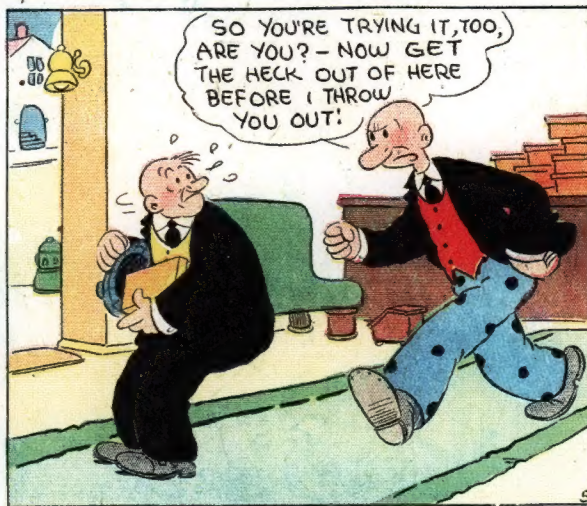
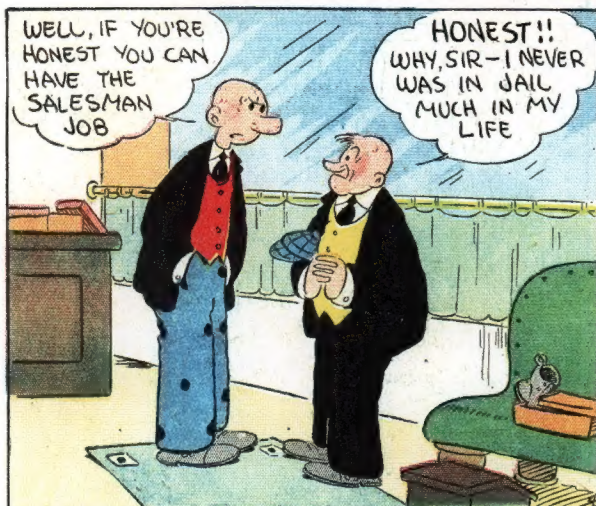
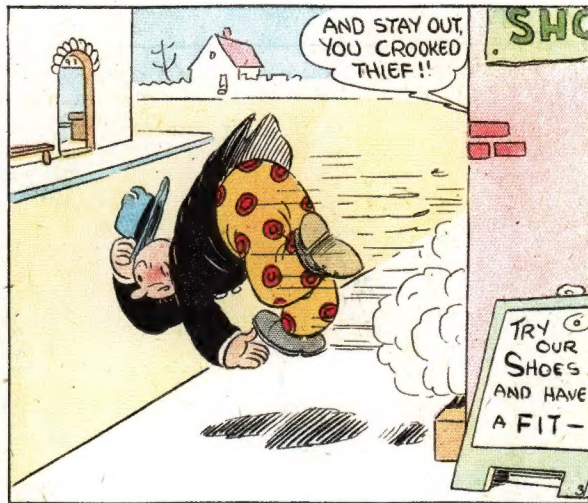
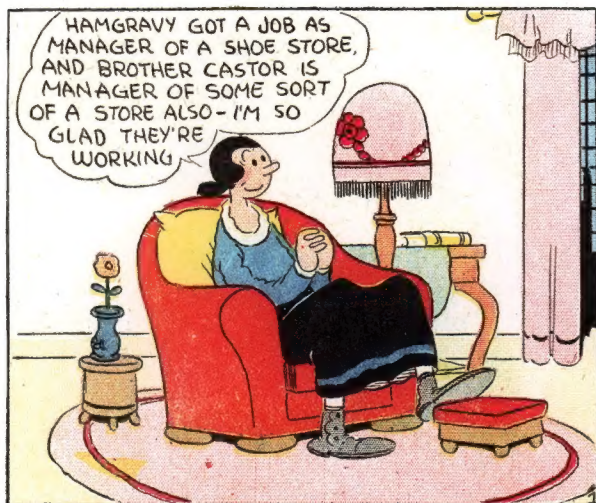
It was a wildly successful animated series, moving from Paramount to Famous Studios to TV, and most of it, sixty years' worth, dates badly. Its one lasting charm remains the voices of the actors who played Popeye and Olive Oyl, Jack Mercer and Mae Questel.

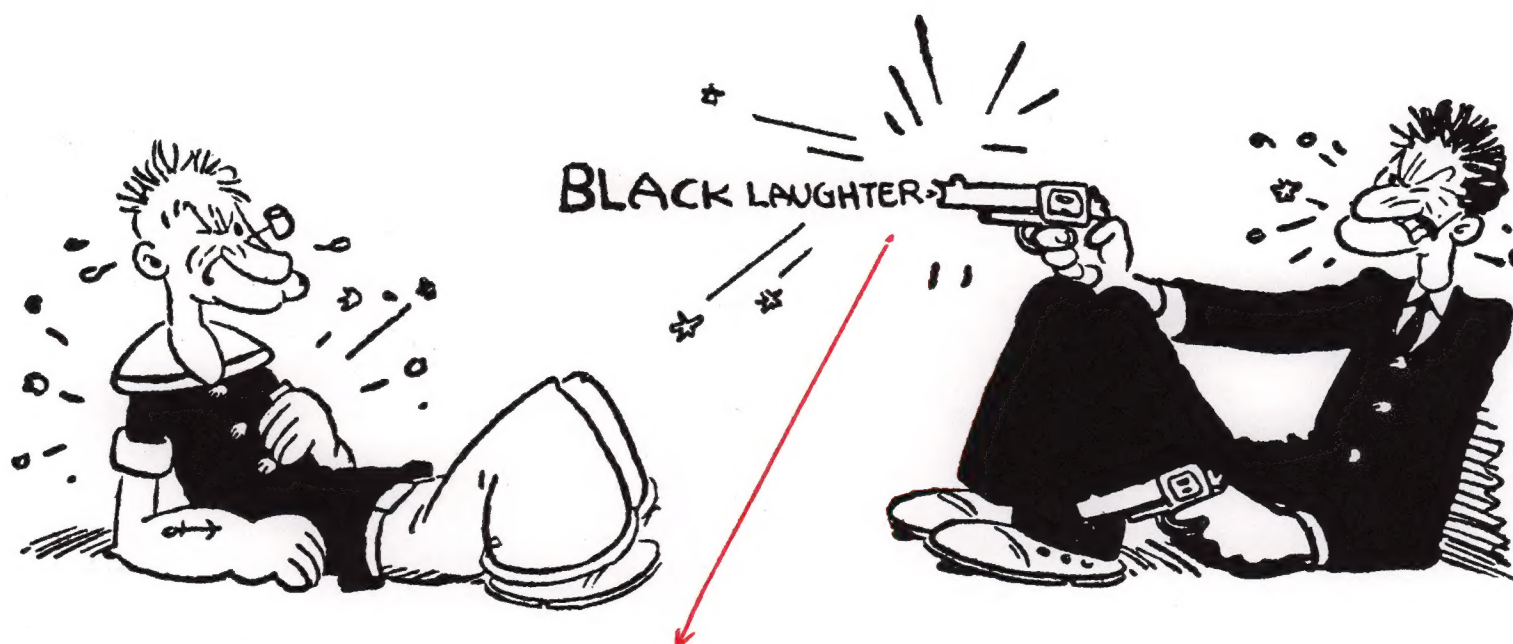
But more than sixty-five years after Segar's death, the Popeye that was his creation lives on, still fresh with wit, style, whimsy, and surprise. This Popeye stands with the best of his thirties competitors, who happened not to be comic strip characters but movie clowns: W. C. Fields and the Marx Brothers.

E. C. Segar was very good in his time; but times have gotten worse, and he is even better in ours. He provides smiles and belly laughs and a sense of wonder at his mixture of civility and audaciousness. And his level-headed brilliance leaves this reader in awe.



Thimble Theatre





Comments on the Grimly Comic Development of a Major American
Epic of Witchcraft and Fisticuffs as Refereed
by J. Wellington Wimpy

QUICK!

Name a classic comic strip — one that started at least 25 years ago — that was not named for its leading character — or at least one of its leading characters! You have ... one minute! Sure, obvious: *Thimble Theatre*. Very good. Now — let's have four more. Two minutes this time. Go! Think, think ... one minute's gone. Come on, come on. *Minute Movies*! Right on; three more. (Reader, why don't you time yourself or your friends on this one? Do it now, before reading a line more.)

Minute and a half. Just three others — got one? Right! *Radio Patrol*. *On Stage*, too! Fine. Time's about — what? You're right, *In the Land of Wonderful Dreams*! (The title Winsor McCay's *Little Nemo* carried when the strip ran in the Heart newspapers after McCay left the *New York Herald*.) Excellent; just under the wire. All right, how about — say, five more. Five minutes this time. What? Impossible? There just aren't five more? I know that Ripley, Lichty, Hatlo and Hix work don't count as strips, but keep at it; there are others. Here's a hint: Slim and Tubby ... Great! *Flying To Fame*! And that reminds you of ... what? *Skyroads*! Better and better. Keep going. Three more. Go, go, go. *Toonerville Folks*? Not really — the title does refer to the characters: all of them at once, in fact. Reasonable, but no banana. Cogitate. Grind away, fella ...

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Out Our Way, by J.R. Williams, is right! You're gettin' 'em. That leaves one to go, and you have just one minute to get it in. Squee-eeze it out! *The Family Upstairs*? Come on; no way; don't get desperate. Think! There's at least another dozen. Honest! Time's going ... going ... gone! OK, now you'll have to read through the rest of this article to run into some of the others.

Point is, it really is damned hard to think of the very few older newspaper comic strips (there are virtually none in comic books) with generalized titles unrelated to their feature characters. From *The Yellow Kid* to *Doonesbury*, the comic strip is unique among the narrative arts in its overwhelming proportion of character-based titles. Ninety-five percent, at least, as opposed to far fewer in prose fiction, films, drama or radio. True, sometimes there's an attempt to get some background or theme color into strip titles (*Terry and the Pirates*, *Tad of the Tanbark*, *Railroad Red*, *Flyin' Jenny*), or to specify a profession (*Mandrake the Magician*, *Prince Valiant*, *Somebody's Stenog*), or an alter-ego (*The Phantom*, *Black Fury*, *The Shadow*), but the character ID is always up front. And titular spotlight-sharing as new characters emerge in an older strip (the *Wahoo! Gustol Roper* development and the *Google! Spark Plug! Snuffy Smith* progression are typical) is exclusively a comic-strip phenomenon.

The reason is as obvious as a Popeye "twisker-sock": from their start, comic strips gained virtually all of their broad public appeal and fame from their featured players: *Happy Hooligan*, *The Katzenjammer Kids*, *Alphonse and Gaston*, *Little Nemo*. The cartoonists' names went unnoticed as often as not. (It took a while for the publishers to realize this: R.F. Outcault, creator of the enormously popular *Yellow Kid* of 1895-97, was hired at very fat salaries by three different New York newspapers in the late 1890s to draw other strips, but nothing he intro-

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Thus the key to apparent success with a new comic strip, in the eyes of the new syndicates and their subscribing newspapers, seemed to lie in the strongest possible preconceived character, featured from the start, with his or her name emblazoned across the title line for quick identification. Certainly with some syndicates, such titles seemed to be virtual ground rules: The News-Tribune Syndicate has carried only two non-character titles of any consequence over the past 80 years: *Gasoline Alley* (1919) and *On Stage* (1957), and the first of these was not even conceived of as a strip when it was first introduced as a thematic weekly gag panel on a page of other gag cartoons. NEA has featured only one such strip, besides *Out Our Way*, in its history: *Our Boarding House*; while some smaller syndicates, such as McNaught, distributed none. The generic-titled strip, then, has always been something of a pariah, a distinct oddball among its fellows, and the curious thing is that so relatively large a percentage were in fact named, distributed and rose to marked success — with the extraordinary *Thimble Theatre* in the vanguard.

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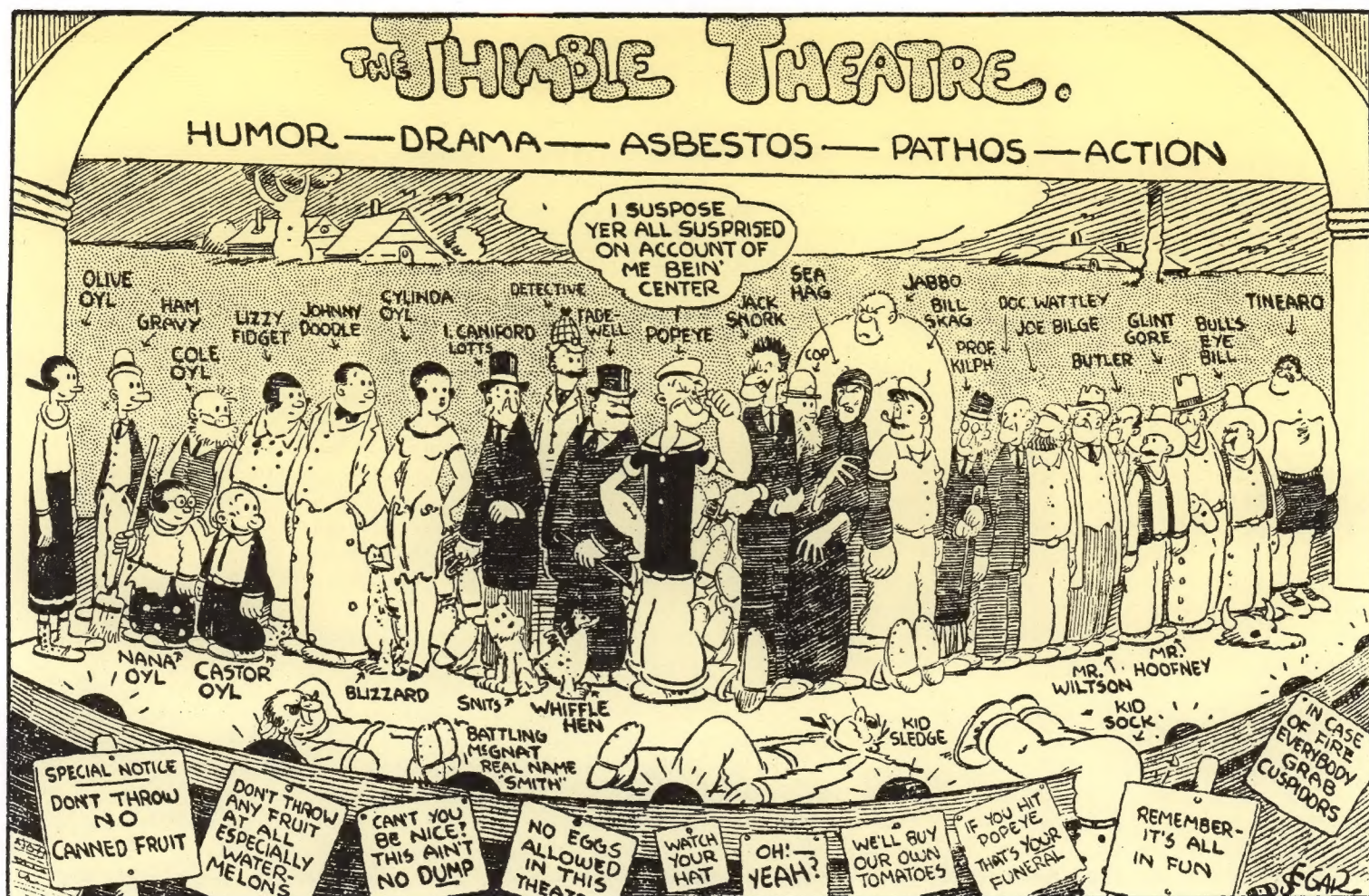
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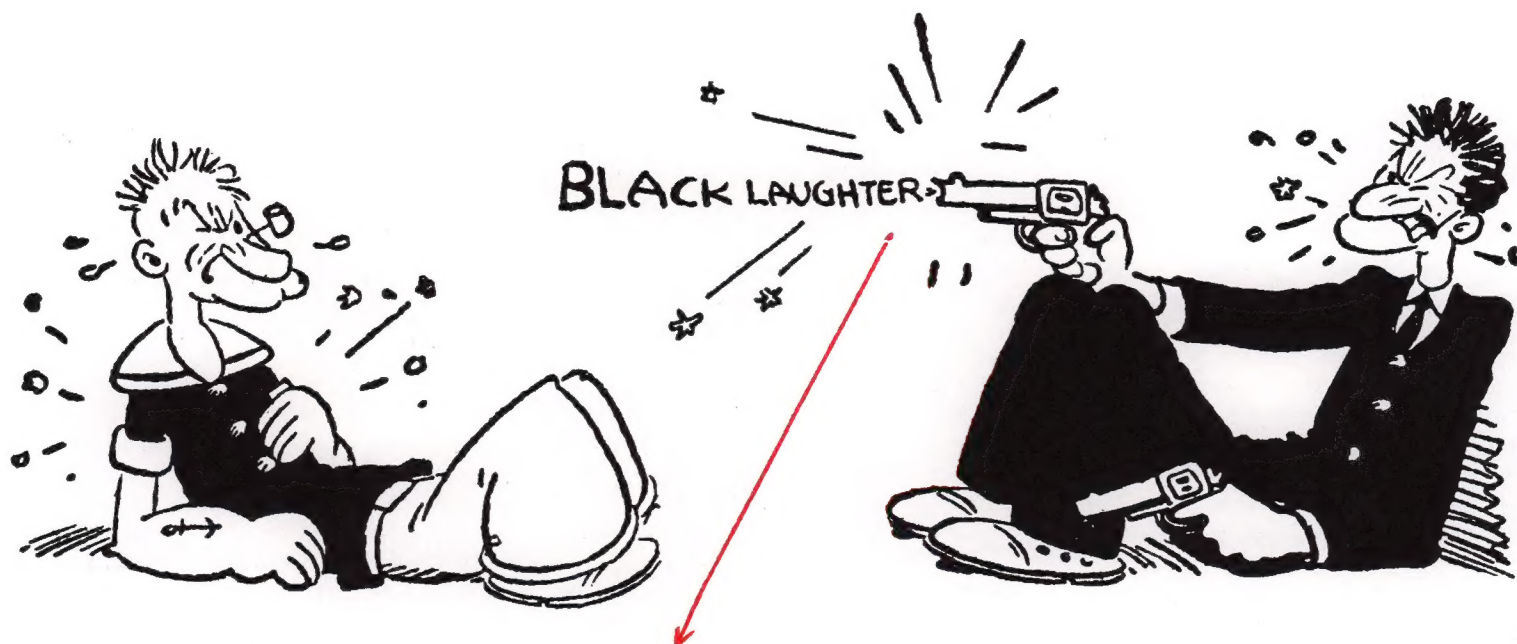
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personae, the strip might as well have been named *Castor Oyl*, *Ham Gravy*, *Ham 'n' Olive*, *The Oyl Family*, or — to try for a more sprightly notion — *The Oyls on Troubled Waters*.

Segar's marvelous facility for innovation and experiment in story and character, as his wide public of the '30s came to know it, had clearly flickered brightly again and again in the pre-Popeye *Thimble Theatre* between 1919 and 1929 — more than enough to earn him the continuing admiration of a coterie of regular readers of the sort who later fixed immediately on such similarly striking strips

cavalierly reshuffle his leads in the light of his new needs. Olive Oyl would not, clearly, be a problem: as the only featured woman in the cast, she had already become the target of Popeye's amorous attentions, and would shine in continuing her previous central position. Castor Oyl, one of the strip's two previous male leads, and Olive's brother, could not be handily gotten off-stage; moreover, his long-established inclination toward taking charge of anything and anybody in sight made him an obvious, self-interested Virgil to guide the innocent yet worldly Popeye through the arcana of the land-bound

This highly populated THIMBLE THEATRE presentation piece was clearly created early in the Popeye run, as revealed by the choice of cast — no Wimpy! — as well as the slightly more gawky and angular "early" Popeye — to say nothing of the idea that Popeye's centrality might be open to dispute.



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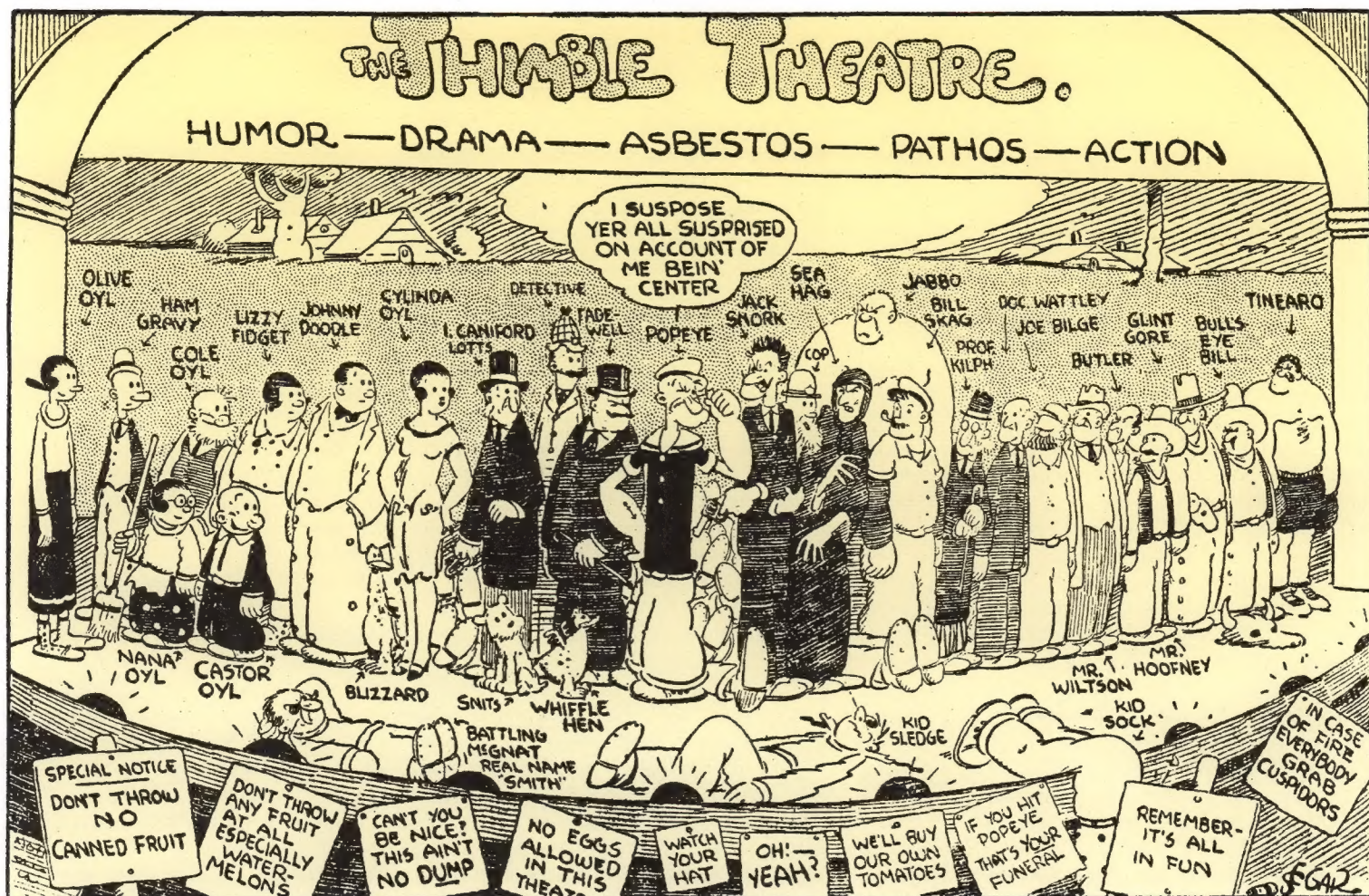
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With the advent of such a strong and wildly popular new central character into the strip, Segar quickly discovered how conveniently his general strip title enabled him to



original title for the strip — *Home, Sweet Home*, which he coined for it just after World War I — he would have enjoyed a much freer hand with the strip in terms of reader expectation and probably would never have had to concentrate on the Bungles per se so long as he did; there might have been half a dozen Homers tickling the public fancy over the quarter-century stretch of the strip. Thus the character-based titles tend to straiten the work they adorn, as the general theme or locale-based titles tend to liberate it. *Henry* lies at one end of this spectrum; *Out Our Way* at the other.

personae, the strip might as well have been named *Castor Oyl*, *Ham Gravy*, *Ham 'n' Olive*, *The Oyl Family*, or — to try for a more sprightly notion — *The Oyls on Troubled Waters*.

Segar's marvelous facility for innovation and experiment in story and character, as his wide public of the '30s came to know it, had clearly flickered brightly again and again in the pre-Popeye *Thimble Theatre* between 1919 and 1929 — more than enough to earn him the continuing admiration of a coterie of regular readers of the sort who later fixed immediately on such similarly striking strips

cavalierly reshuffle his leads in the light of his new needs. Olive Oyl would not, clearly, be a problem: as the only featured woman in the cast, she had already become the target of Popeye's amorous attentions, and would shine in continuing her previous central position. Castor Oyl, one of the strip's two previous male leads, and Olive's brother, could not be handily gotten off-stage; moreover, his long-established inclination toward taking charge of anything and anybody in sight made him an obvious, self-interested Virgil to guide the innocent yet worldly Popeye through the arcana of the land-bound

This highly populated THIMBLE THEATRE presentation piece was clearly created early in the Popeye run, as revealed by the choice of cast — no Wimpy! — as well as the slightly more gawky and angular "early" Popeye — to say nothing of the idea that Popeye's centrality might be open to dispute.

society that was now (with Castor's strident insistence) claiming him. (It was, as you will find in the early Sunday pages of the present volume, Castor's inspired notion to promote Popeye as a "sprise-fighter.") Ham Gravy, however, although frequently the featured lead in earlier years of *Thimble Theatre* and Olive's romantic interest, seemed to be embarrassingly redundant with Popeye now at stage center; he would present a real problem in the future as a major character. (Ham had, in fact, become a bit tiresome; he not only had not changed or developed in the preceding decade — there was no real potential in the simple goof for long-range development. He frustrated Segar's growing inclination toward the implantation and fostering of enigma in character, the careful resolution of apparent contradiction in attitude and behavior which the artist had long pursued in the increasingly complex figure of Castor, and in which Popeye was now to prove extremely fertile ground.) Ham Gravy, it was evident, had to go, and he went. His exit, however, was not a dignified, Durante-style walking offstage into receding spots, hat tipped to the audience: It was nothing more than a brief, mute appearance in the background of a couple of daily and Sunday strip panels, on two successive days (May 11 and 12, 1930). A shabby departure, certainly, for so prominent a strip lead, but it suggests that Segar had not then made up his mind to drop Ham for good. If it occurred to Segar months (or years) later that Ham was due some further usage — if only to enable him to go out of the strip with a little pizzazz — he had to face the fact that he would have to re-introduce Ham to some three-quarters of his audience, such as was gained since 1930, at which time the astounding word-of-mouth popularity of Popeye had suddenly brought the small-circulation strip *Thimble Theatre* into dozens of newspapers which had never carried it before. So Segar's fond, permanent farewell to Ham Gravy was in a series of *Thimble Theatre* portraits appearing on play money bills drawn for the Sunday page in 1933.

In sharp contrast to Segar's *Thimble Theatre* leading players prior to 1929 (Castor alone excepted), Popeye developed as a character,

adding new facets of language, attitude, behavior, and maturity to his salty persona as the strip feinted and shadowboxed its feisty way into the 1930s. Presently we shall see him literally shaped, fleshed out, given depth and fresh humor before our fascinated eyes: The Popeye at the close of our next volume will be a far richer and more complex character than the simple tough sailor of 1929 and 1930, and by 1938 (the year of Segar's death), he will be seen to have been even more impressively altered in the directions Segar found logical. There is no doubt that Segar greatly enjoyed the construction job; the young artist, delighted (and possibly startled) to find ever deeper and fresher wells of creativity within himself, had discovered a corollary advantage to not being tied to a specific, pre-created title hero in a comic strip. The exhilarating freedom to build a character resulted from the basic freedom to drop or switch characters at will — and both of these freedoms came from simply having a strip called *Thimble Theatre* and not *Ham and Castor*.

One must not, of course, make more out of the advantages of the generic-named strip than is really there. Many gifted creators of character-titled strips (Frank Willard, Harold Gray, Milton Caniff, Chester Gould) felt perfectly free to shift and add characters all about their nominal lead character, as well as to noticeably alter and enlarge the lead character's role in the course of the strip.

But what of Popeye, and his incredible, accidental creation?

In one of these popular collaborations of writer and cartoonist basic to mid-nineteenth century fiction and which so remarkably prefigured the narrative art form of the comic strip in the twentieth, a youthful Charles Dickens was asked by a shrewd publisher to write the serial story text to accompany a series of sporting cartoons by the famed Robert Seymour. Dickens mulled over the proposal, considered what he could do in the story way with comic sportsmen, and — as he later casually put it in an introduction to the work he and Seymour titled *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club* but known to us today simply as *Pickwick Papers* — he "thought of Mr. Pickwick."

He thought of Mr. Pickwick. Just so, and no more to it, really, than that. Critical jaws have dropped and academic eyebrows risen at that assertion, but there is no doubt that for Dickens that was the simple sum of it. Just as promptly and with just as much success he proceeded "to think of" Sam Weller, the Elder Weller, Mr. Jingle, Mr. Stiggins, Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz, and the host of other Pickwick characters who still tumble orating and raging out of the pages and illustrations of Dickens's timeless work.

Segar, clearly, just thought of Popeye, too. Like Dickens with Pickwick, he also had little idea of where he was going with his new character after he thought of him and for a while, like Dickens with Pickwick, he put Popeye through simplistic slapstick turns. Dickens was several months into the serially published *Pickwick* before his figure took on any sizable part of the mythic status he was to enjoy with succeeding generations of readers; and in much the same way Segar had many weeks of Popeye continuity behind him before the really marvelous aspect of the sailor began to emerge in the day-to-day action of the strip.

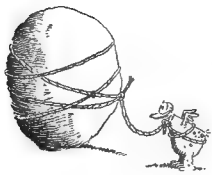
After Popeye, our simple, downstate Illinois artist thought of the Sea Hag. Then he thought of Mr. Wimpy. Then Alice the Goon and the Jeep. Then Poopdeck Pappy. Then, tragically, he died — and none of the legions of cartoonists who have "carried on" *Thimble Theatre* have thought of any figures worthy to add to those.

Why not the others? Why just Segar?

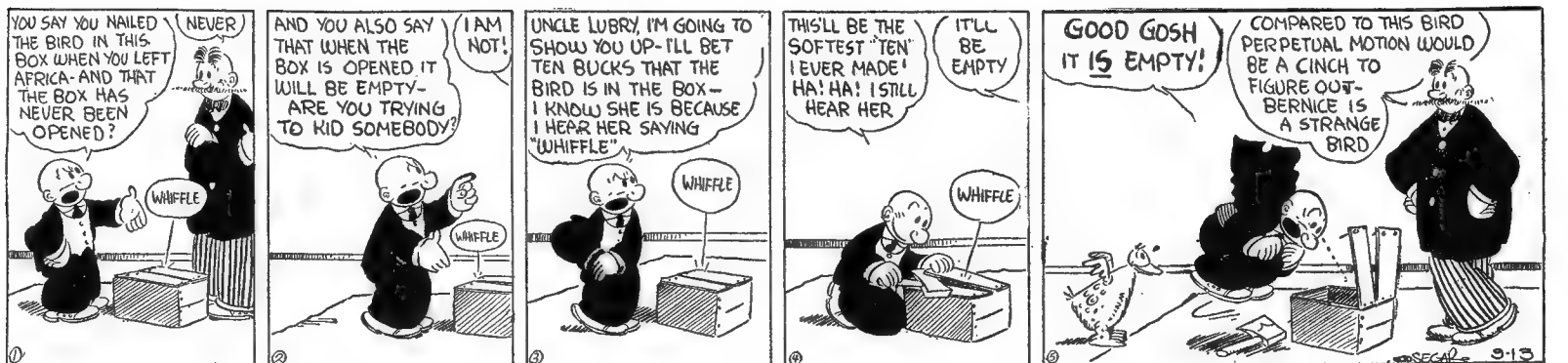
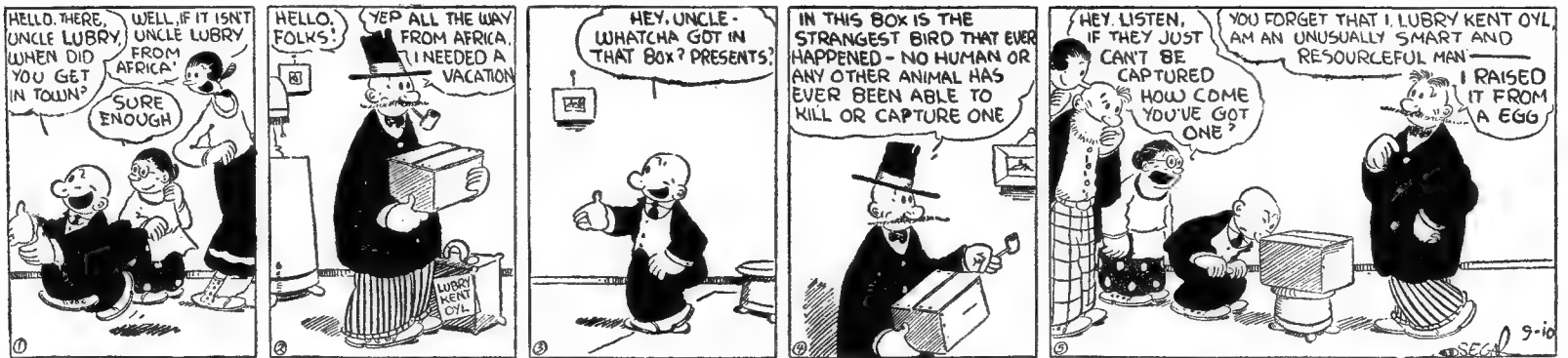
Because Segar had the capacity to think of them, once circumstance had stimulated his creativity, and that is indeed the simple sum of it — at least for genius like that of Elzie Crisler Segar.

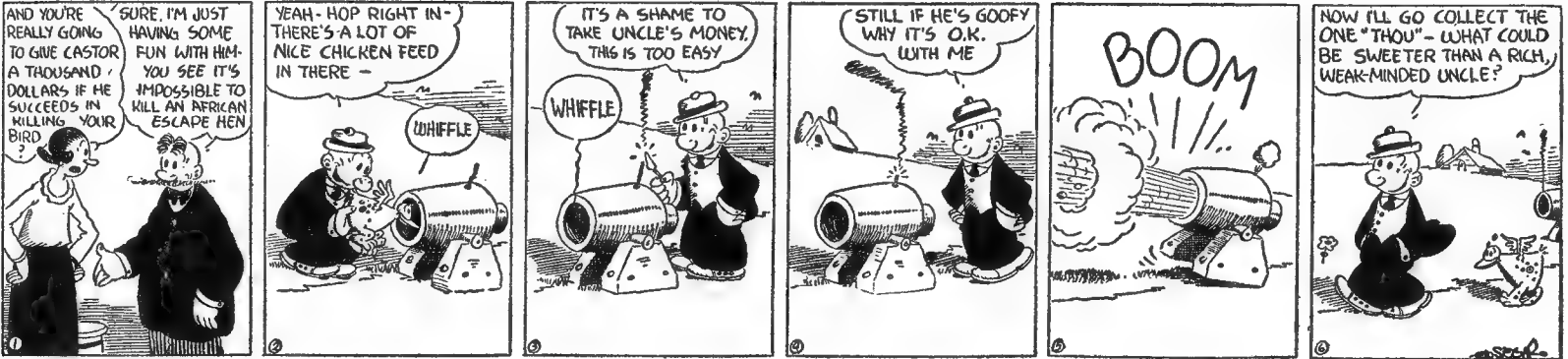
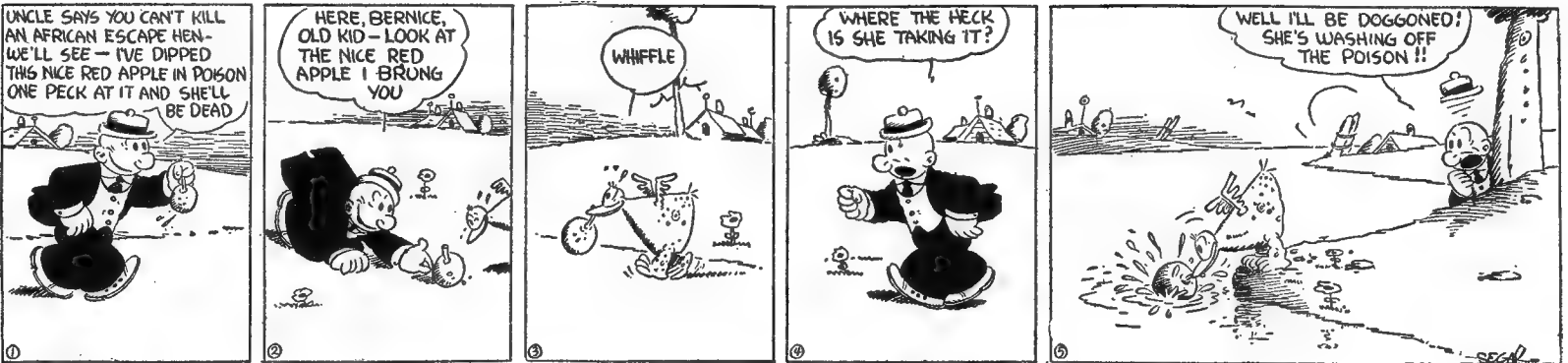
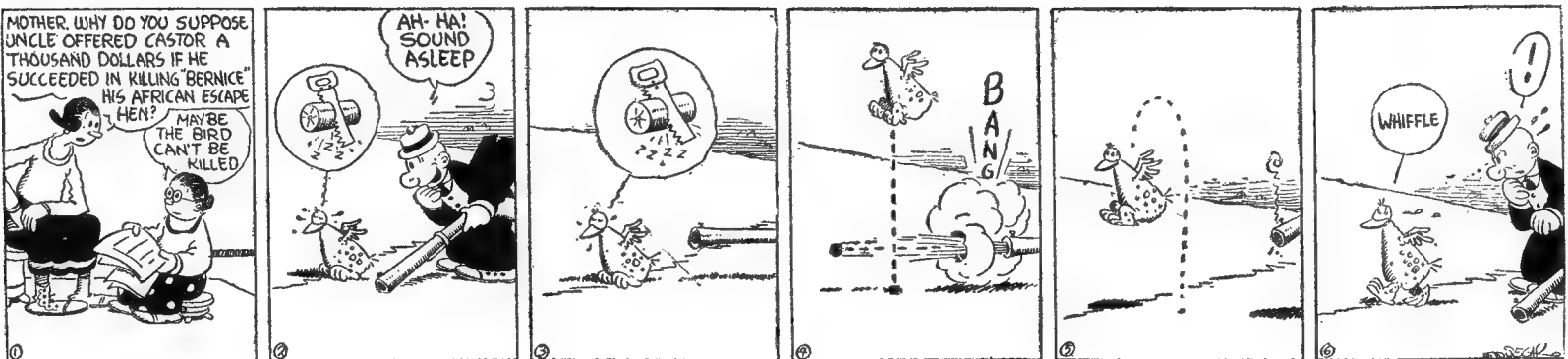
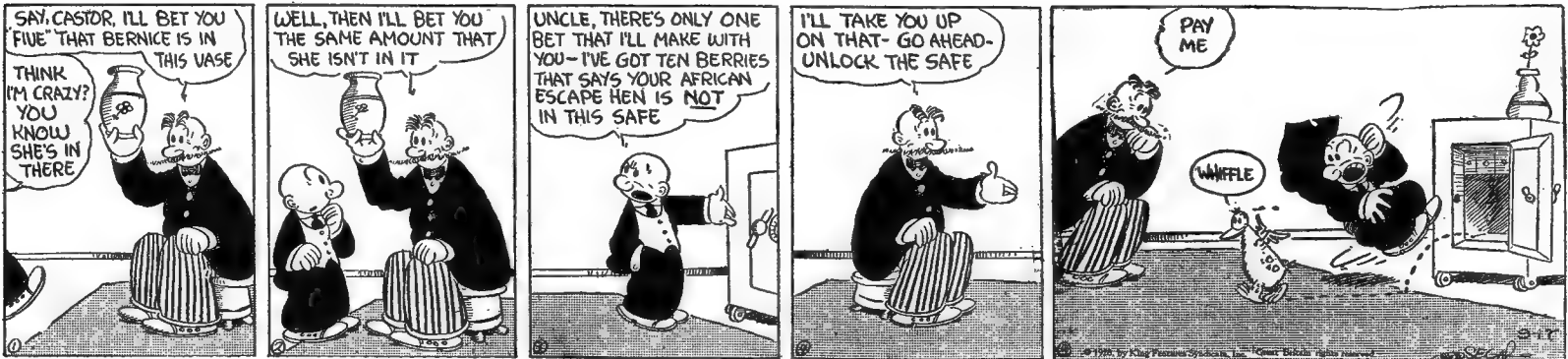
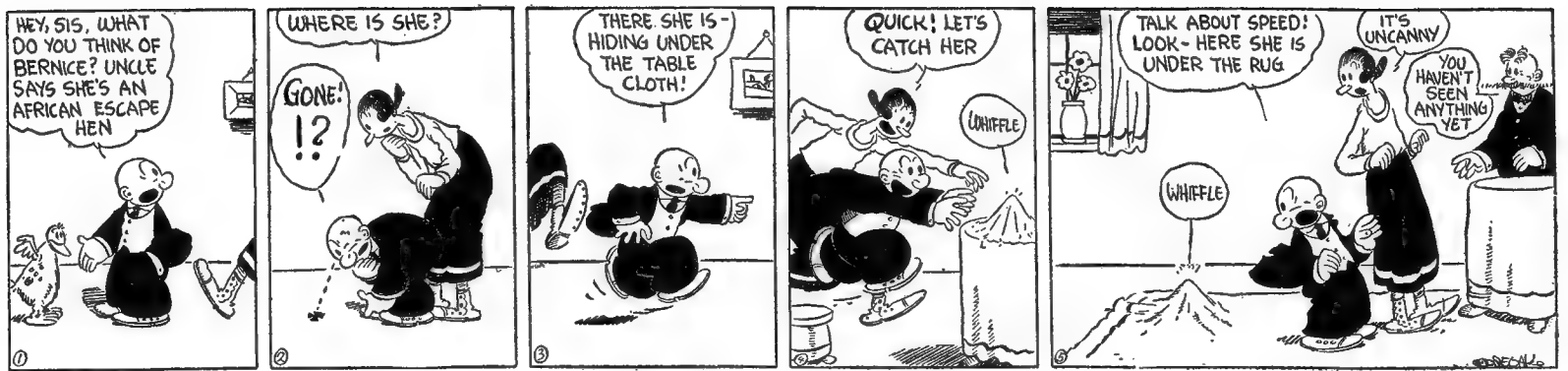
For 20 years, Segar's smoldering signature lay discarded at the bottom of the last panel of every episode he drew. Thanks to this new reprint series, it's been relit for a fresh generation of readers. Thus, a proper closing statement might be expressed fervently, in this wise: May his butt smoke forever!

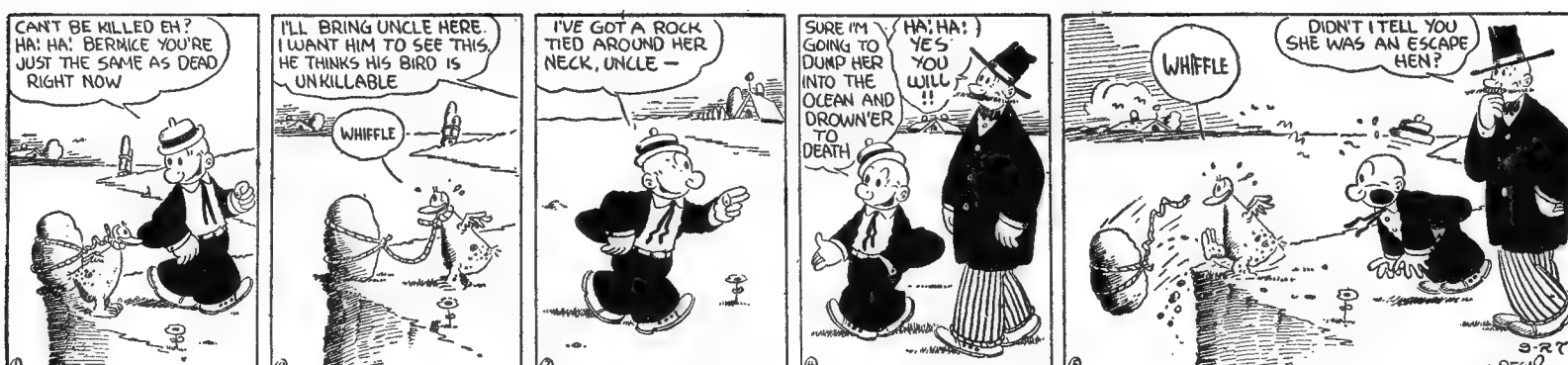
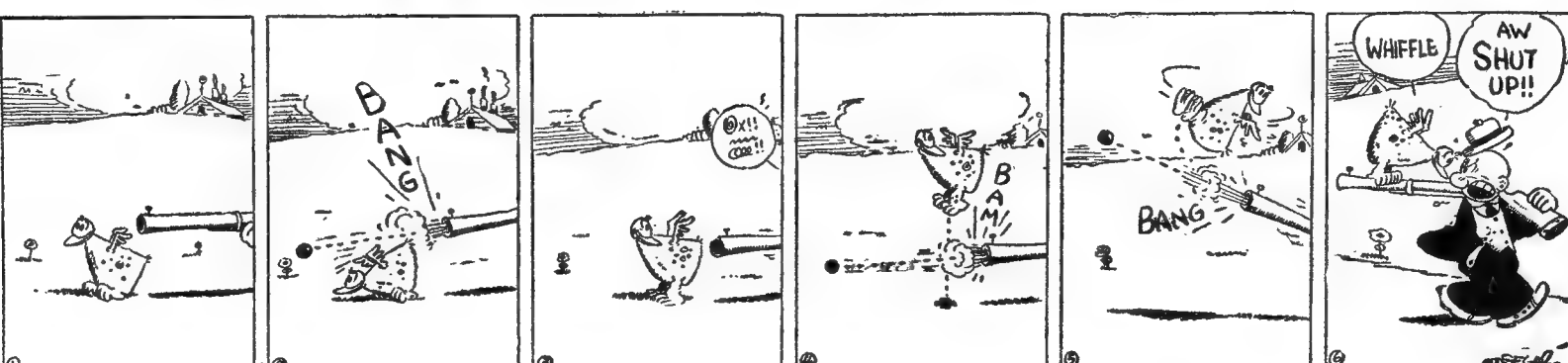
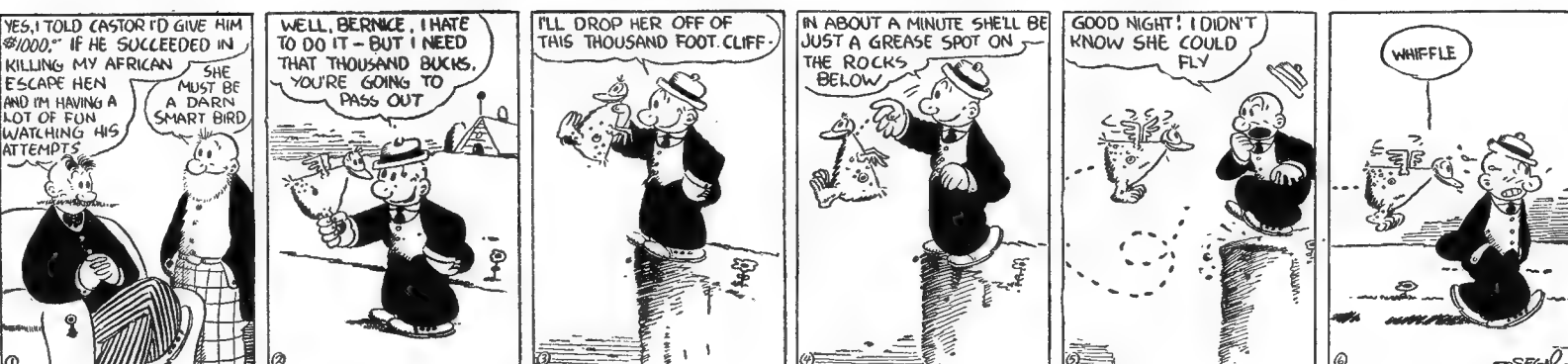
—BILL BLACKBEARD



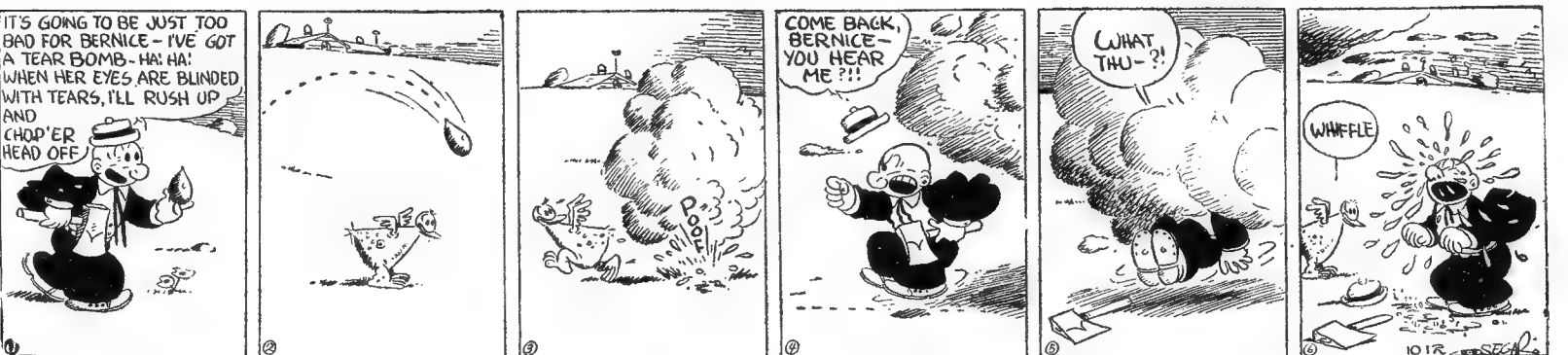
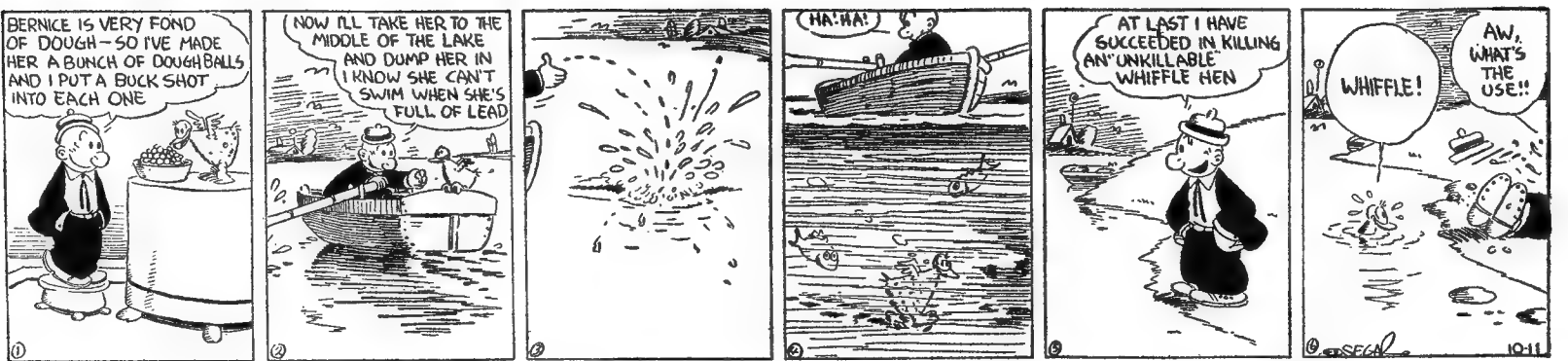
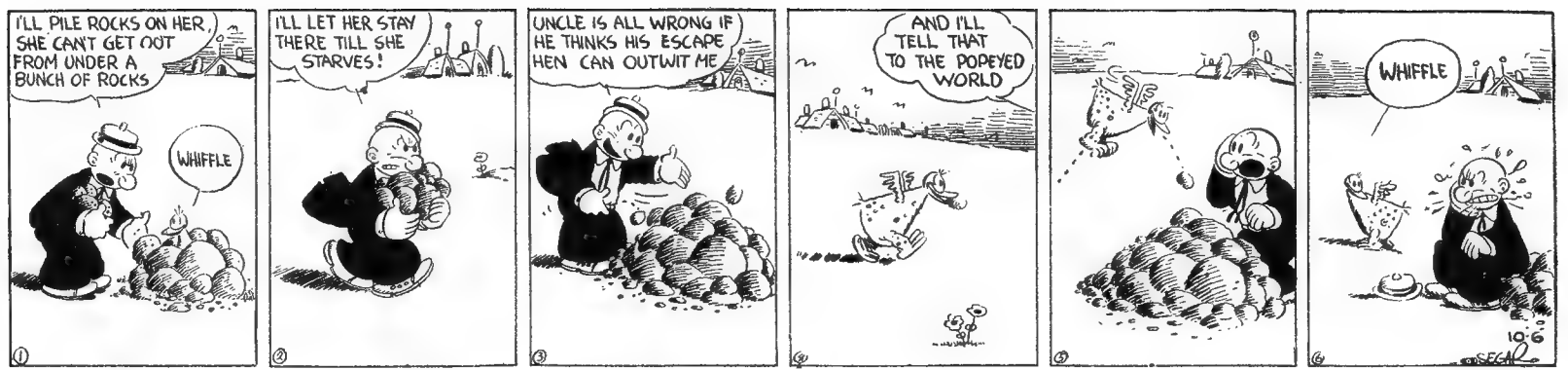
CHAPTER I:
BERNICE THE WHIFFLE HEN

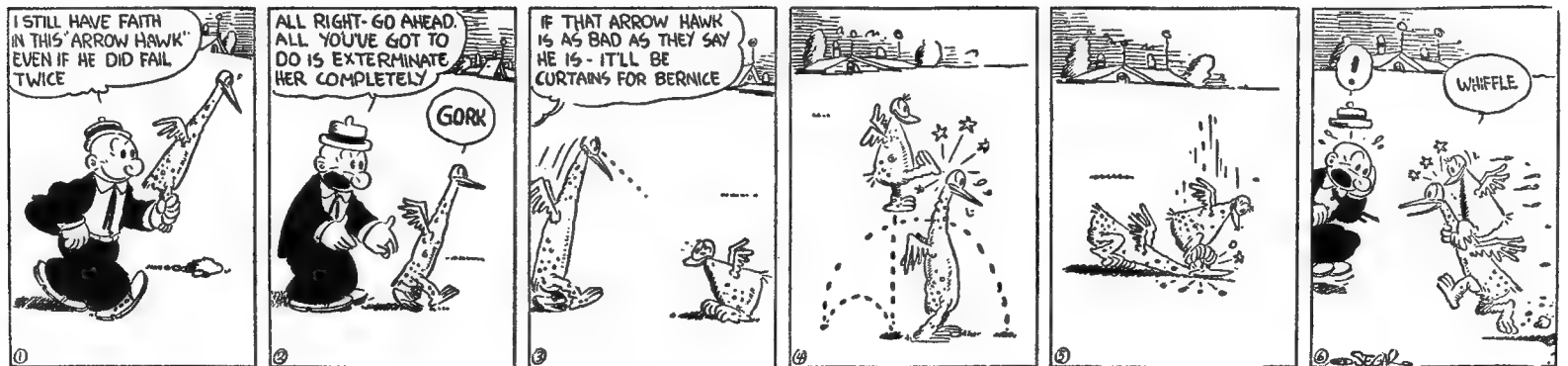
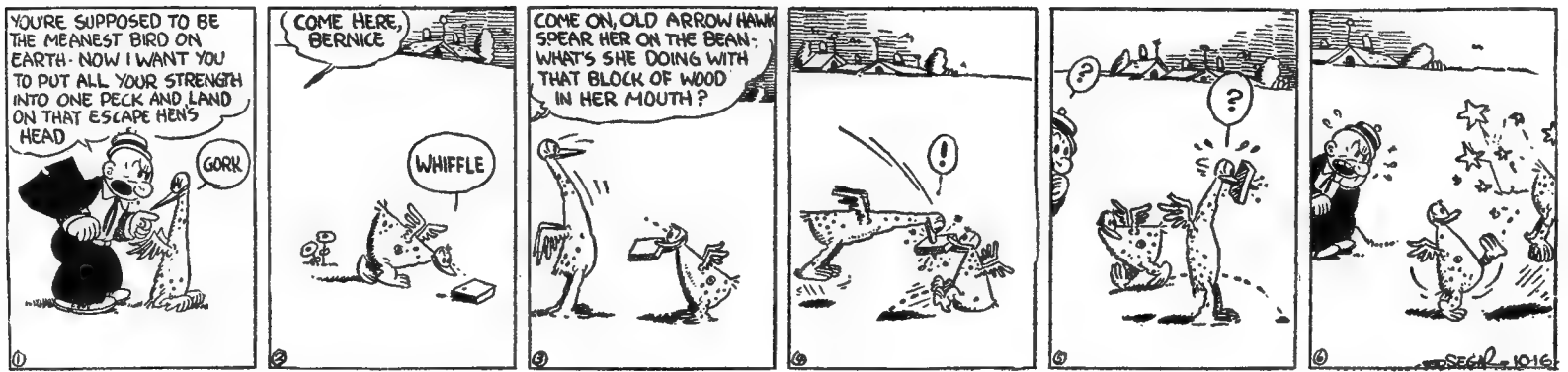
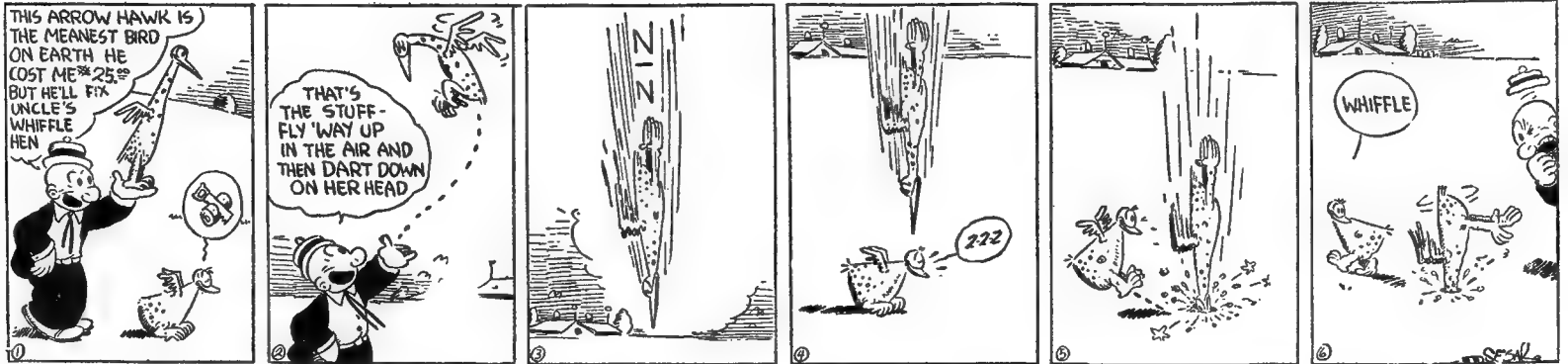
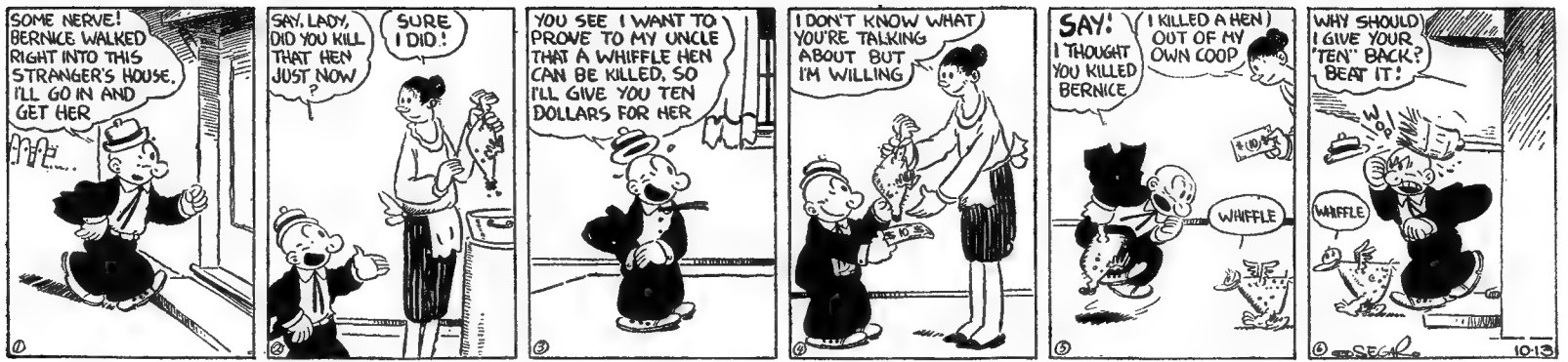


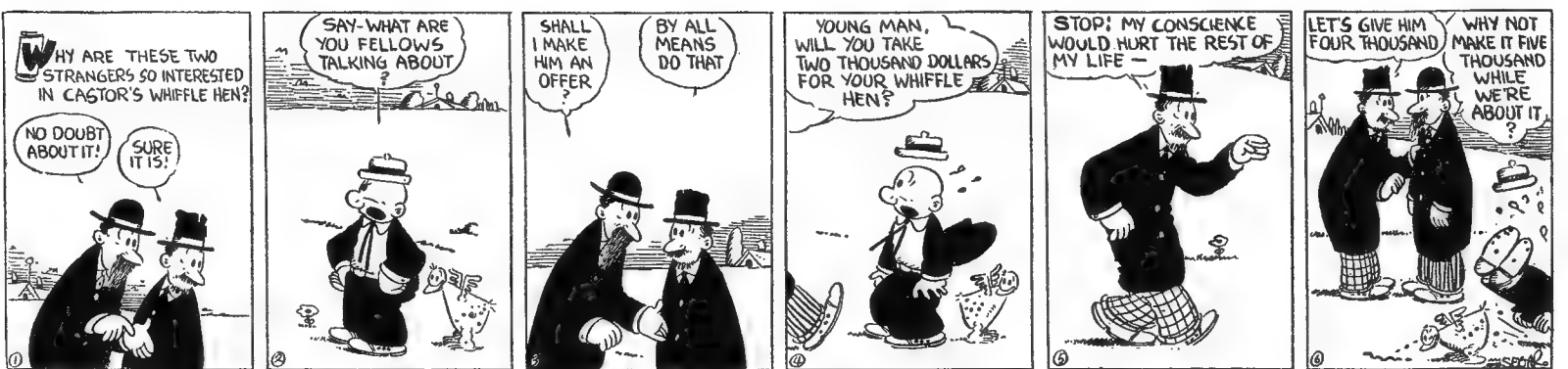
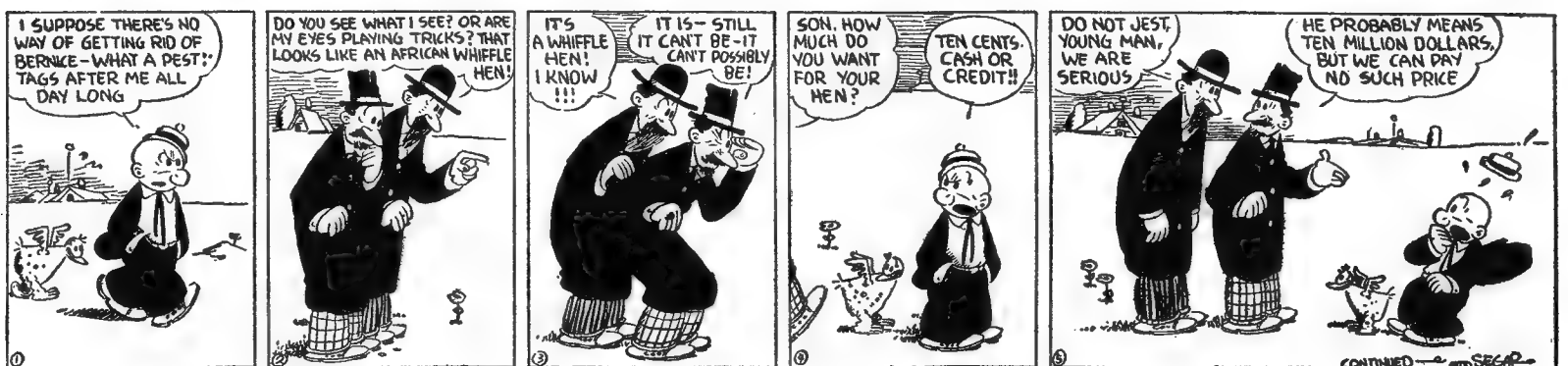
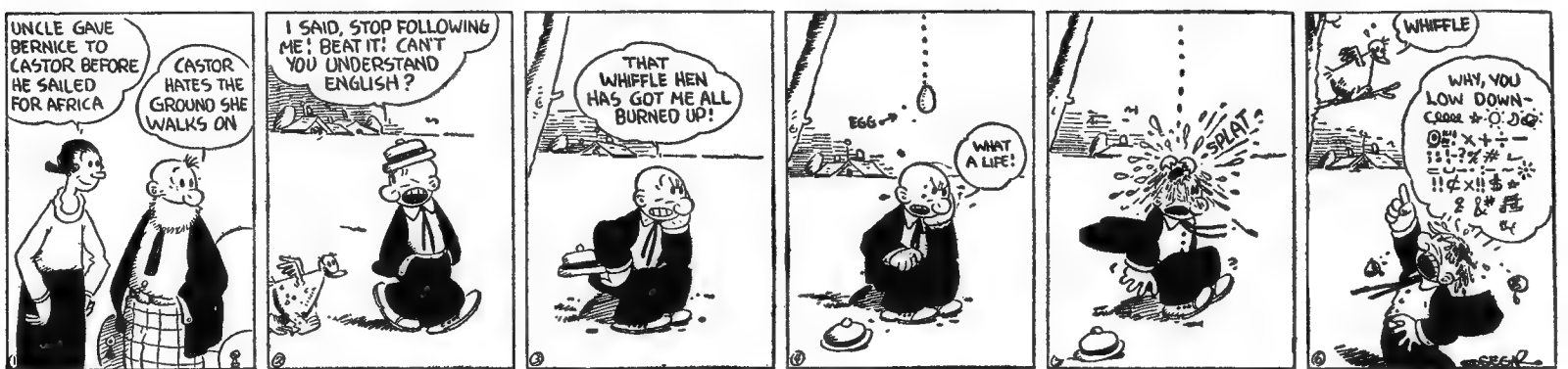
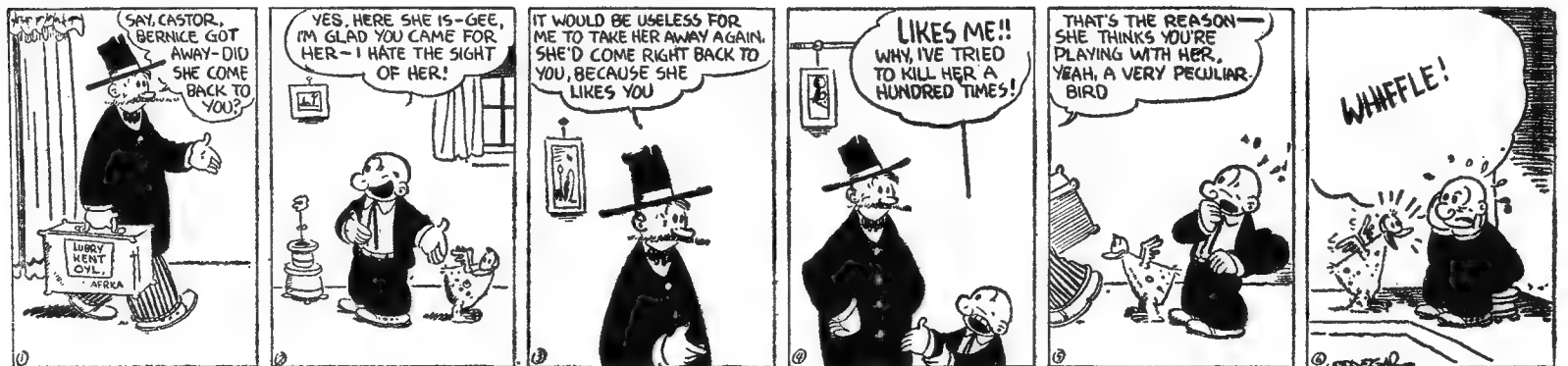
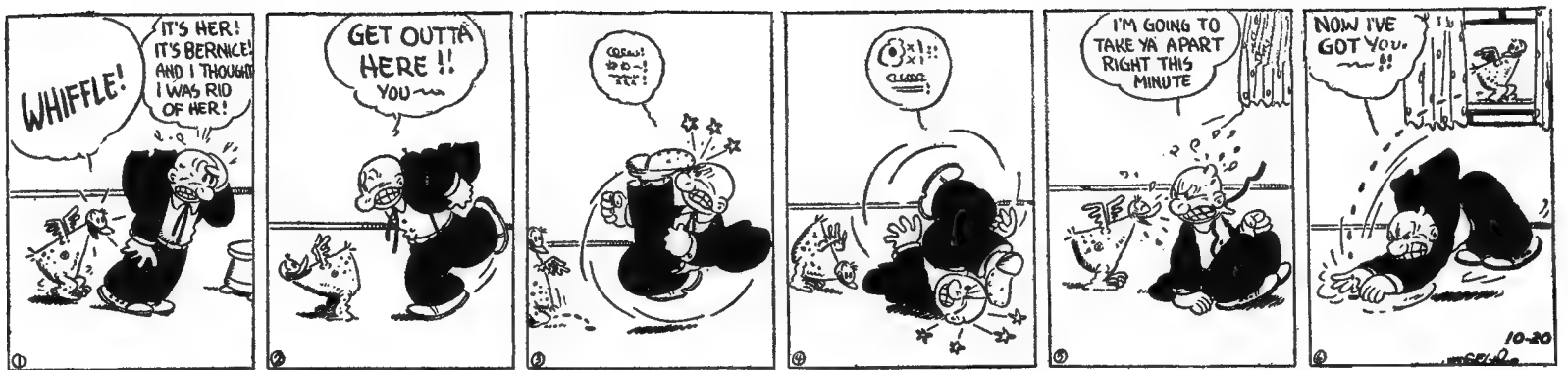


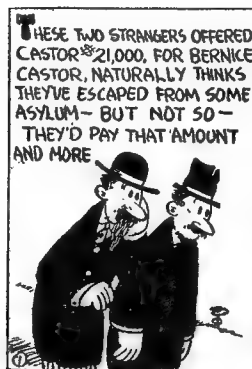


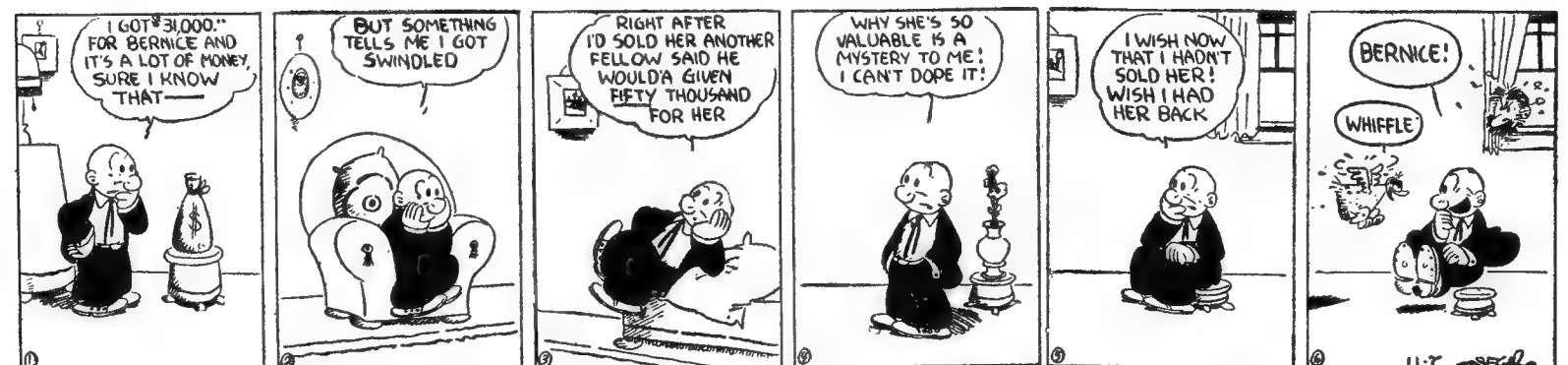


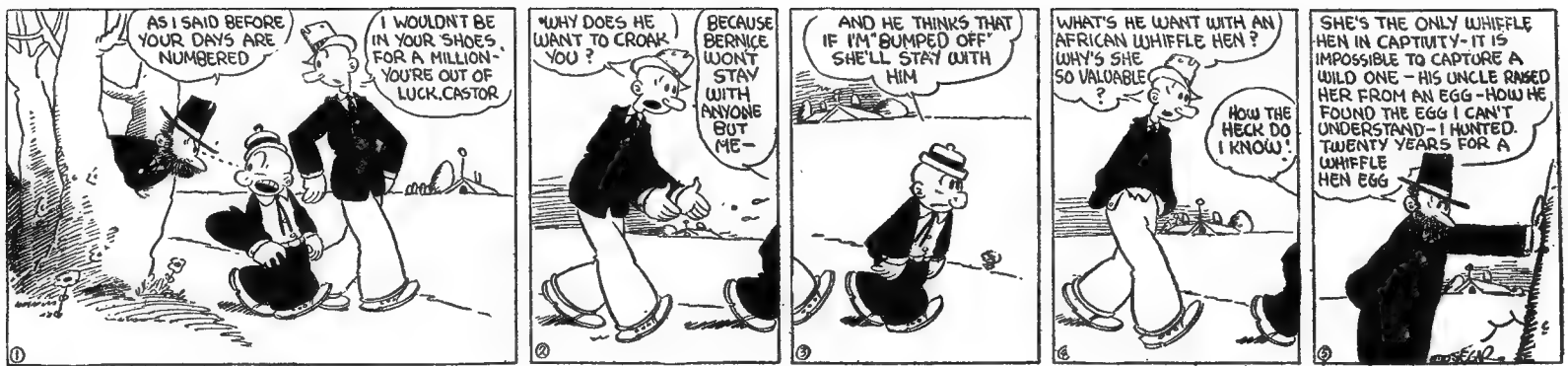






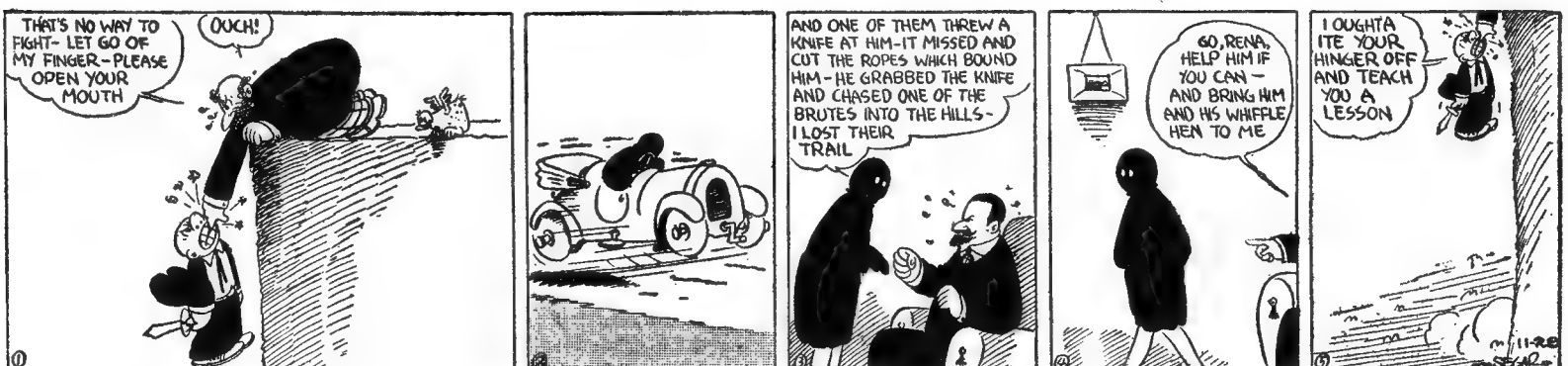
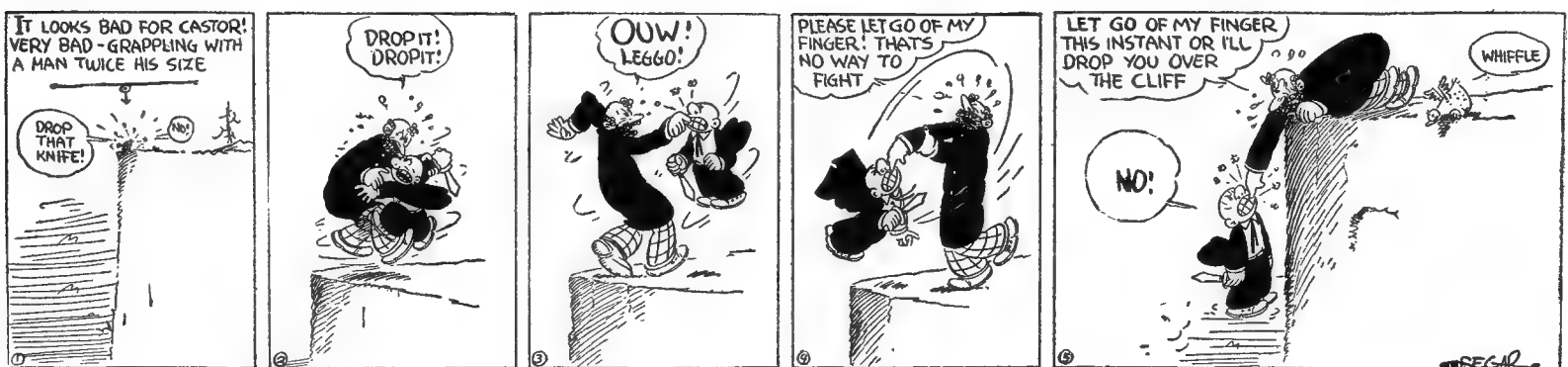
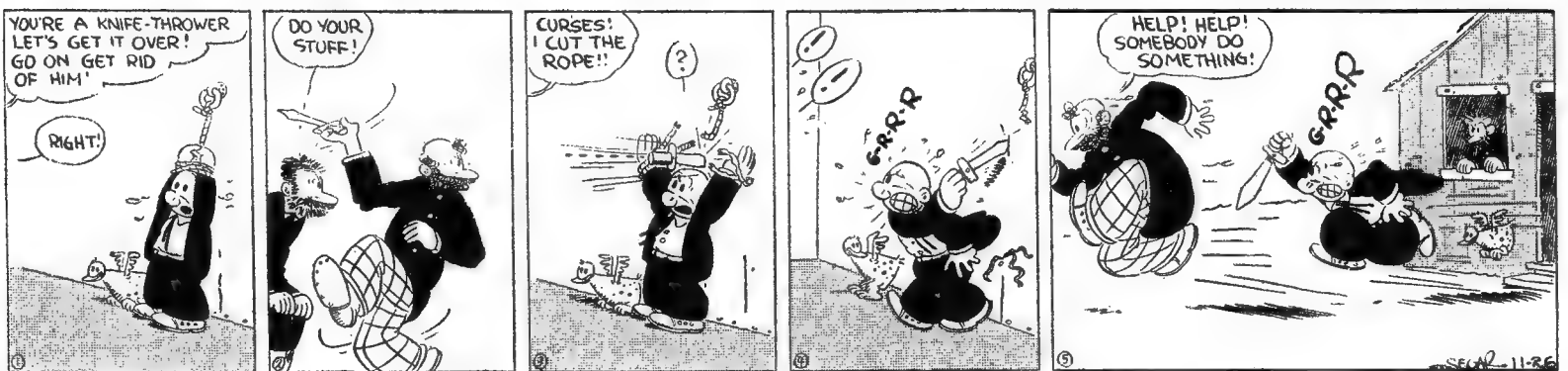


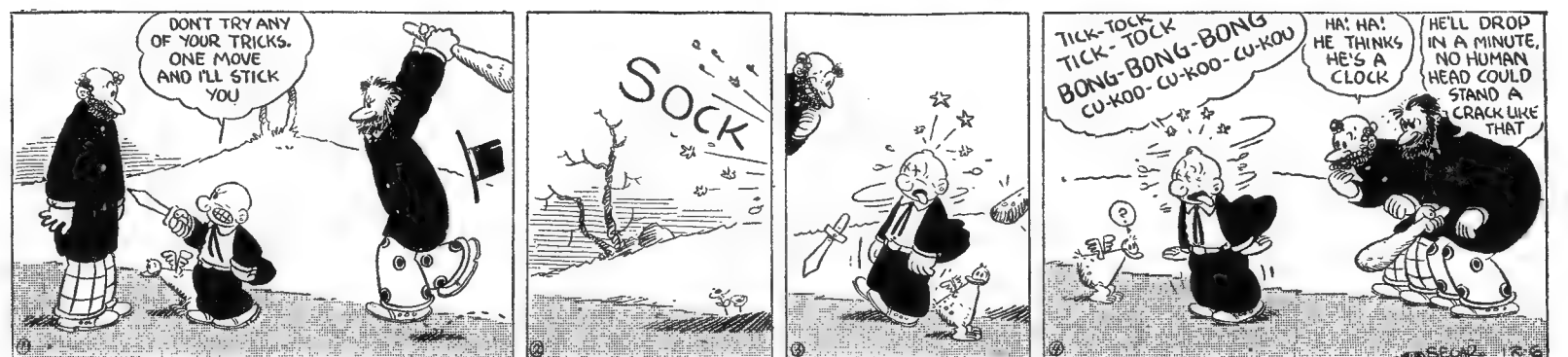
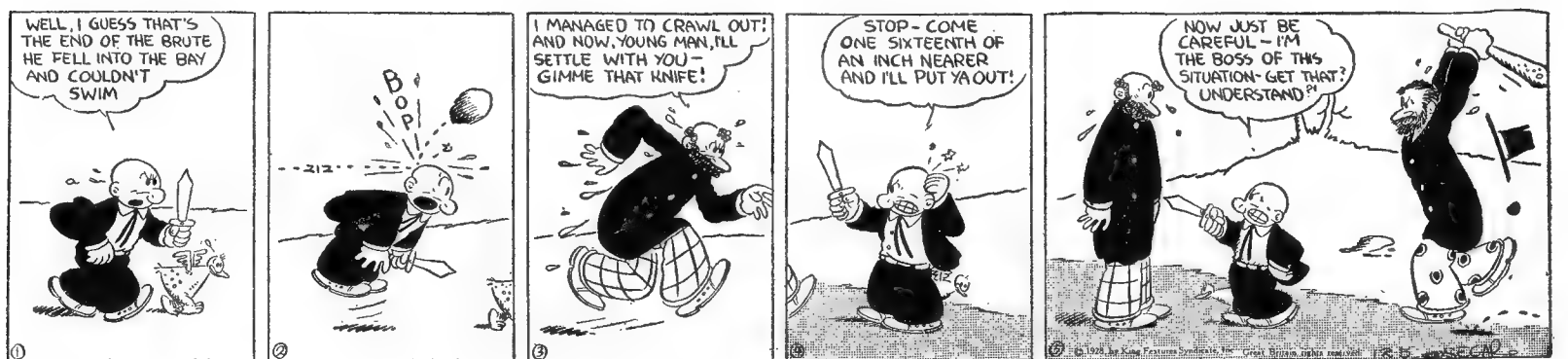
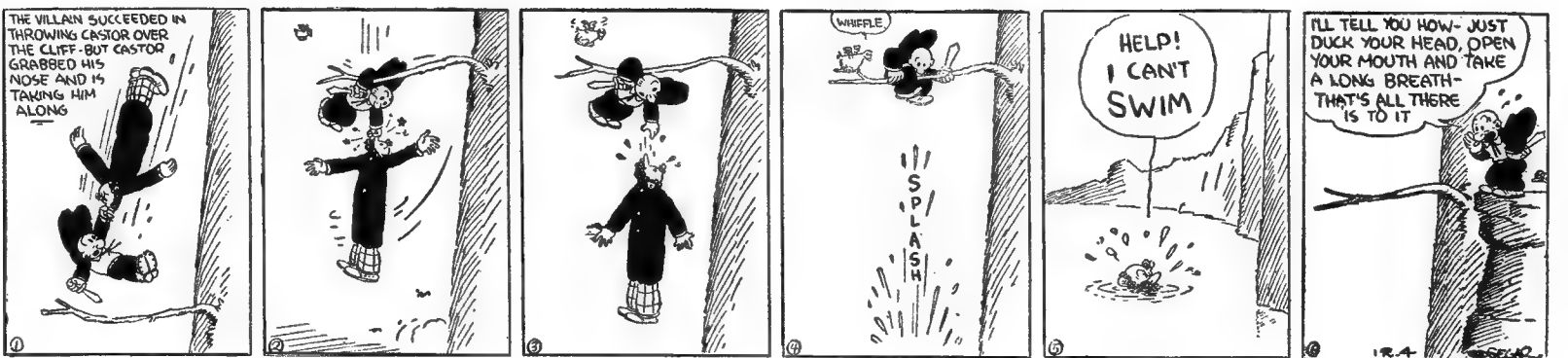


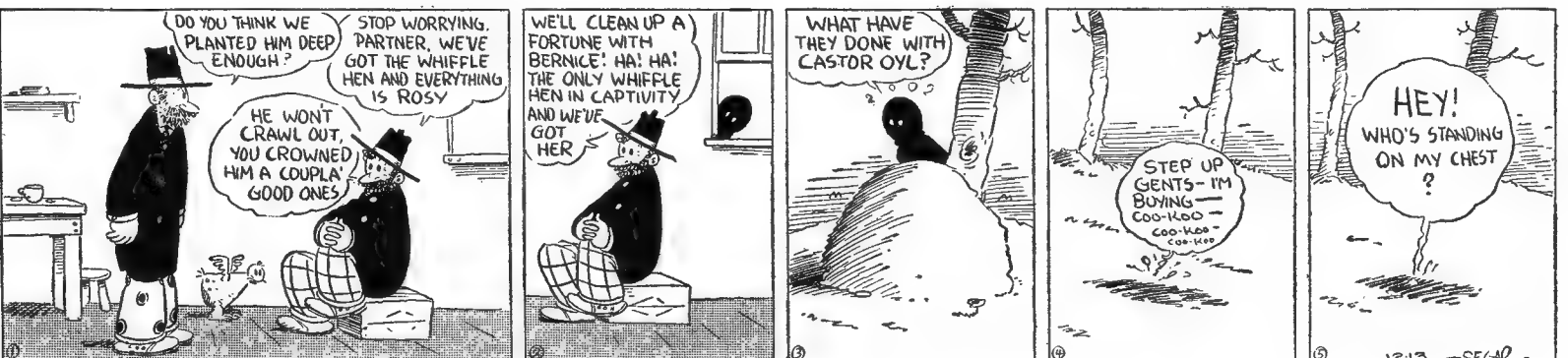
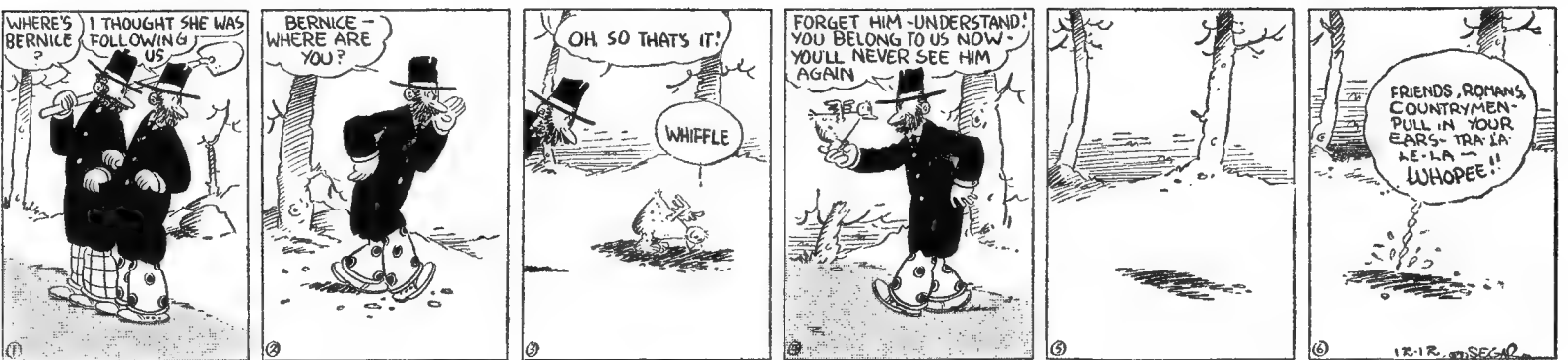
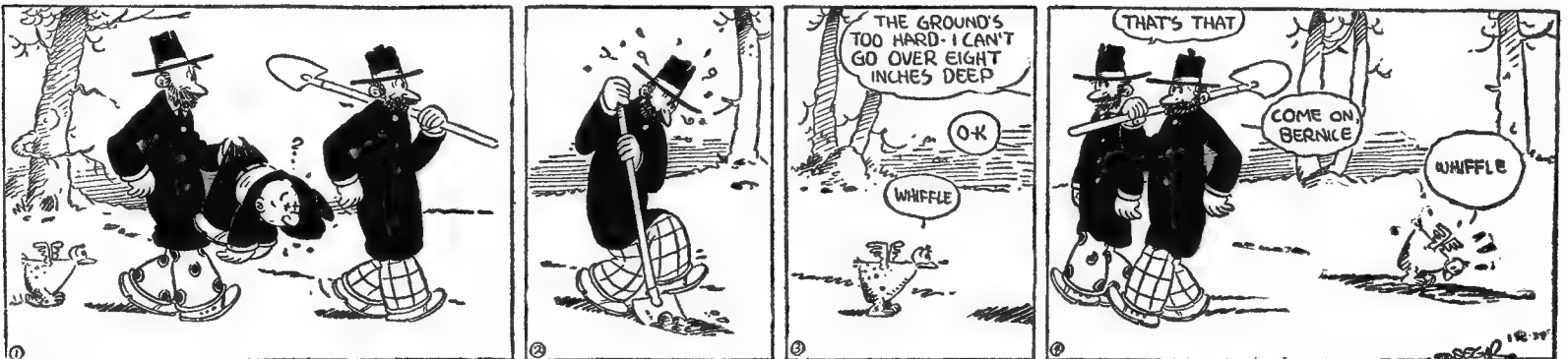
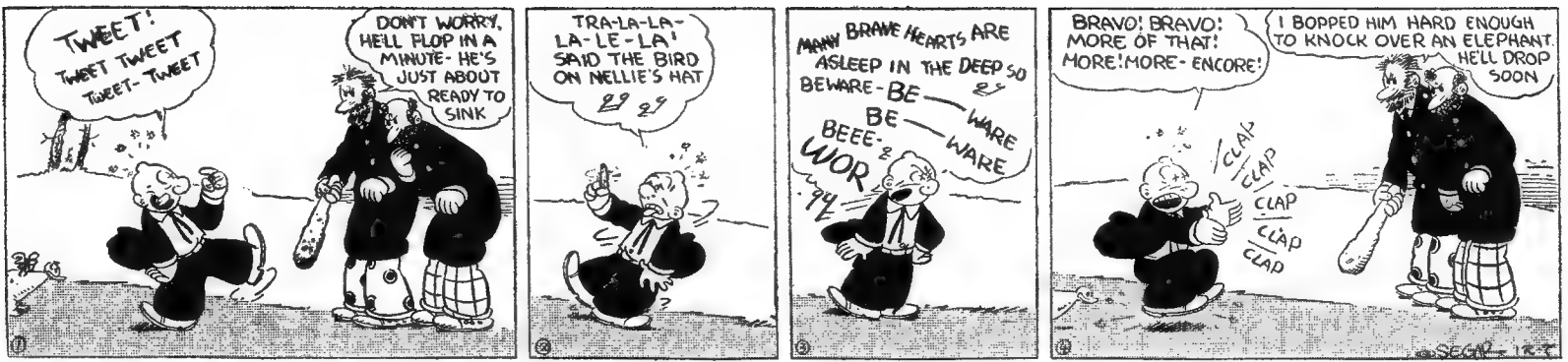


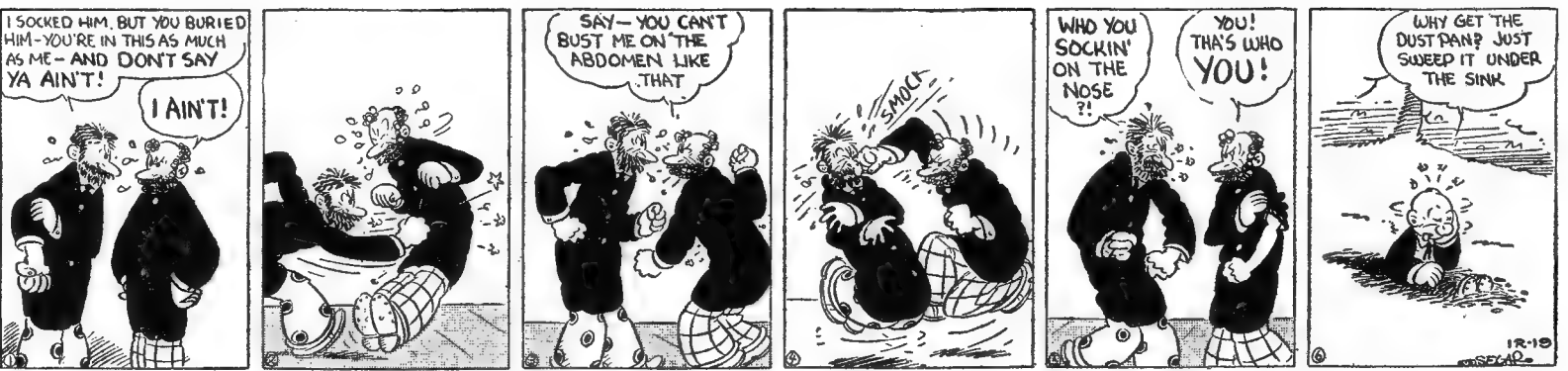
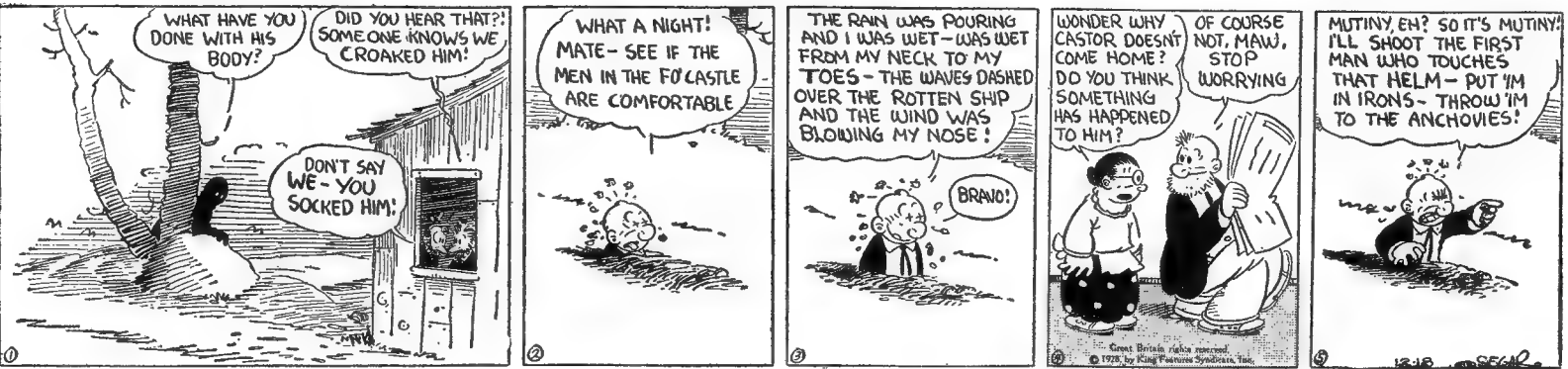
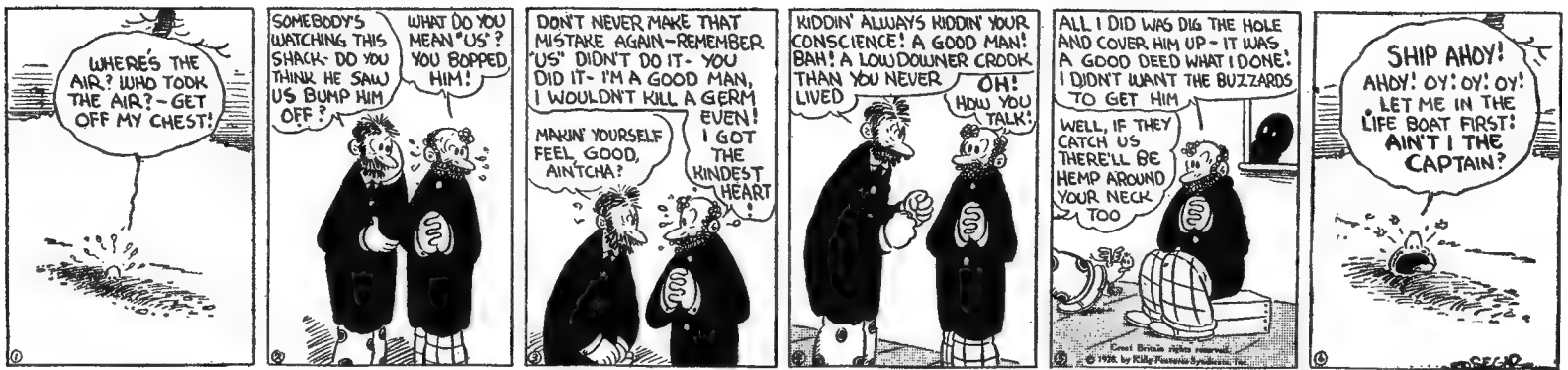
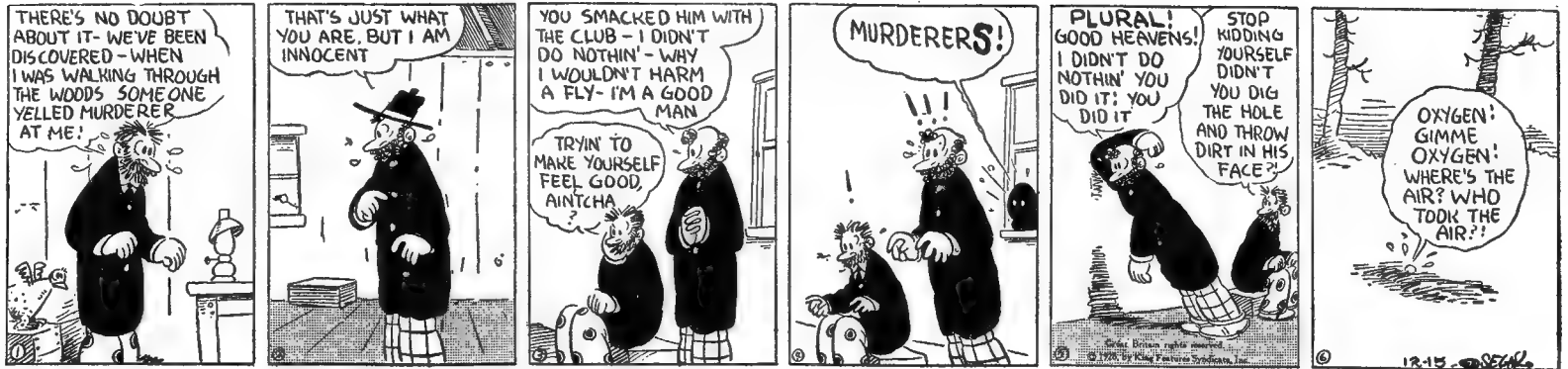
CHAPTER II: THE BLACK GHOST

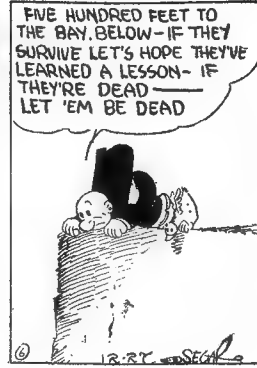
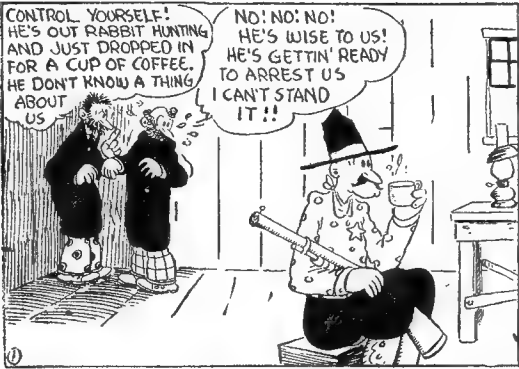
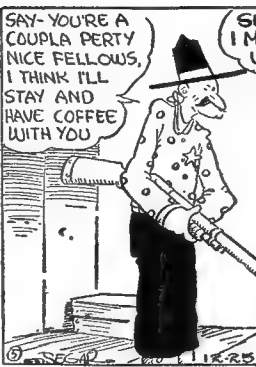
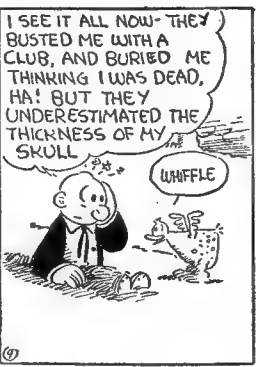
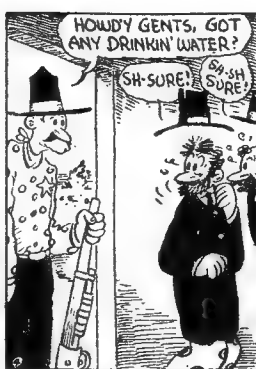
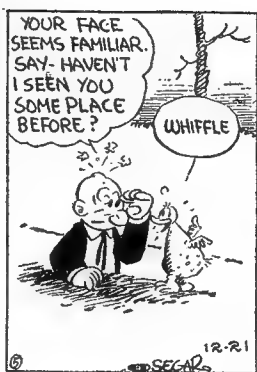
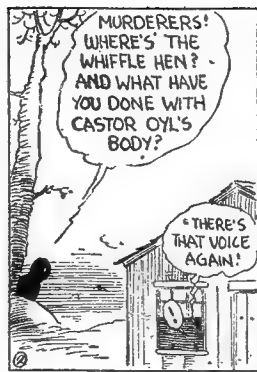


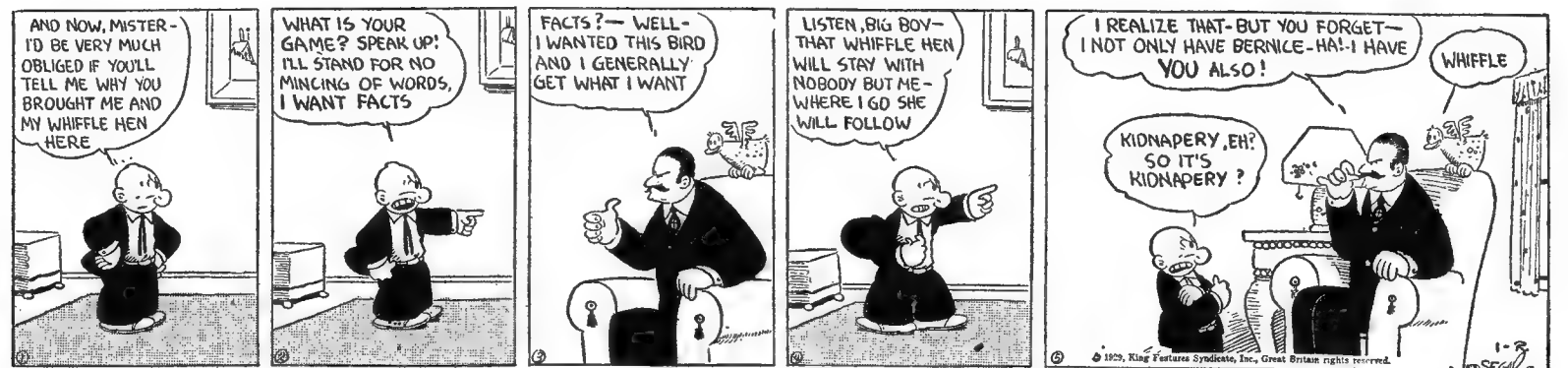
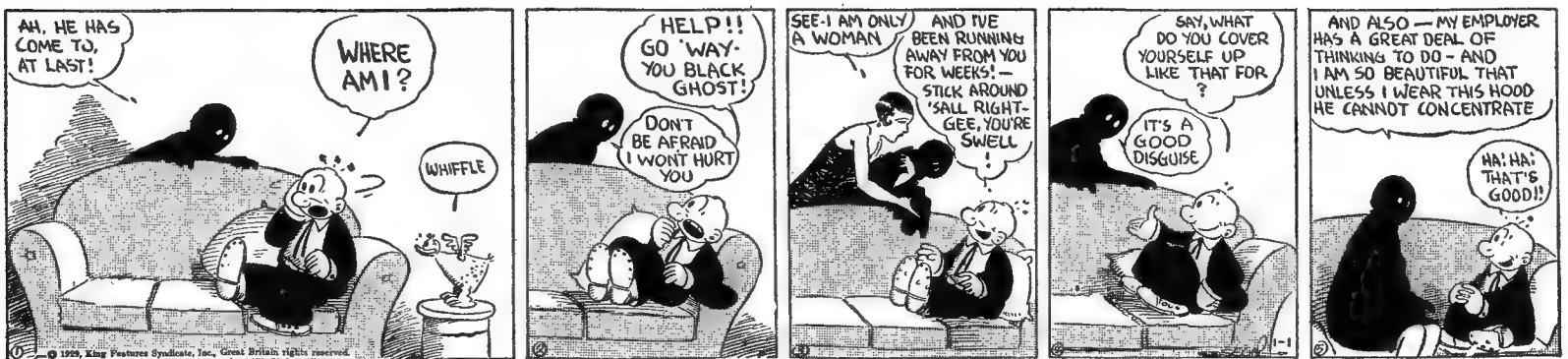
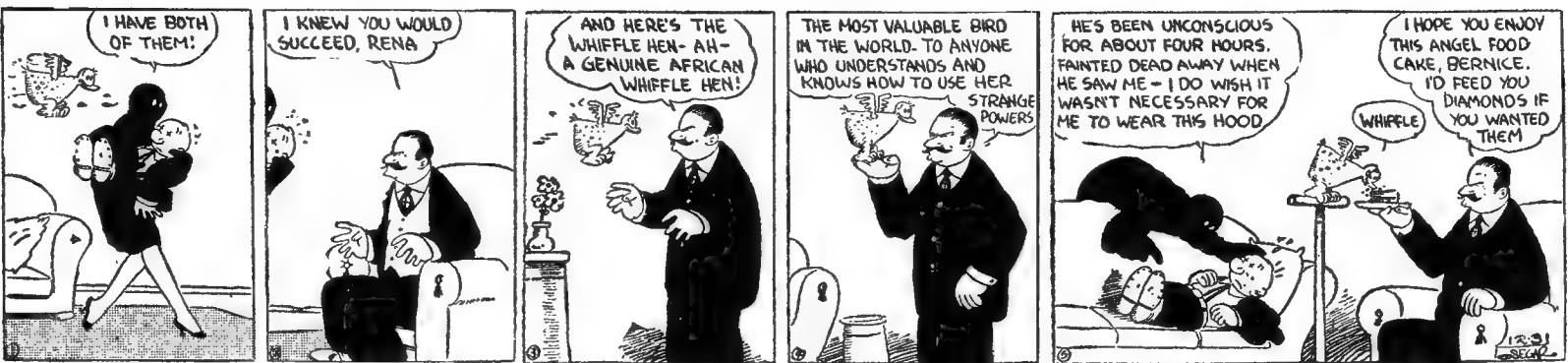
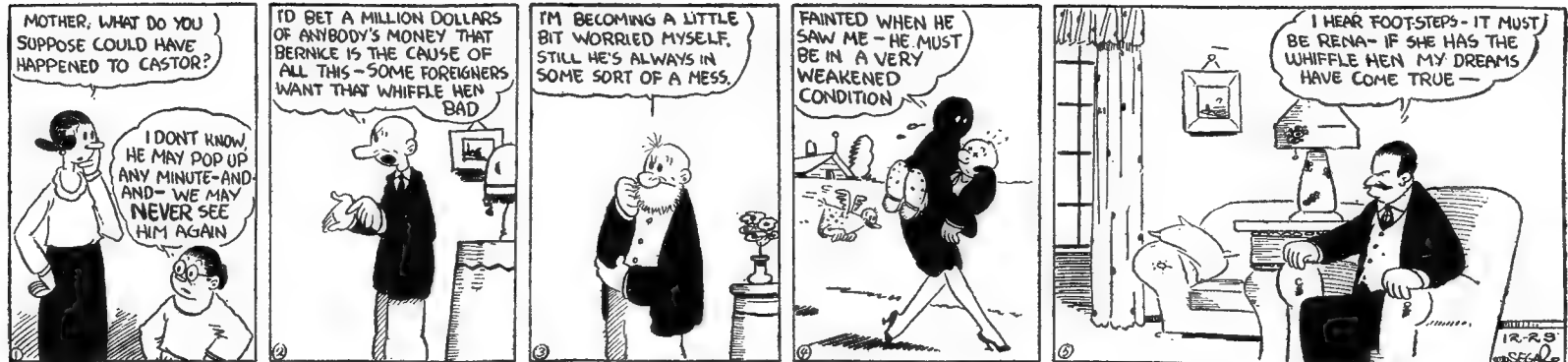


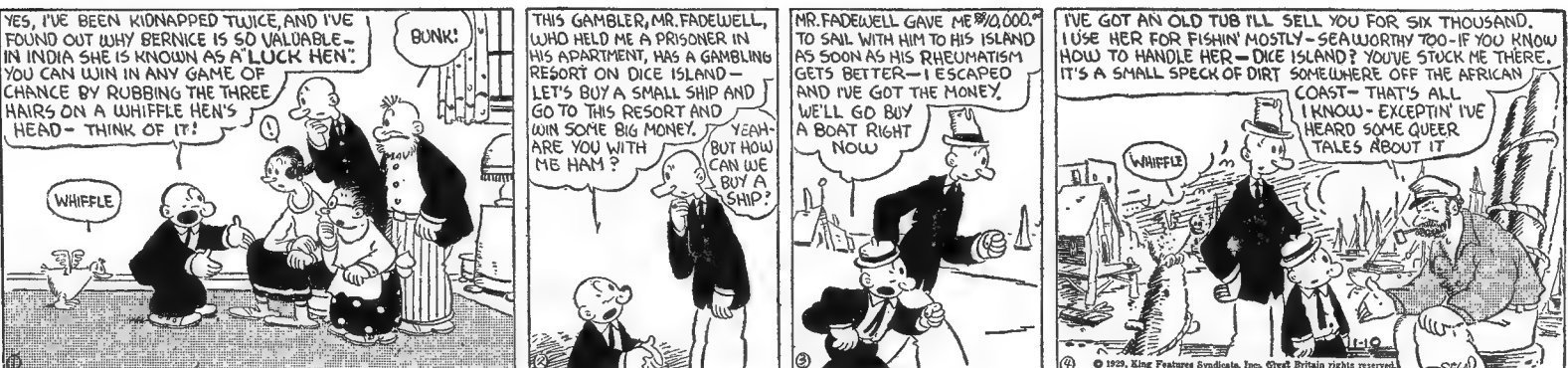
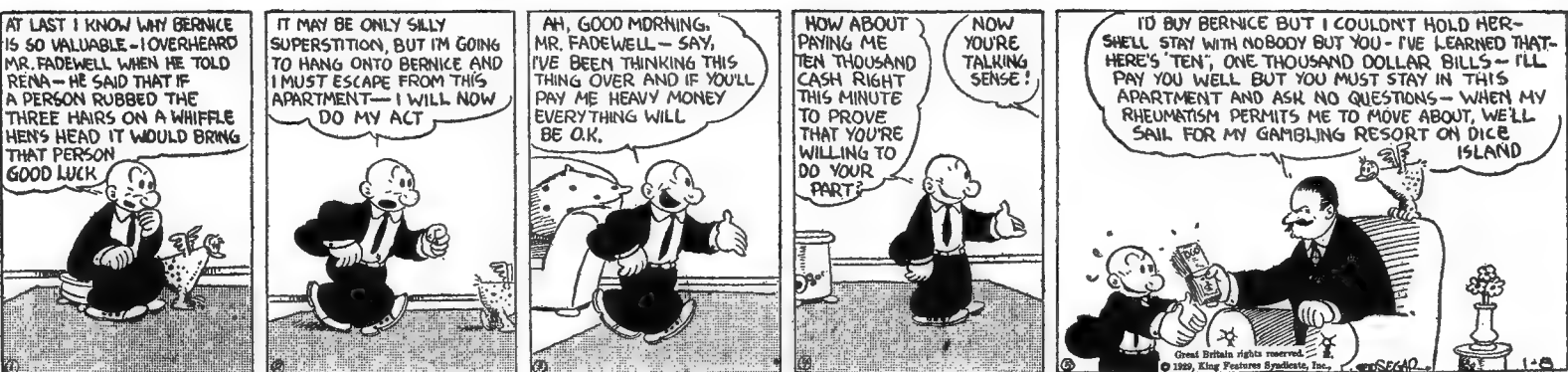
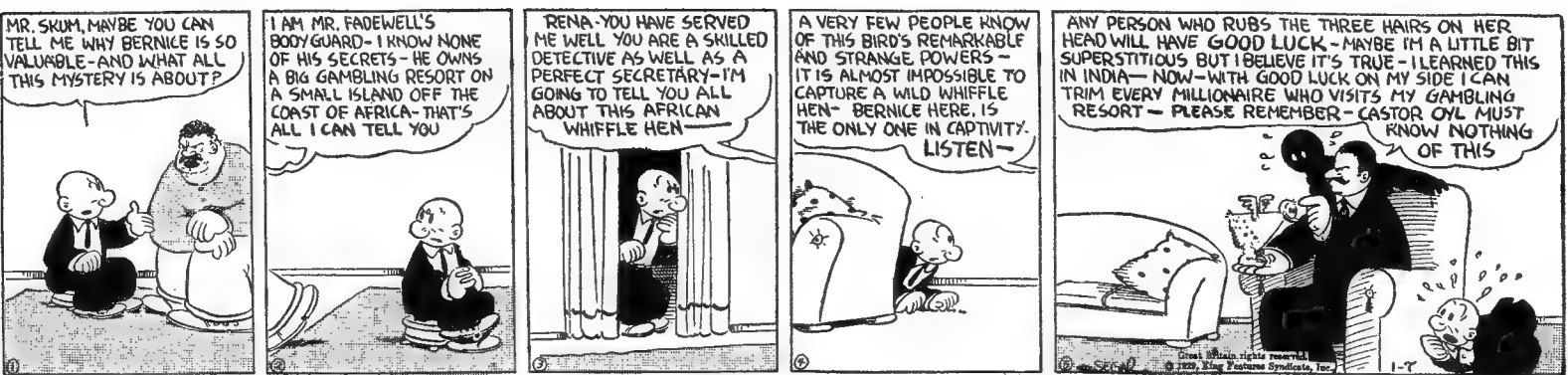
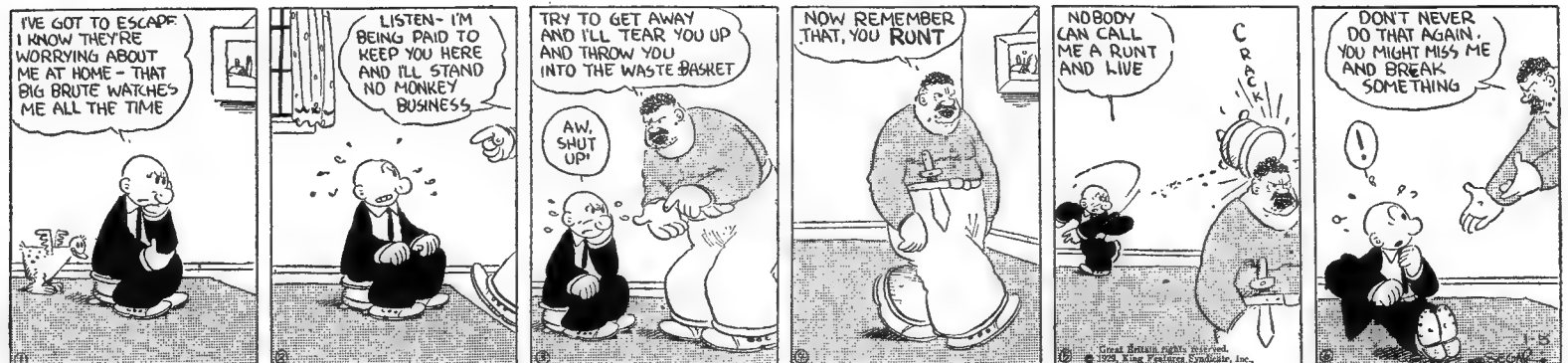


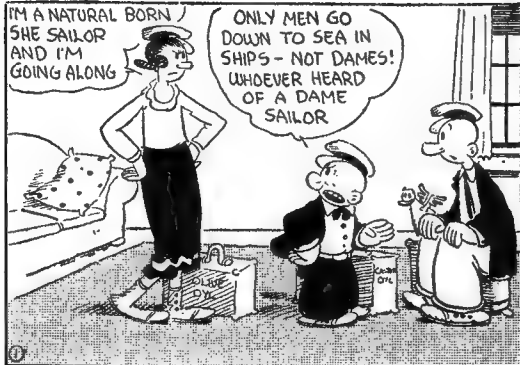
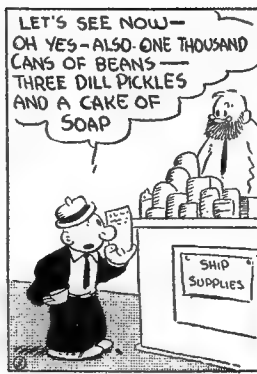
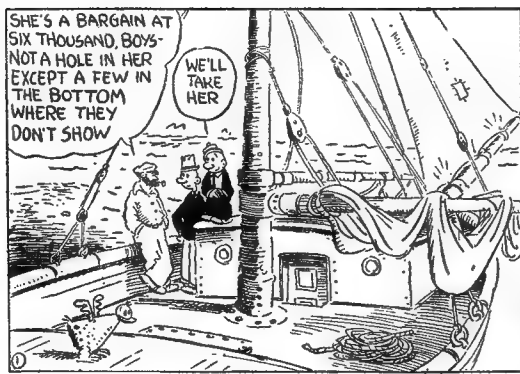






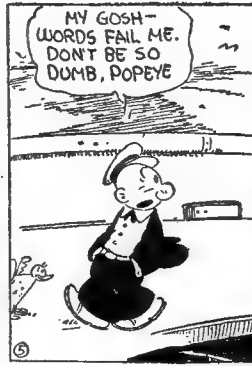
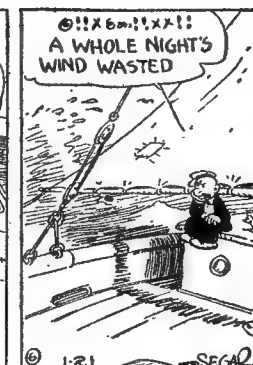
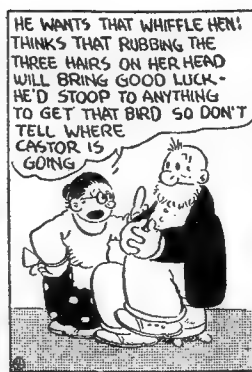
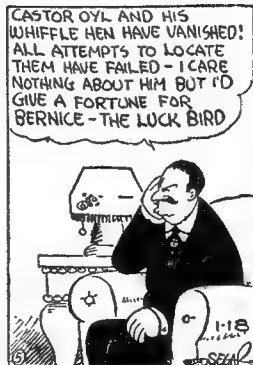
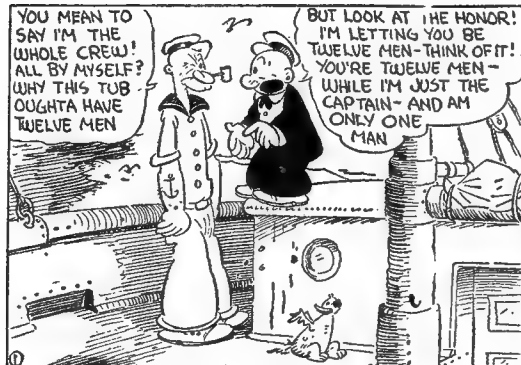


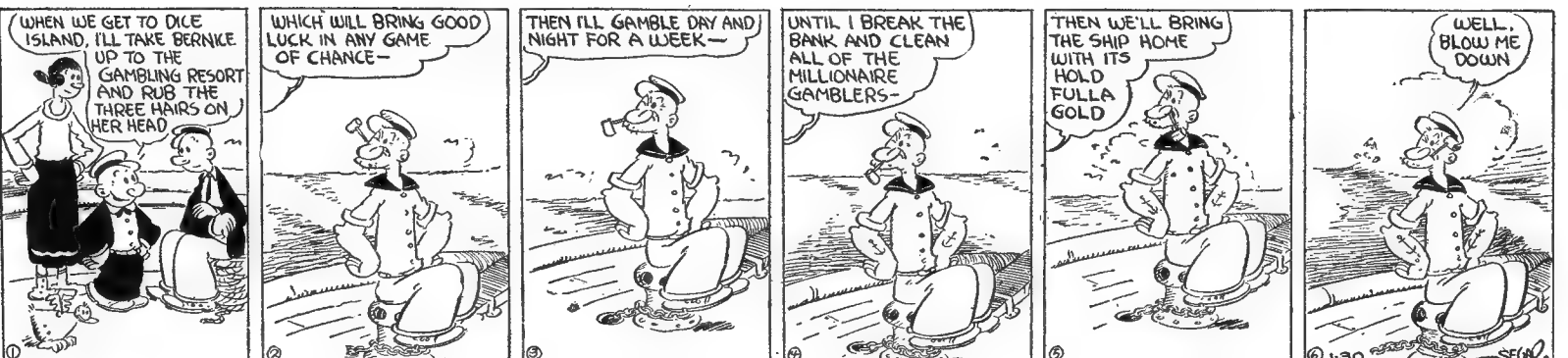
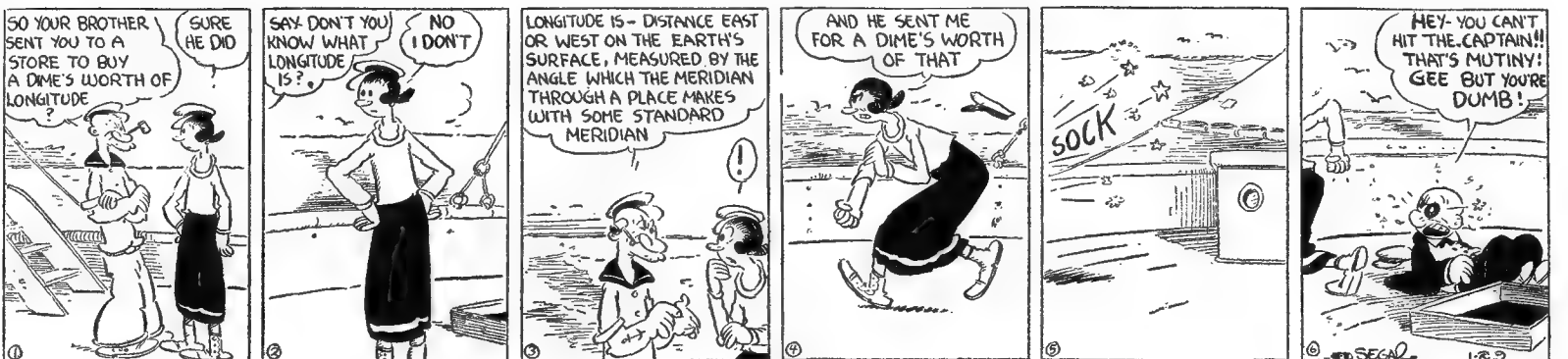
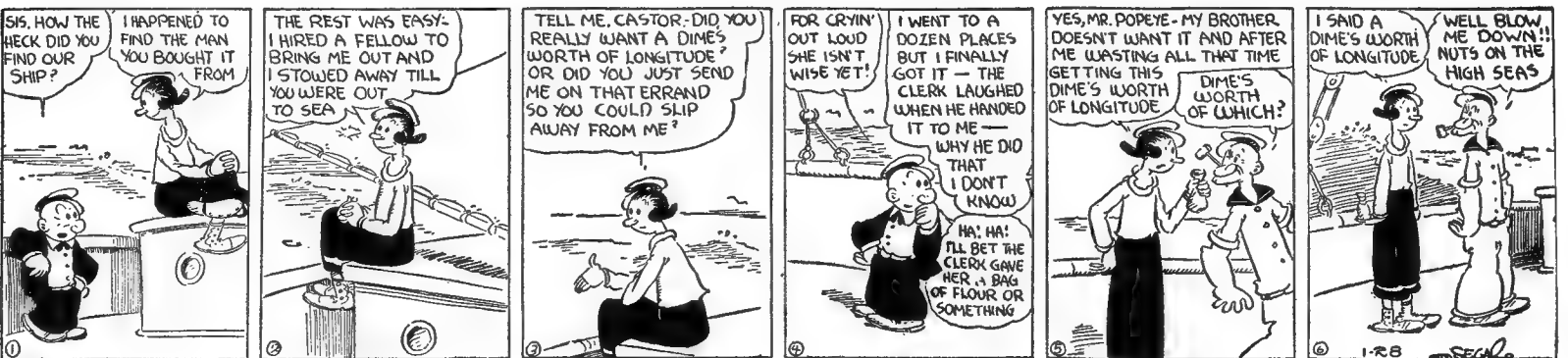
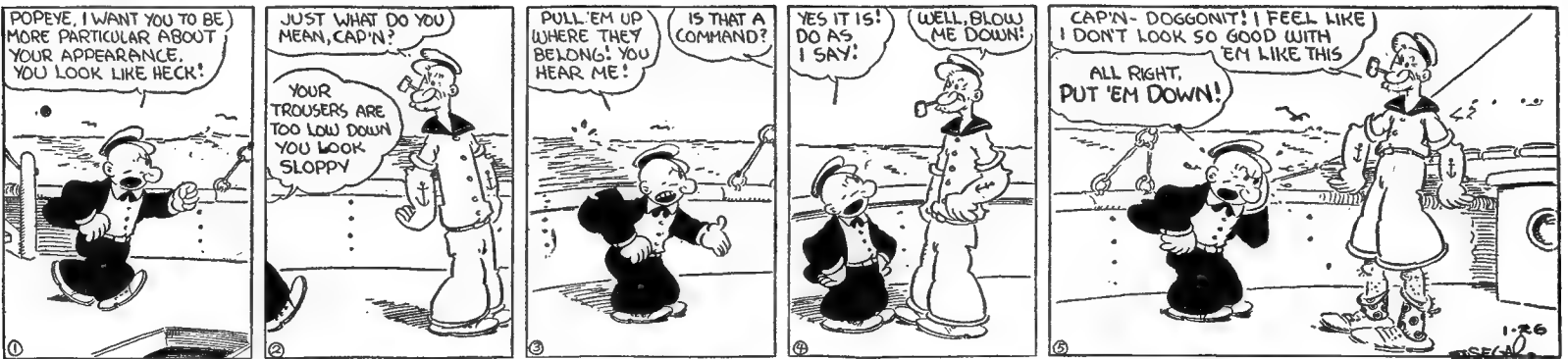


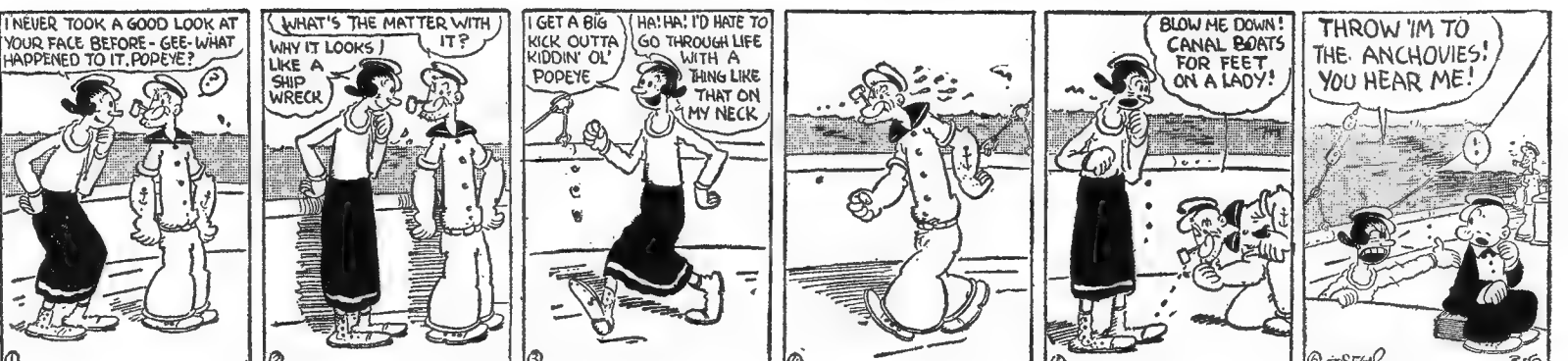


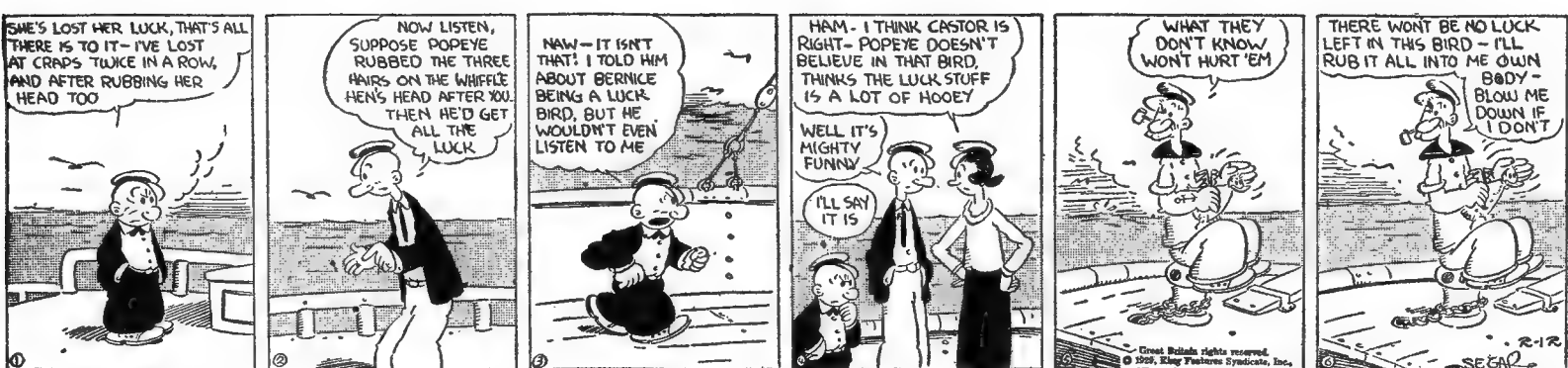
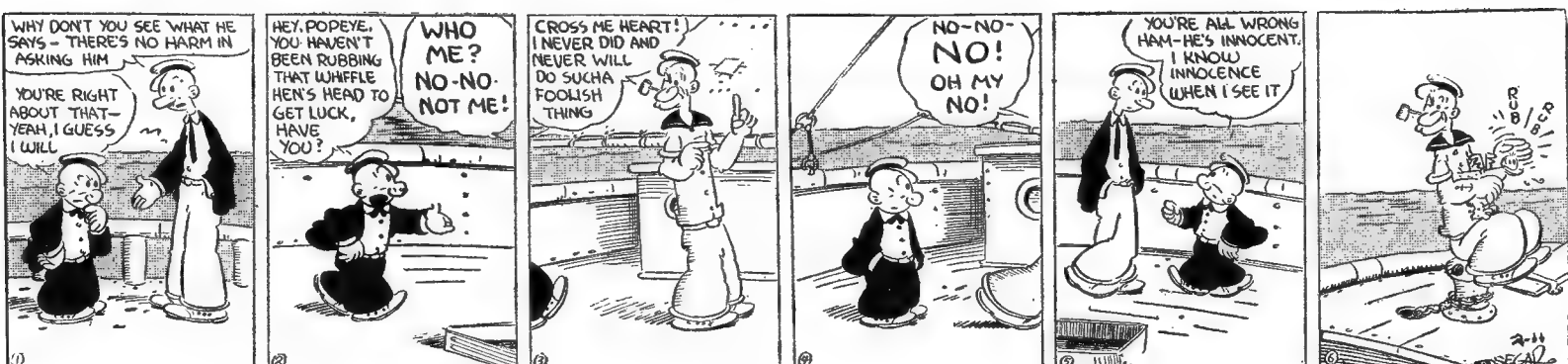


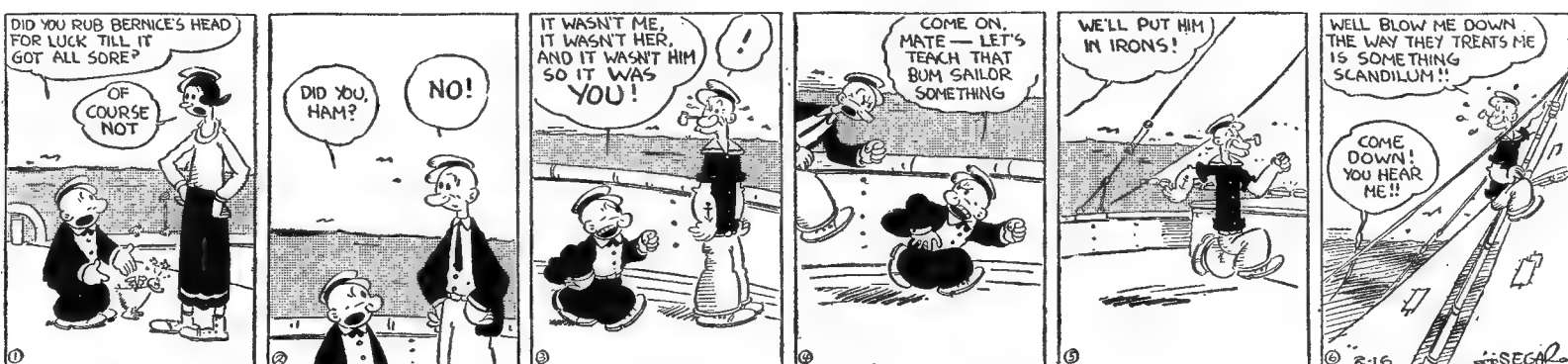
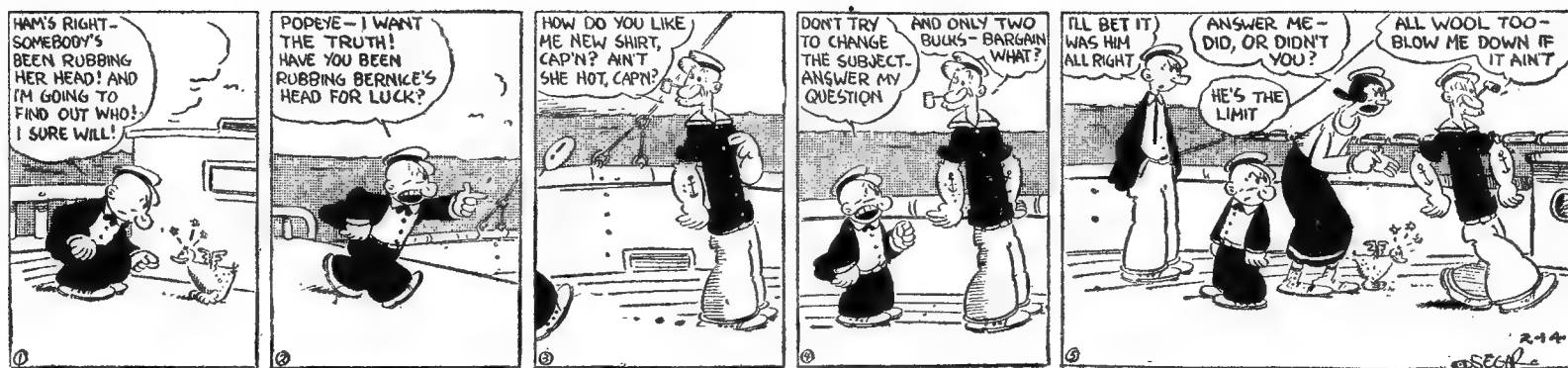
CHAPTER III:
POPEYE THE SAILOR

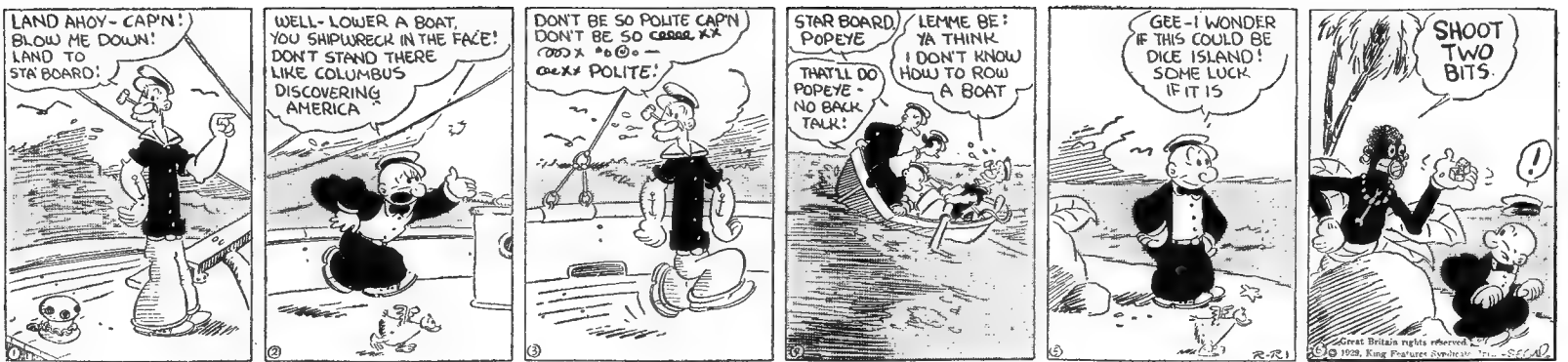


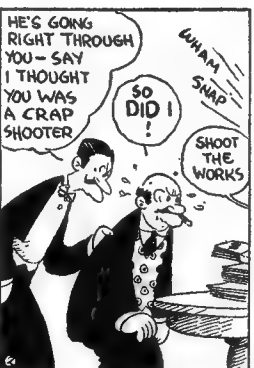


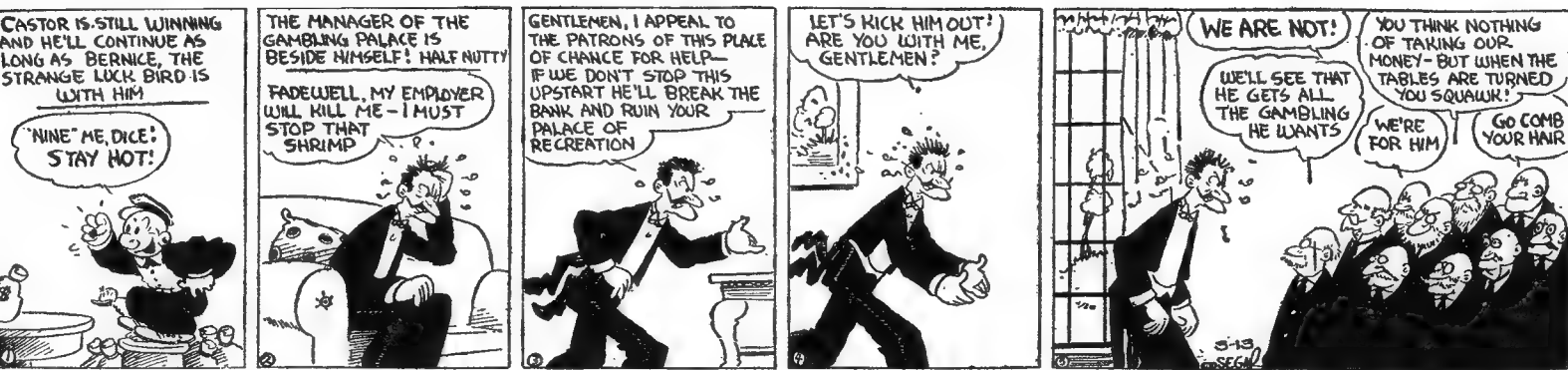
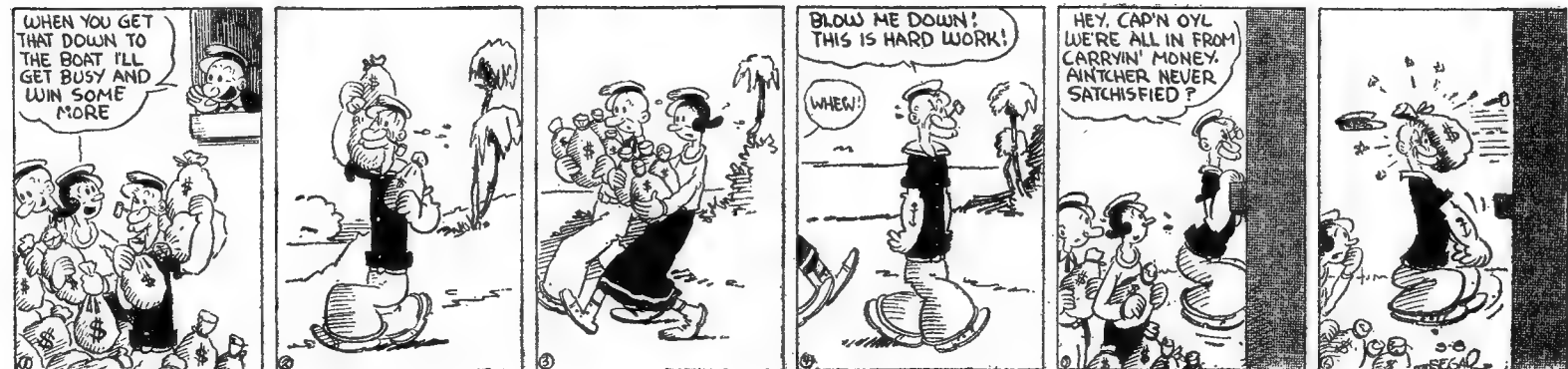


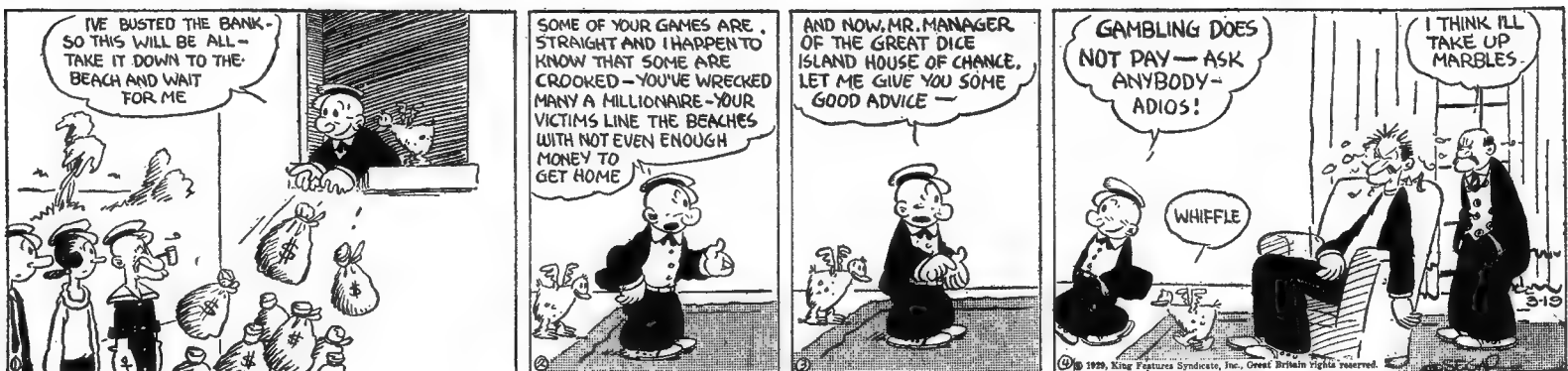






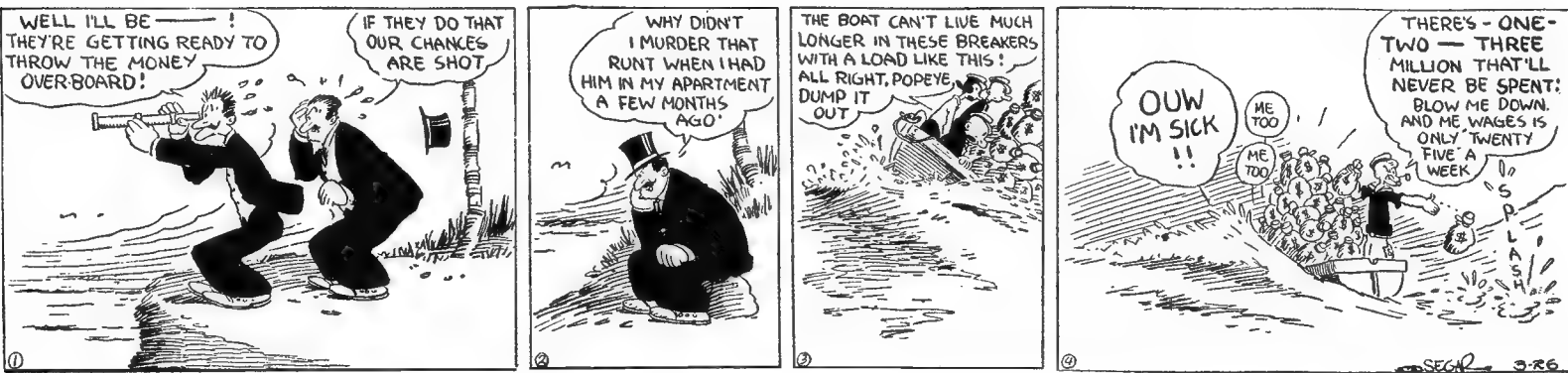
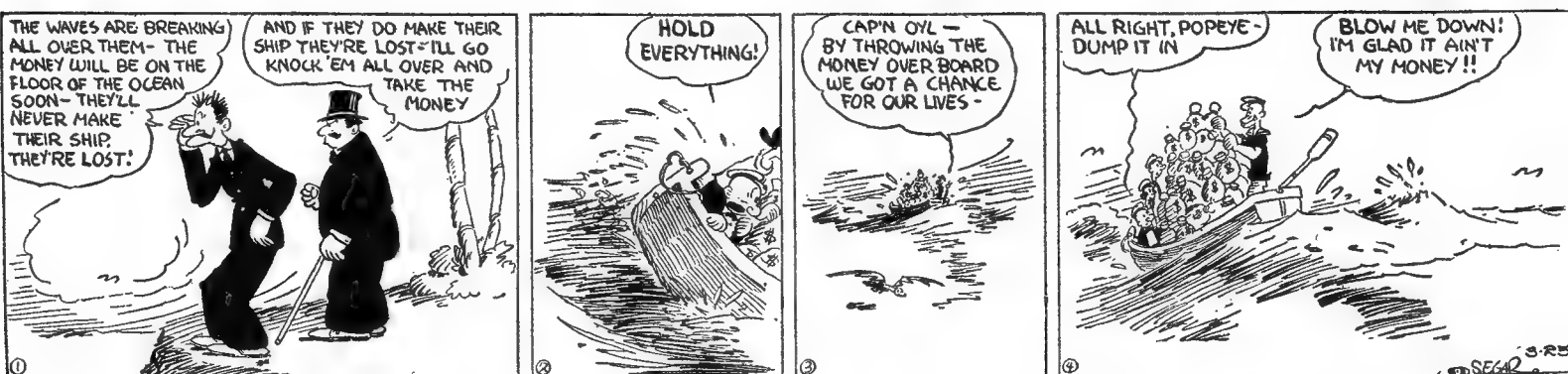
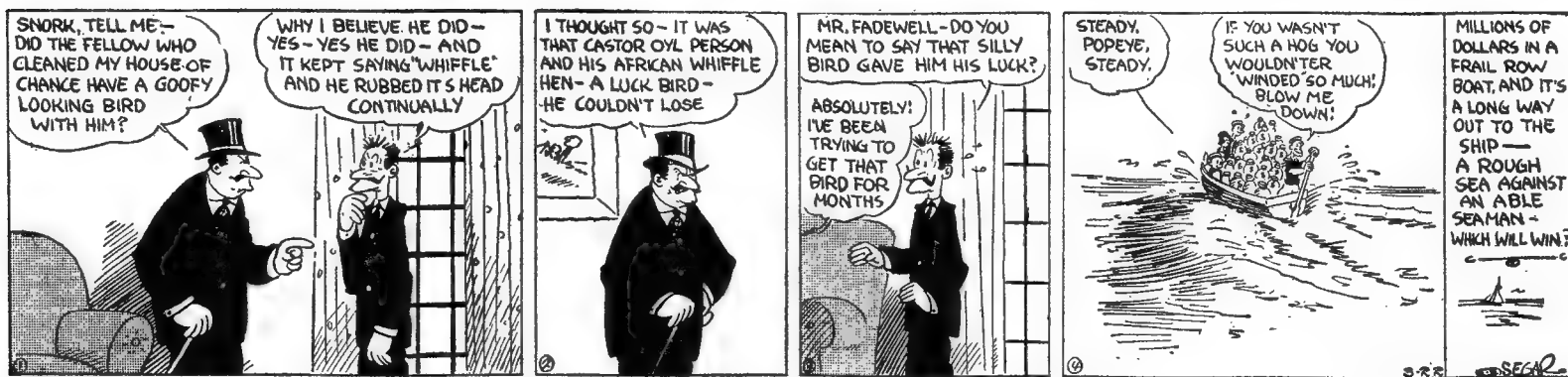
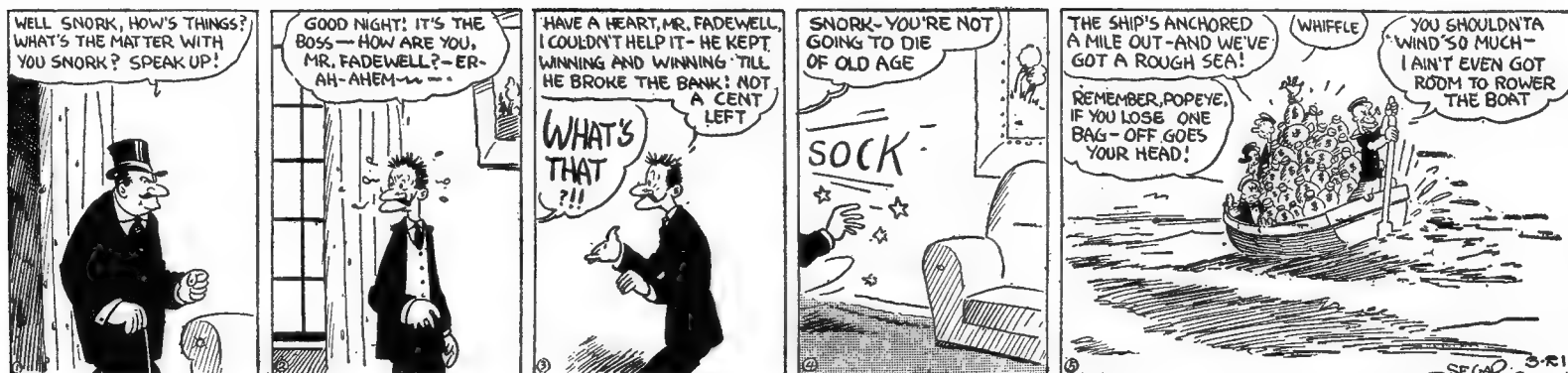


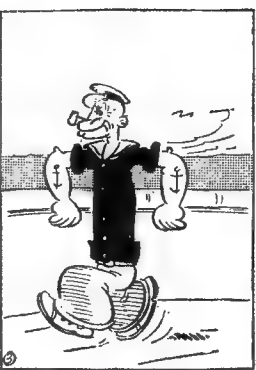
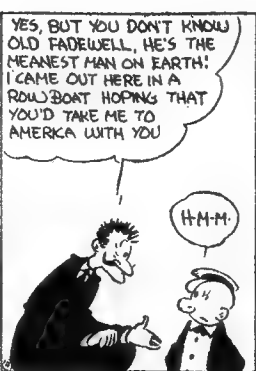
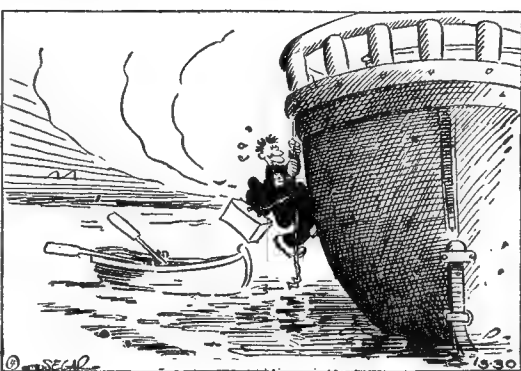
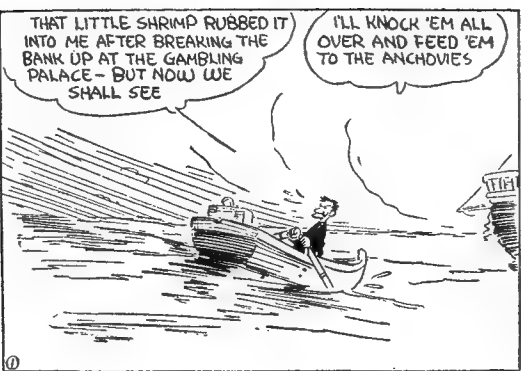
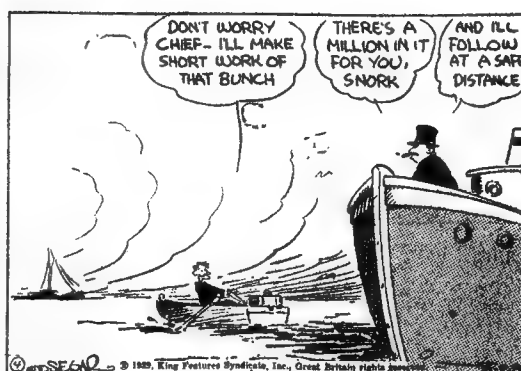
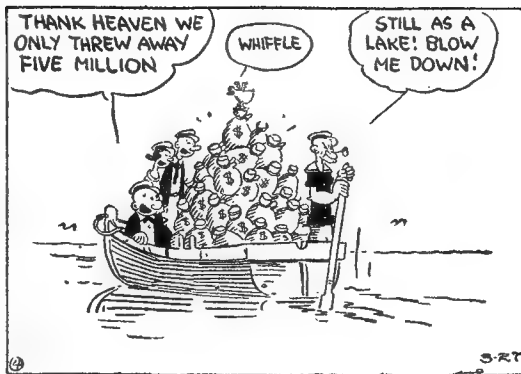
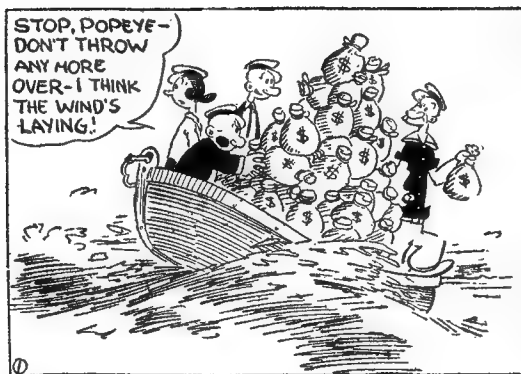


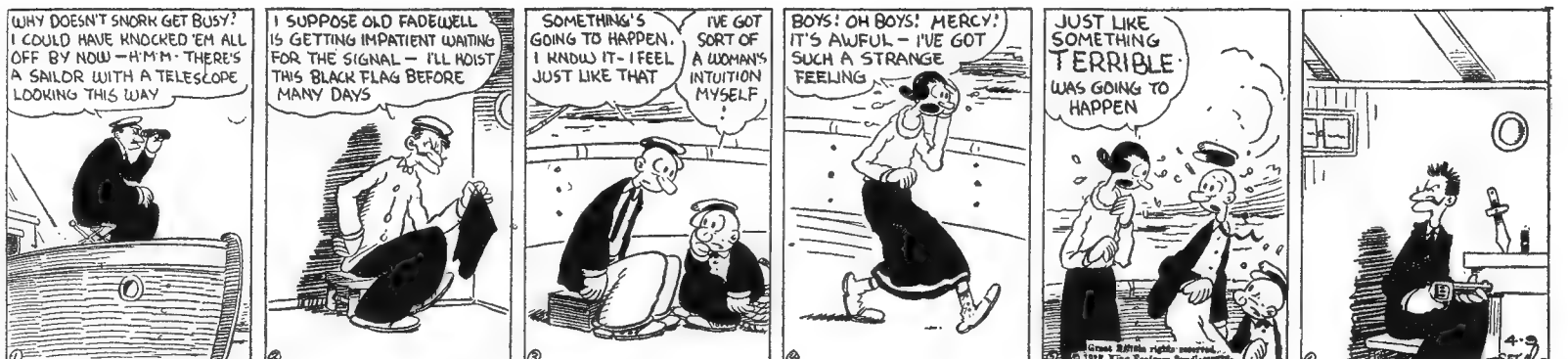
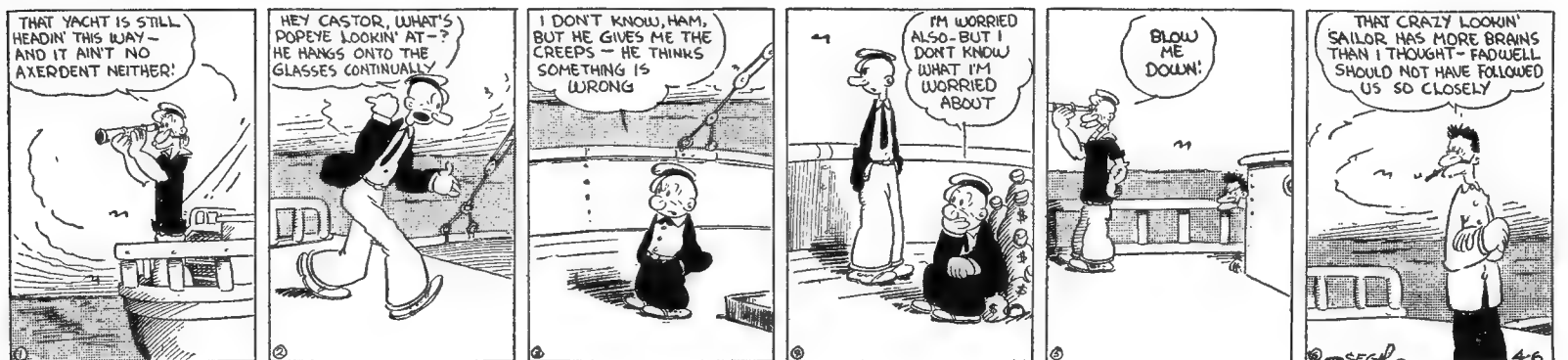
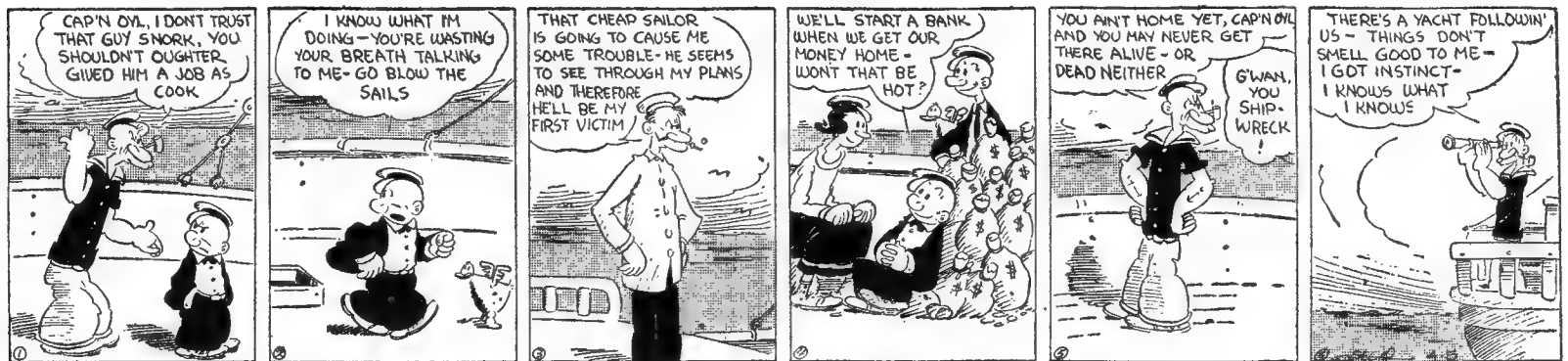
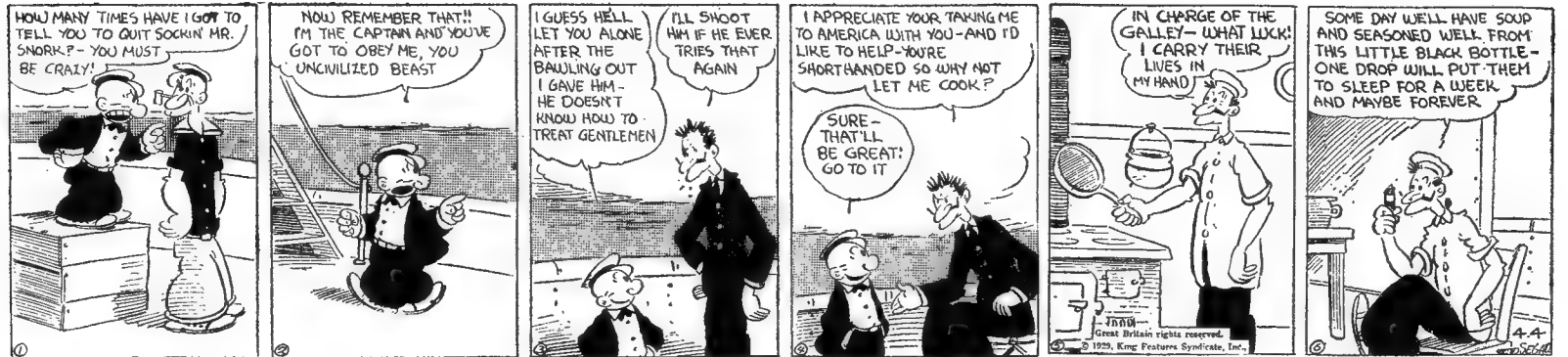
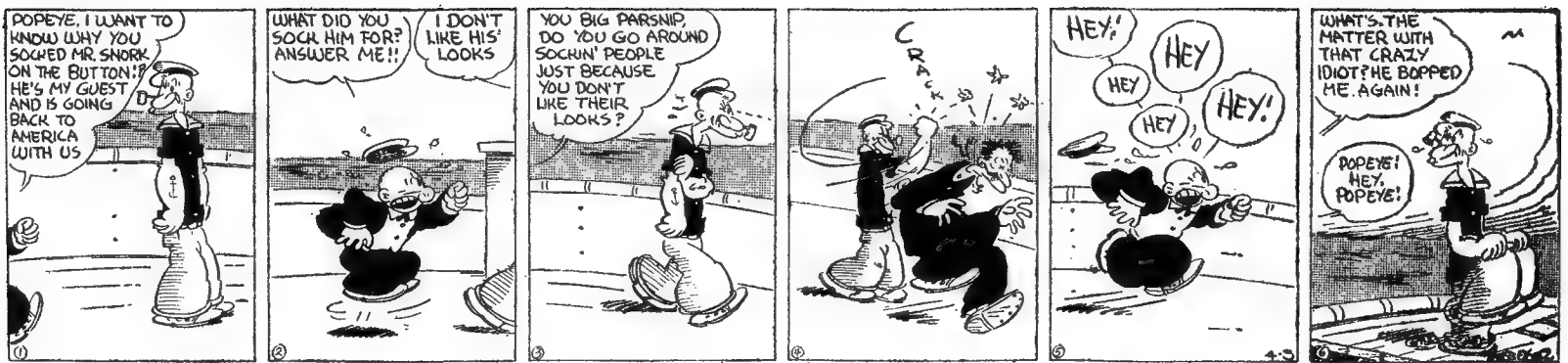




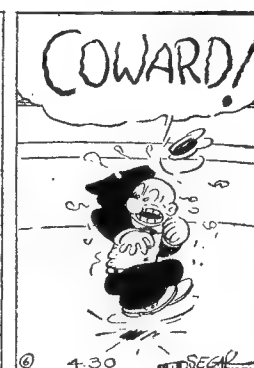
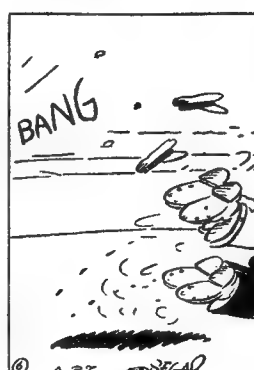
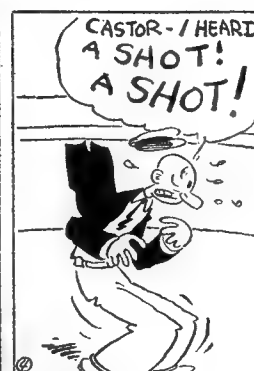
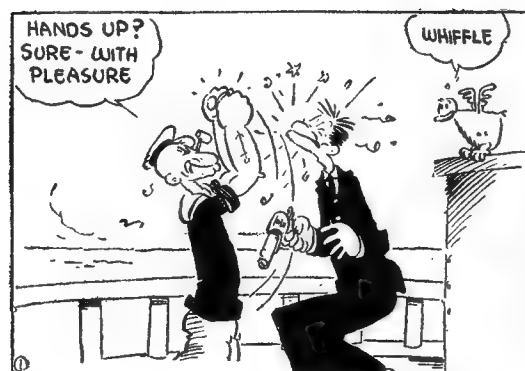
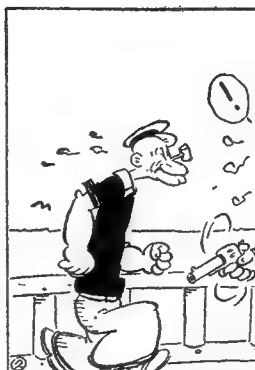
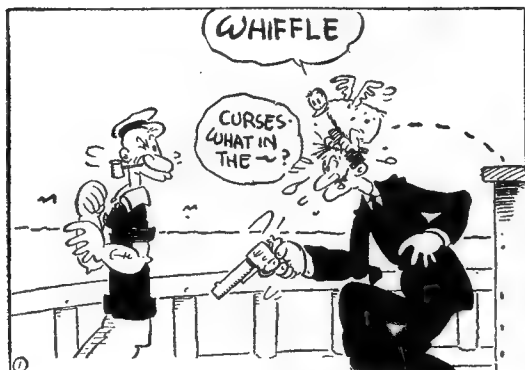
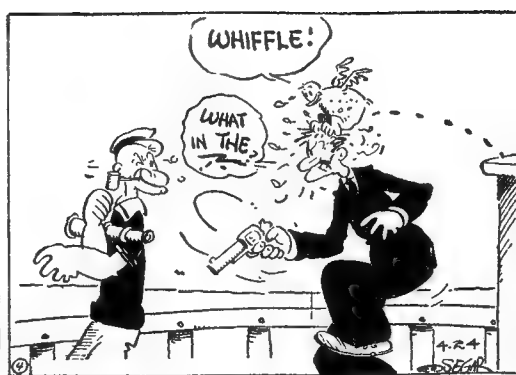
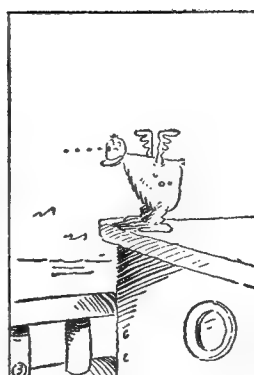
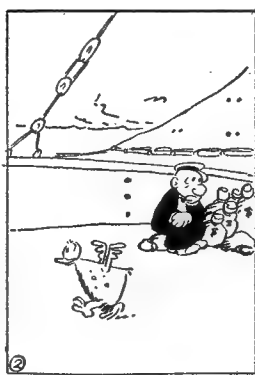
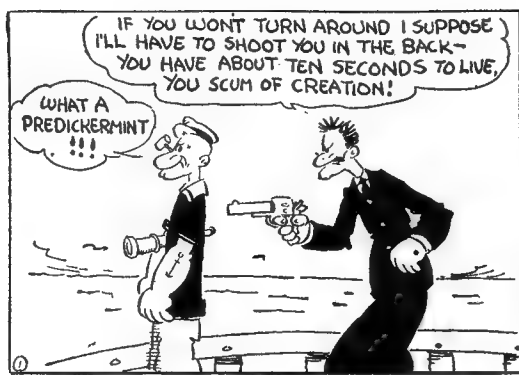
CHAPTER IV: SNORK AT SEA

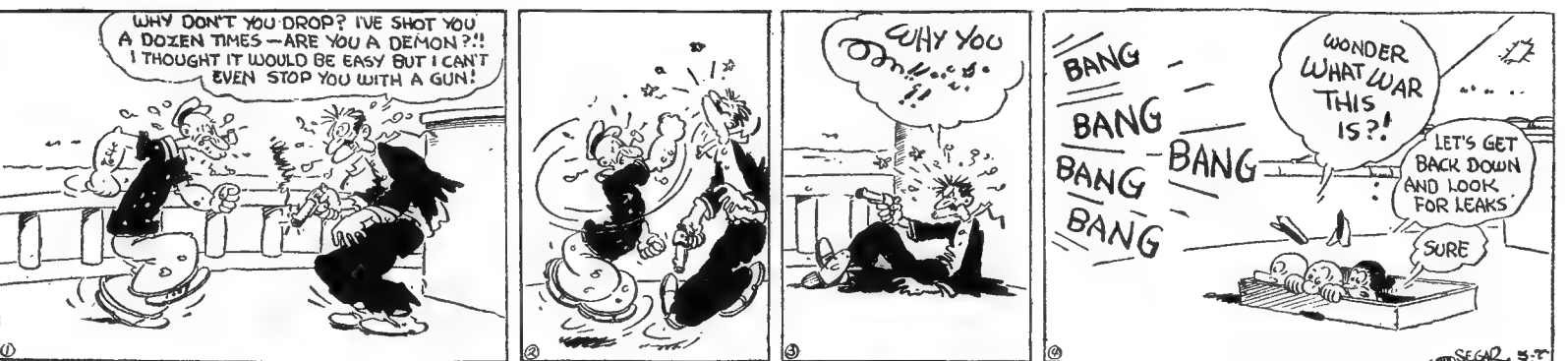
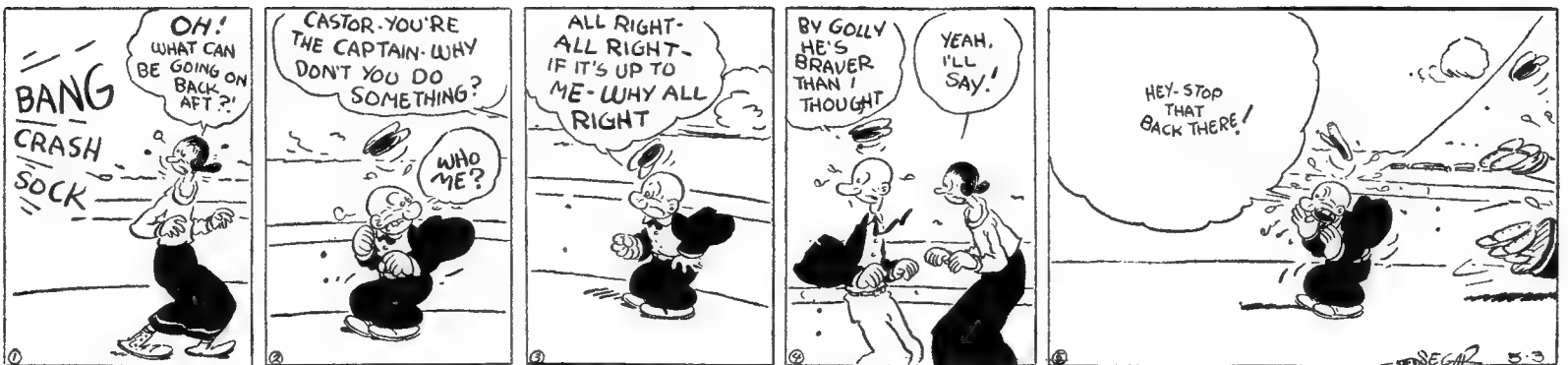
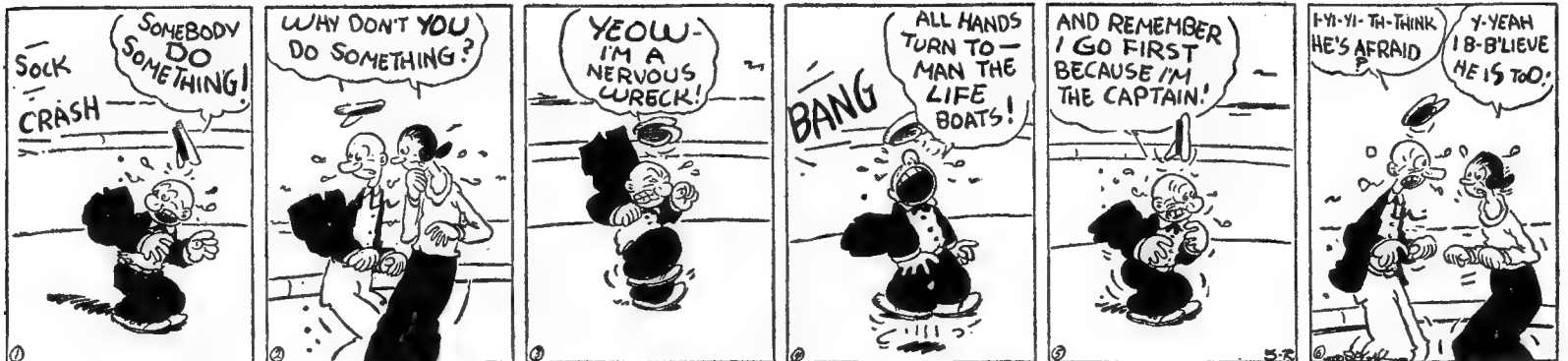
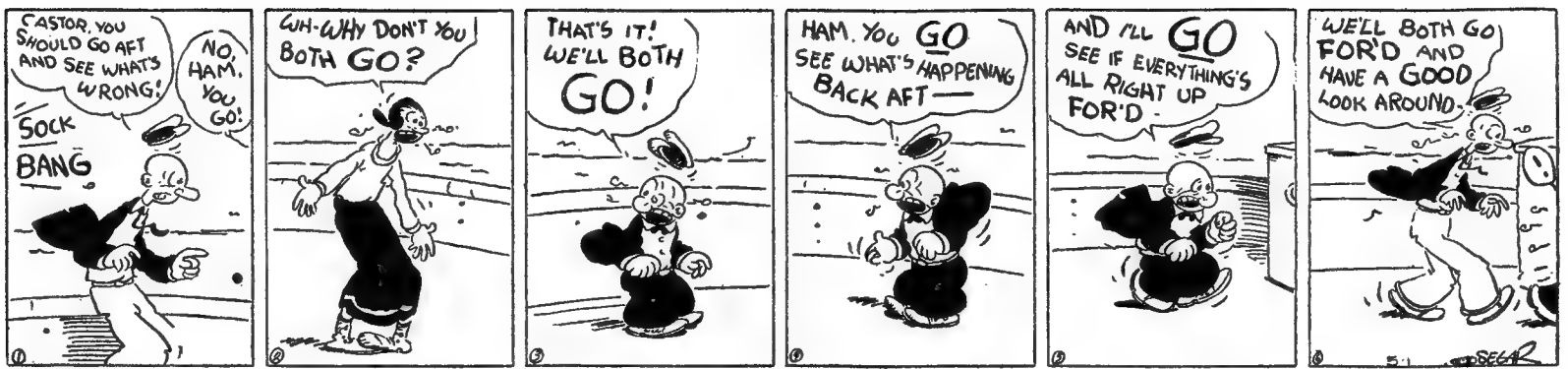


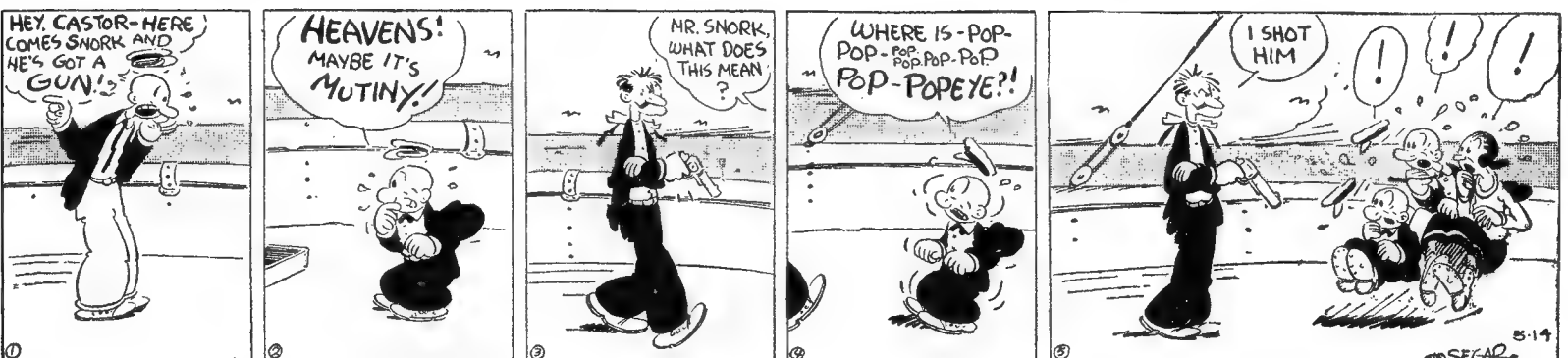
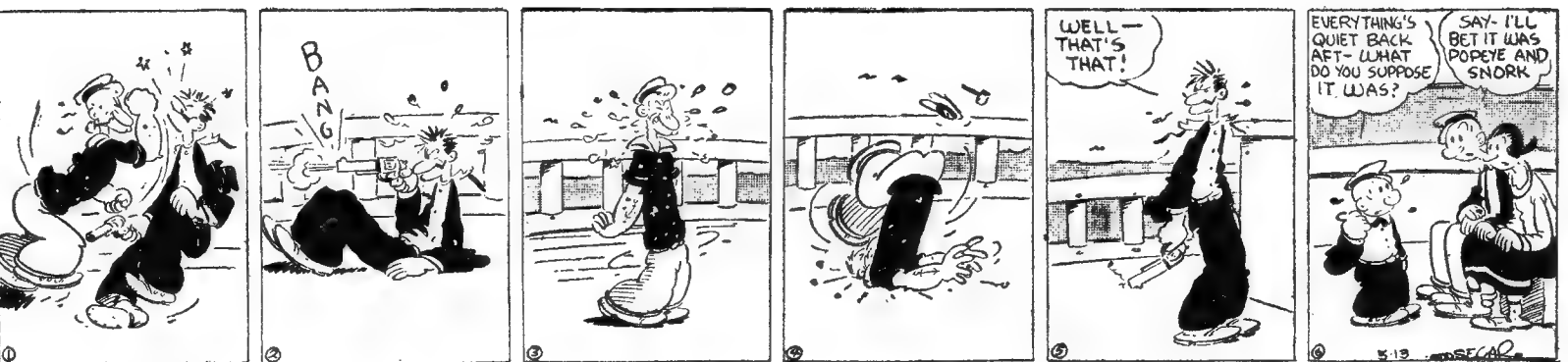
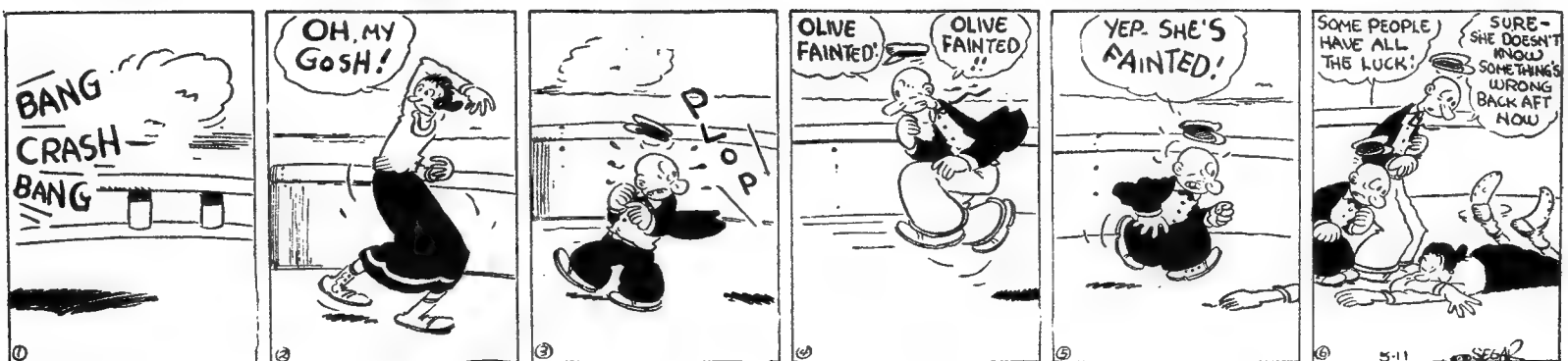
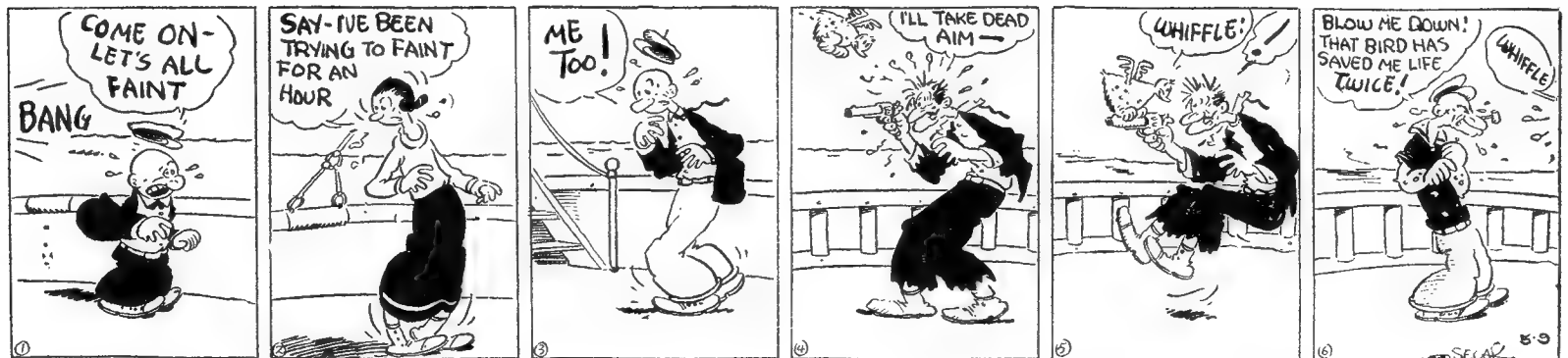
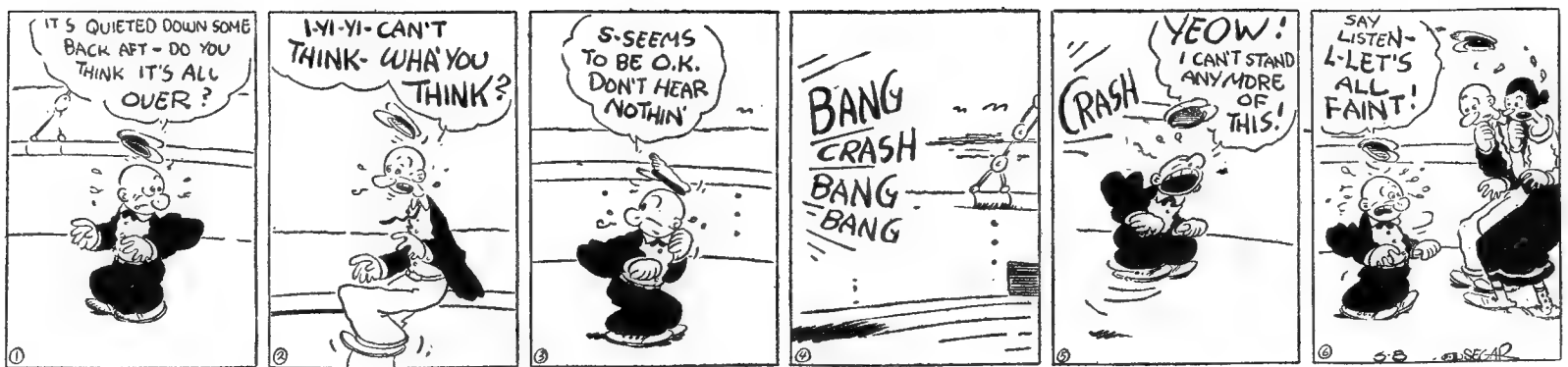


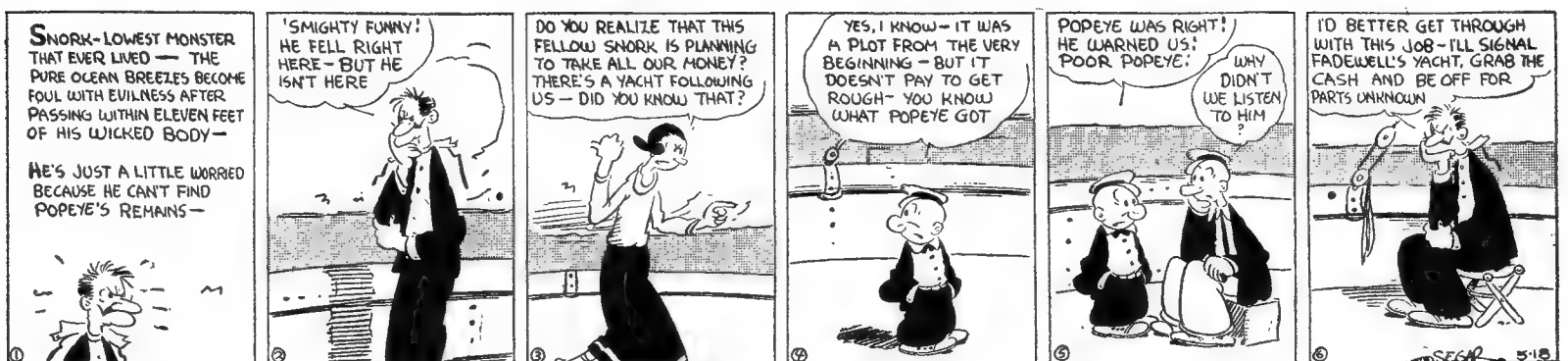
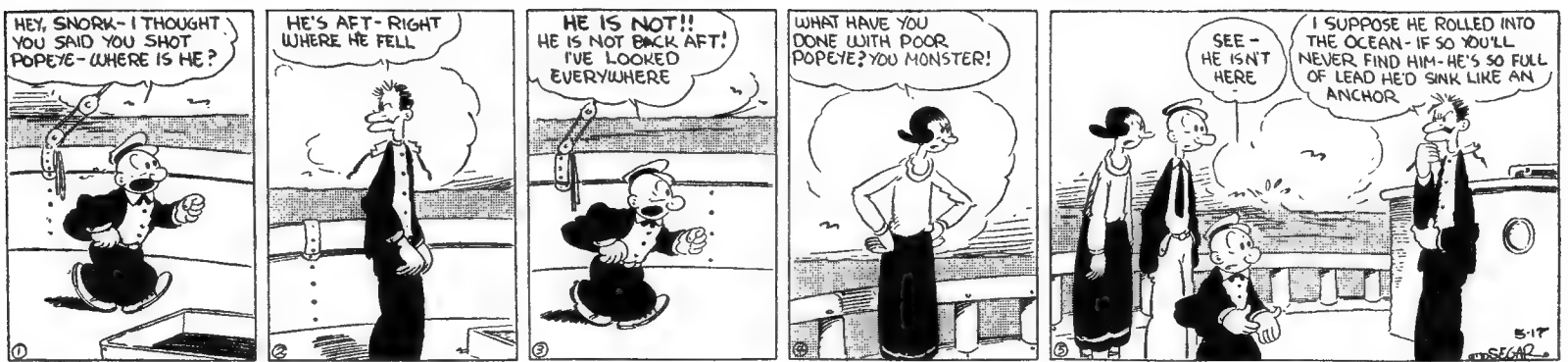


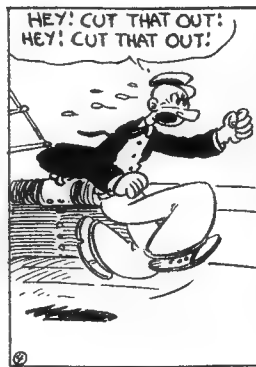
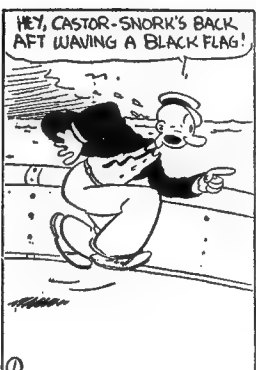
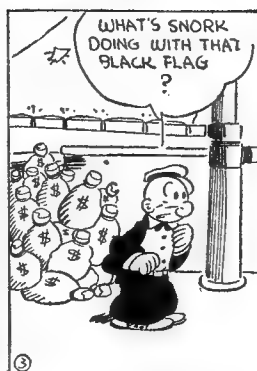
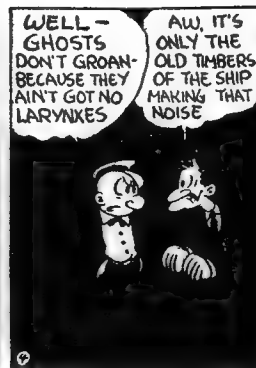






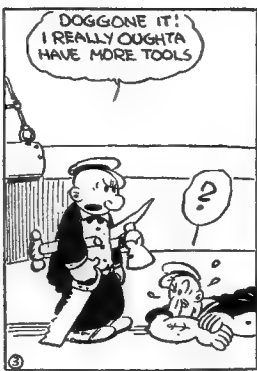
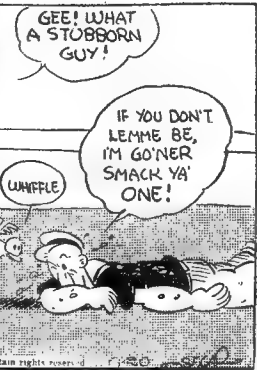
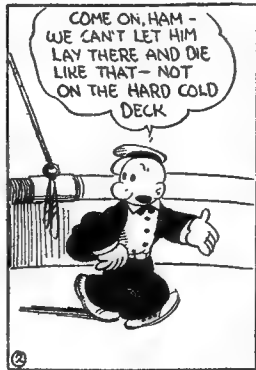
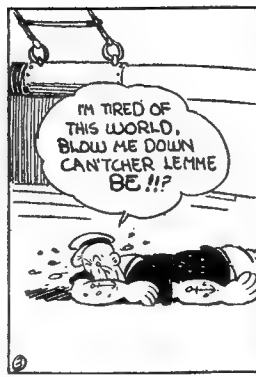






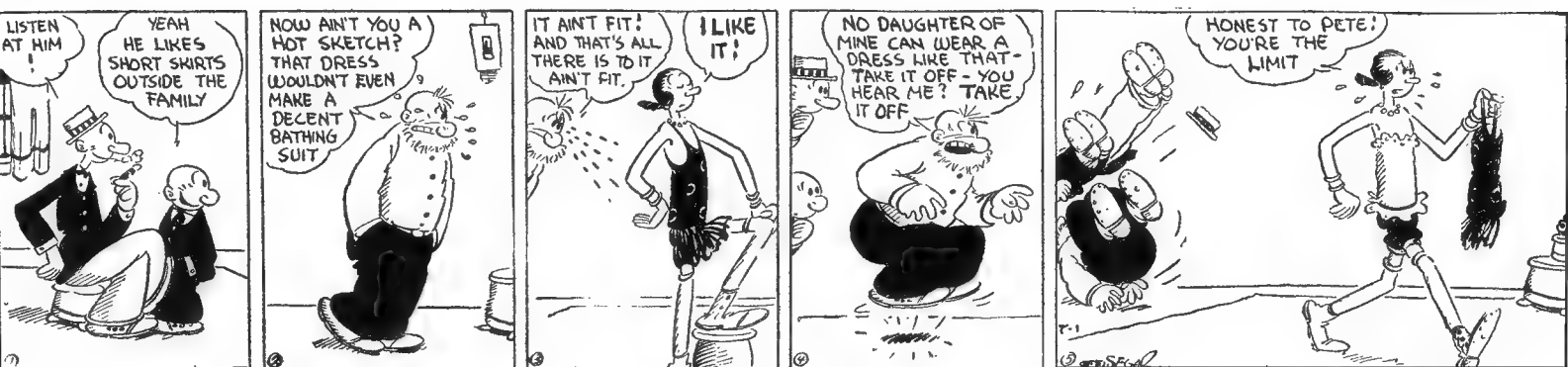
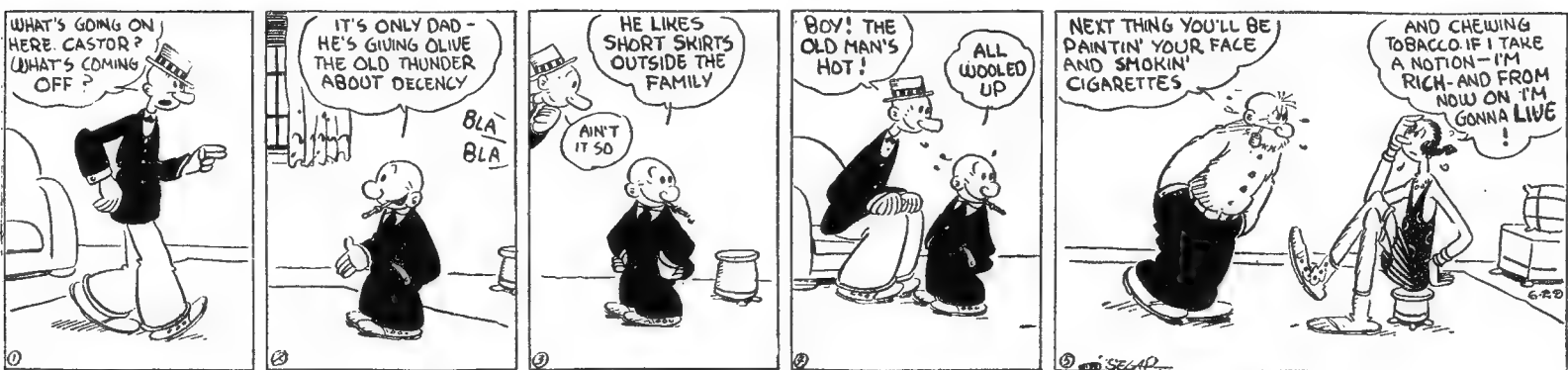
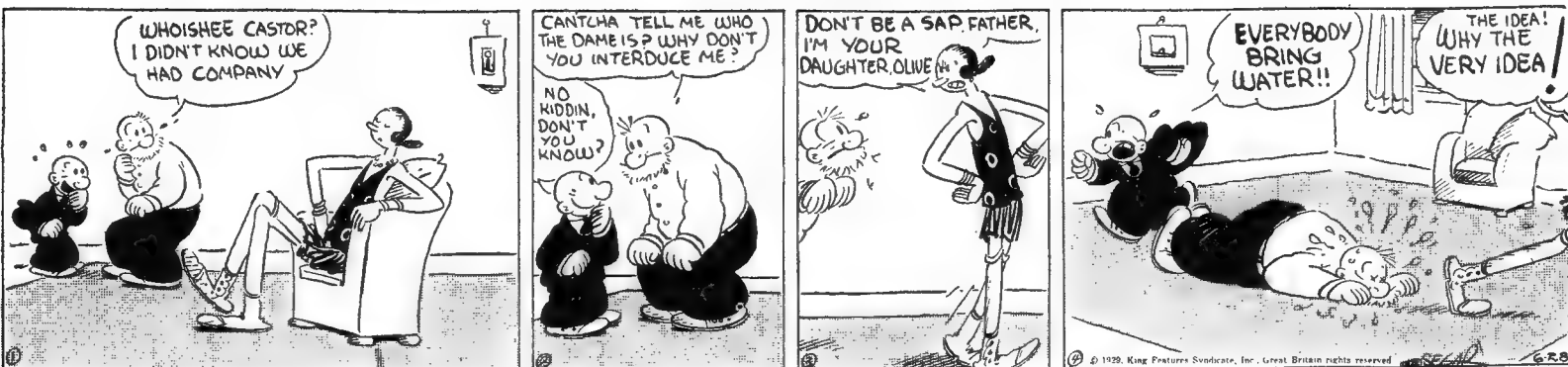
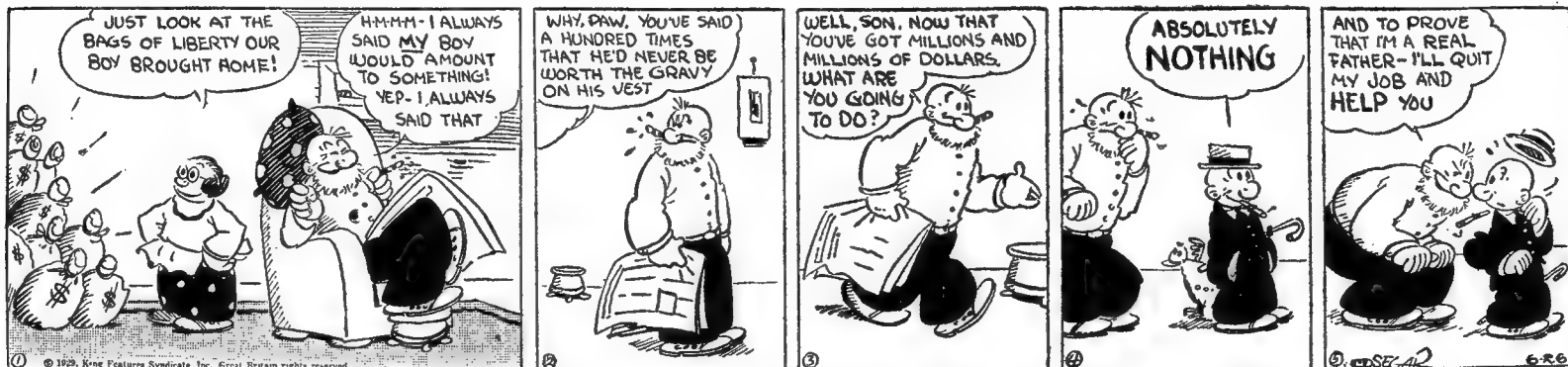


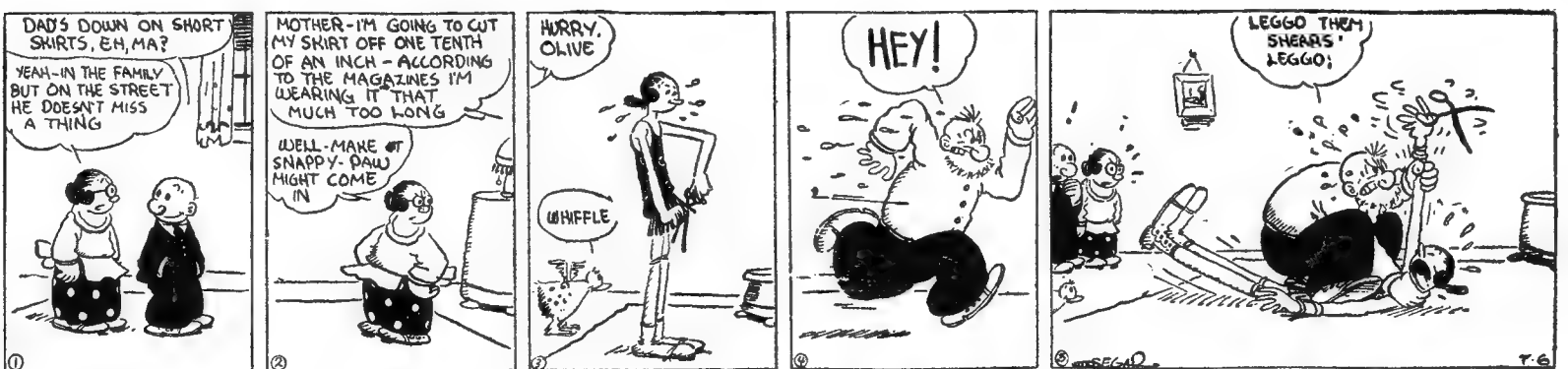


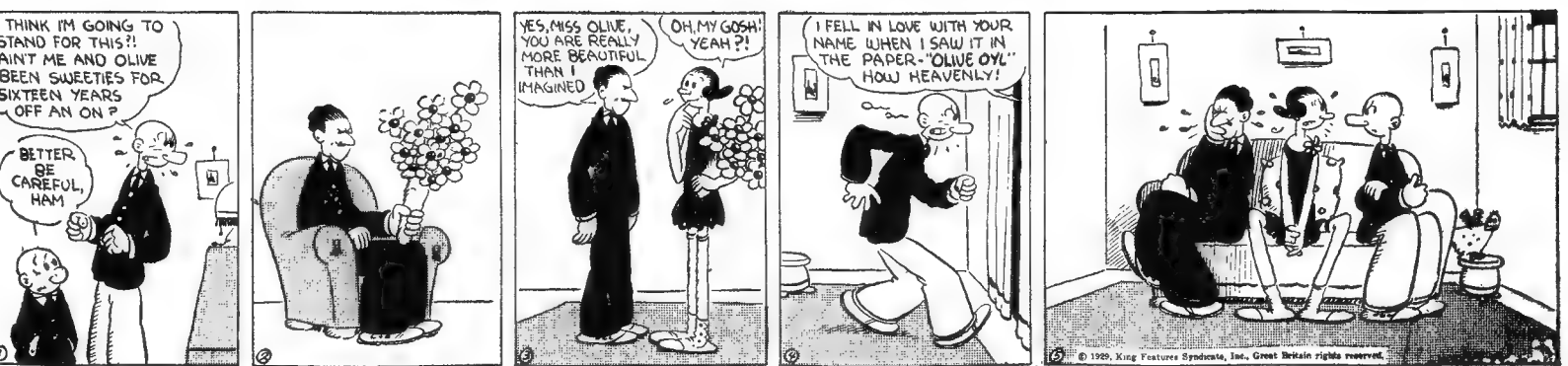
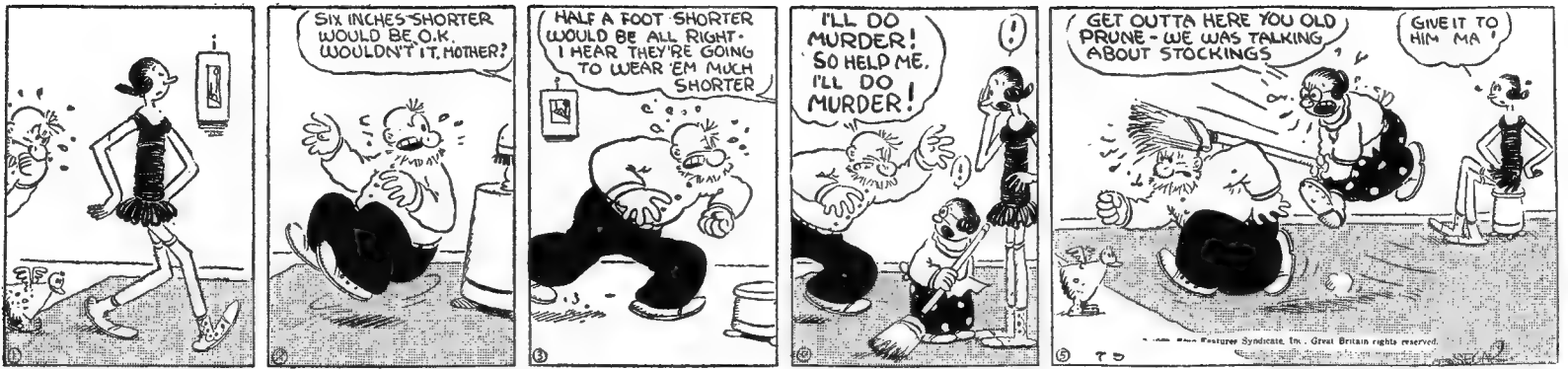


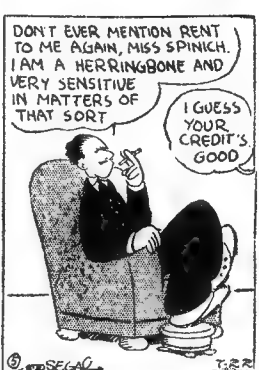
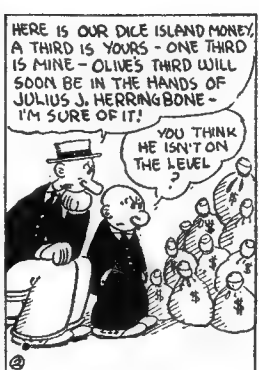
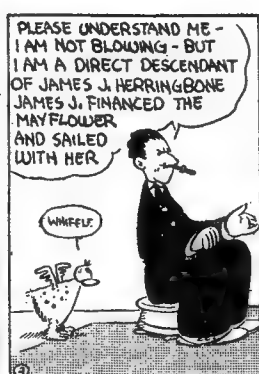


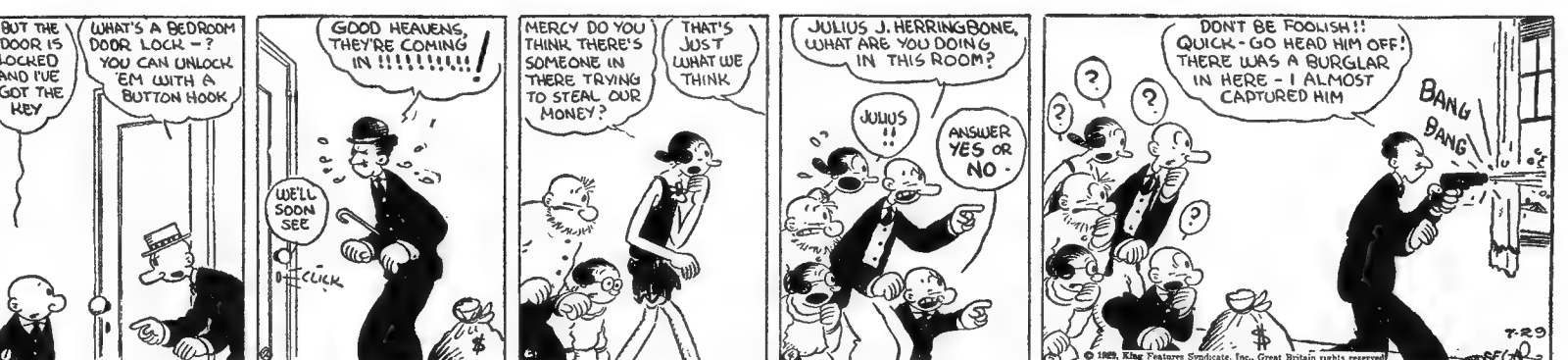
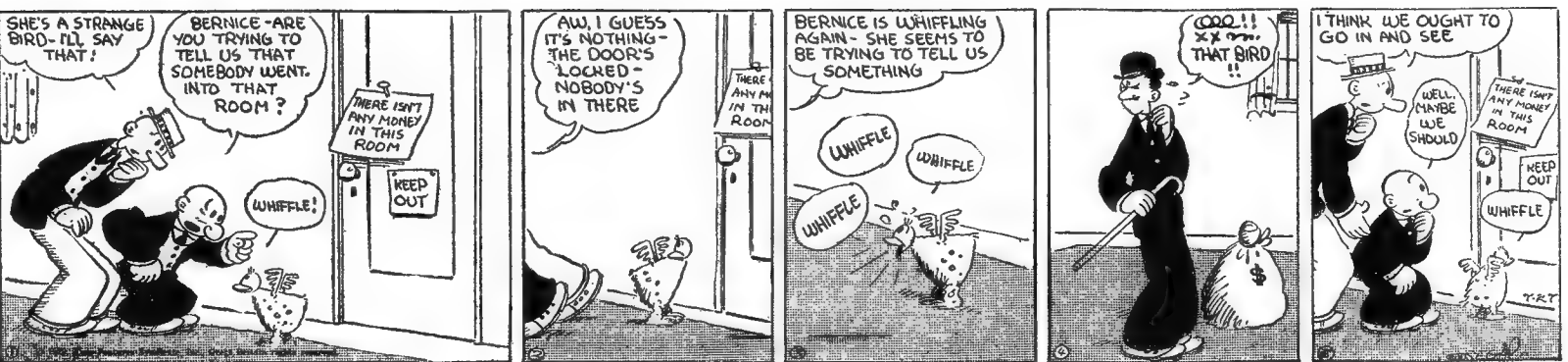
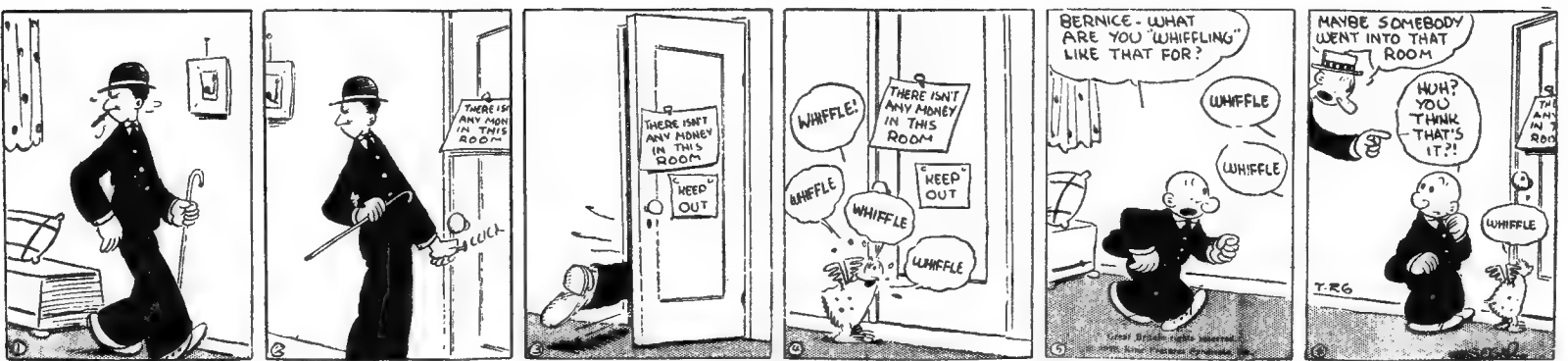
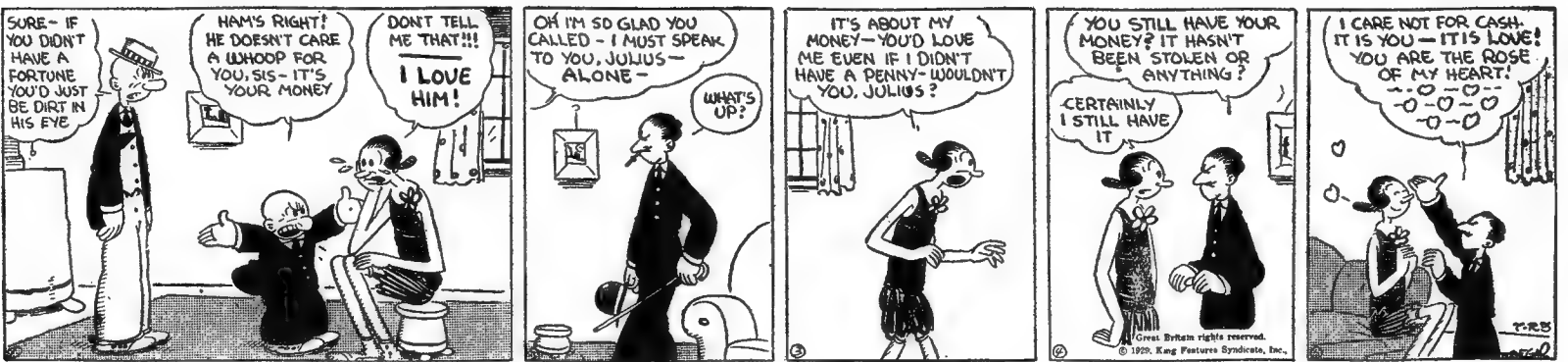
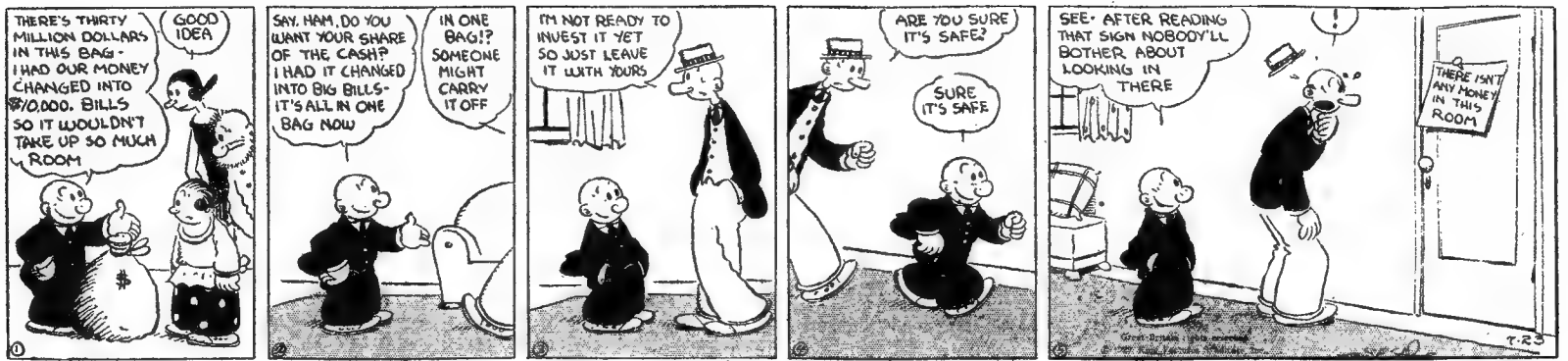
CHAPTER V:
JULES J. HERRINGBONE, CAD

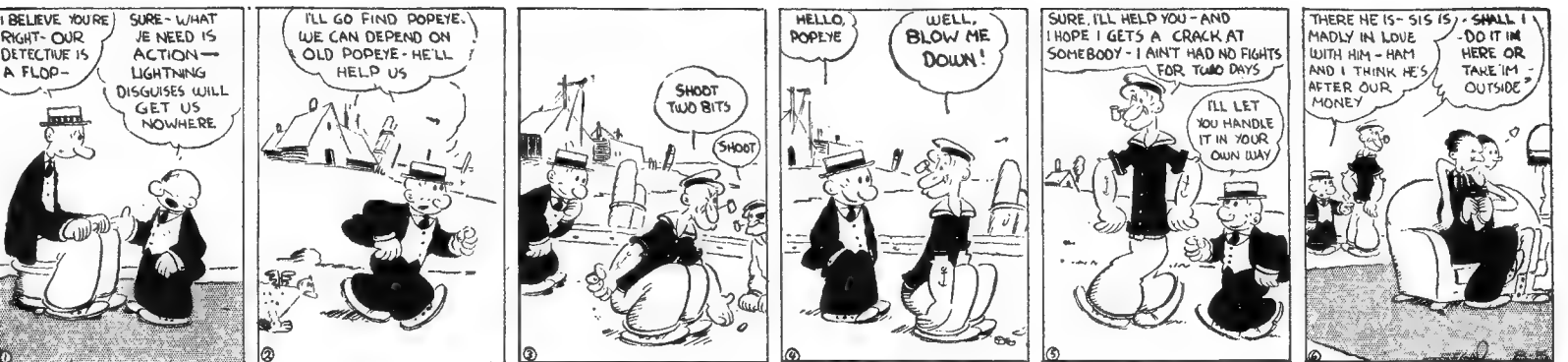
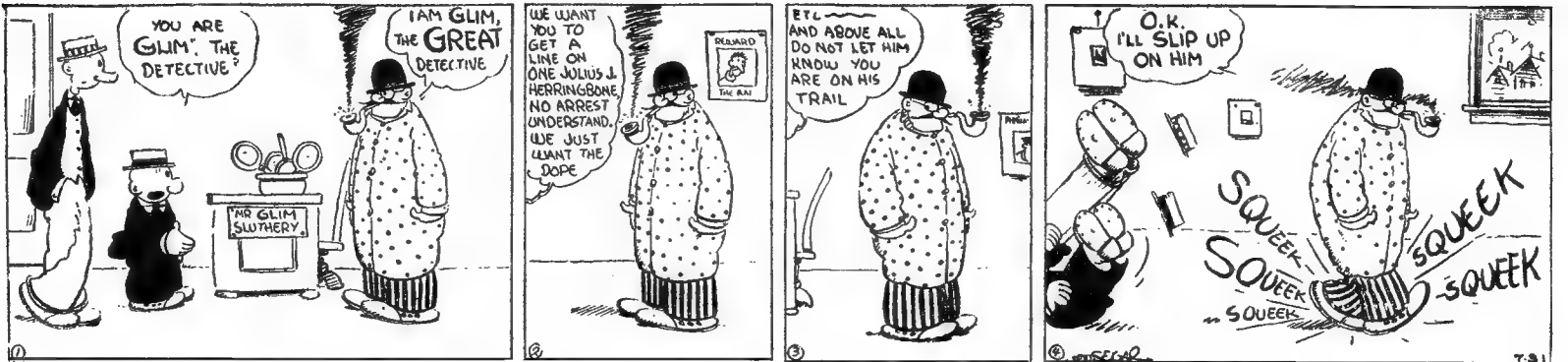
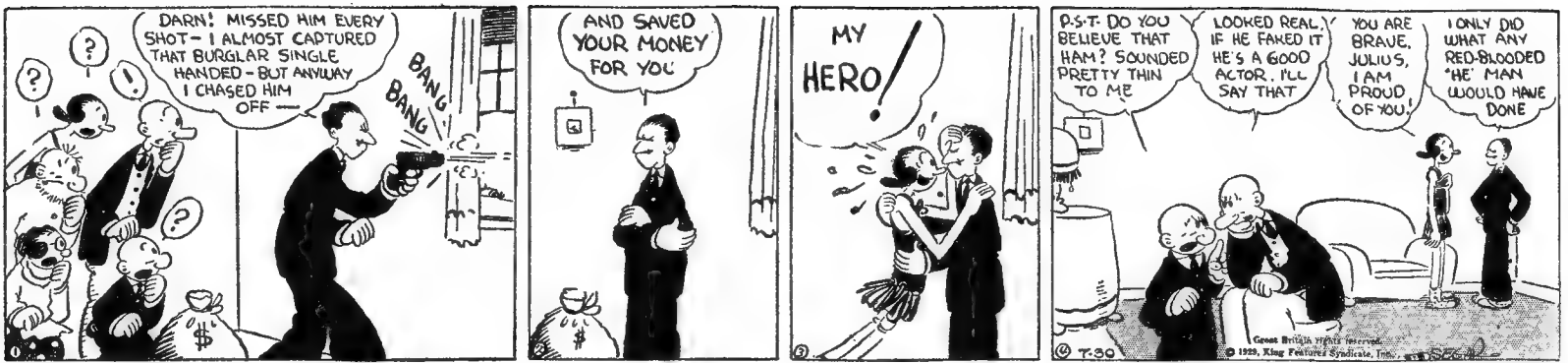


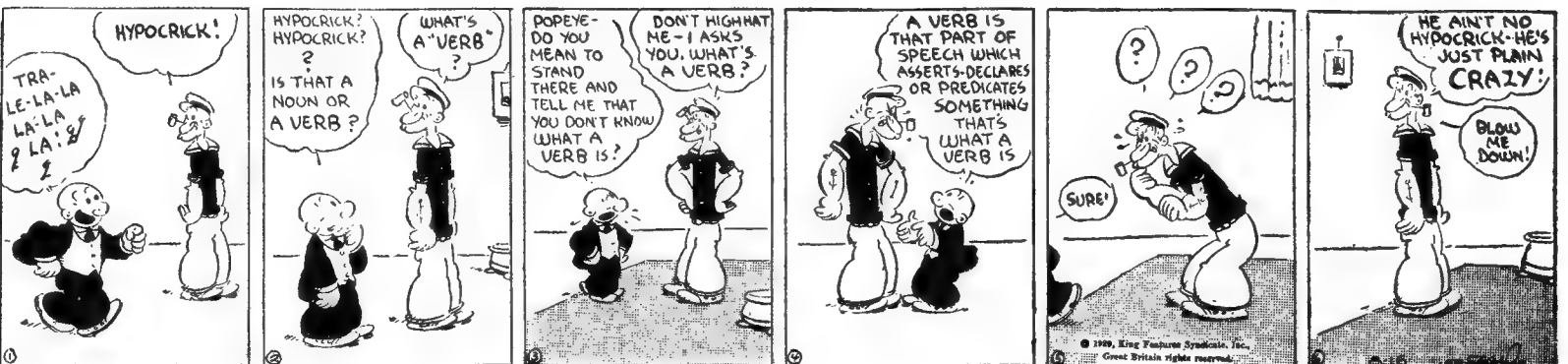


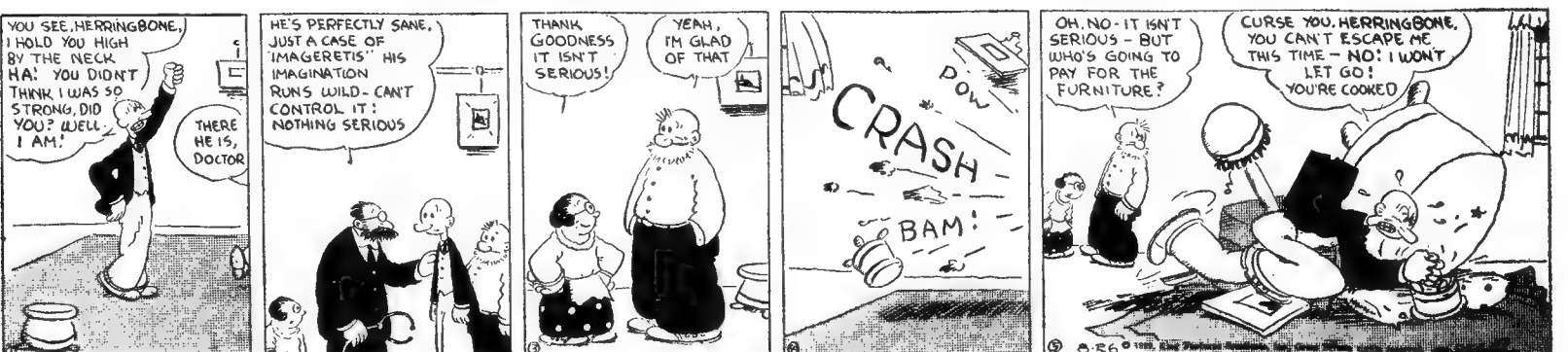
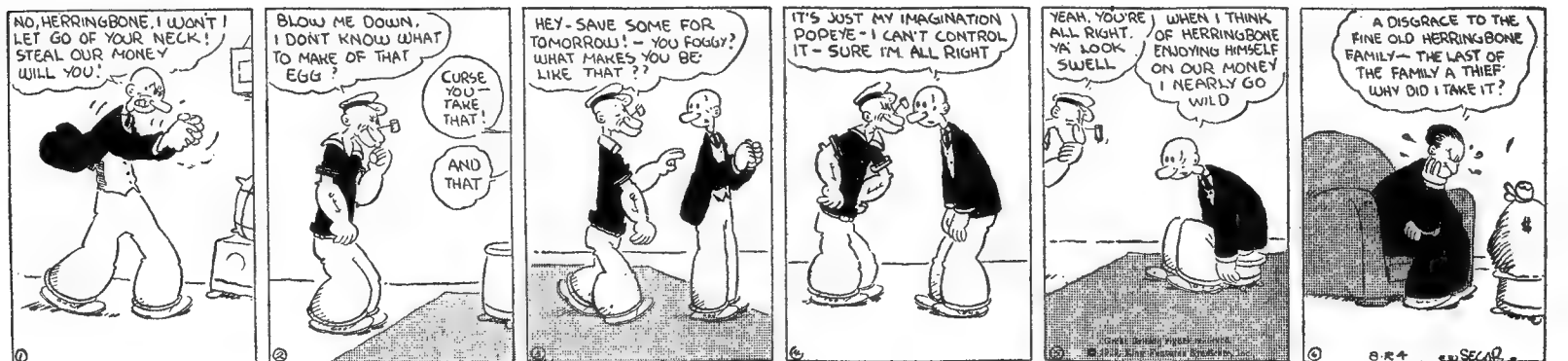
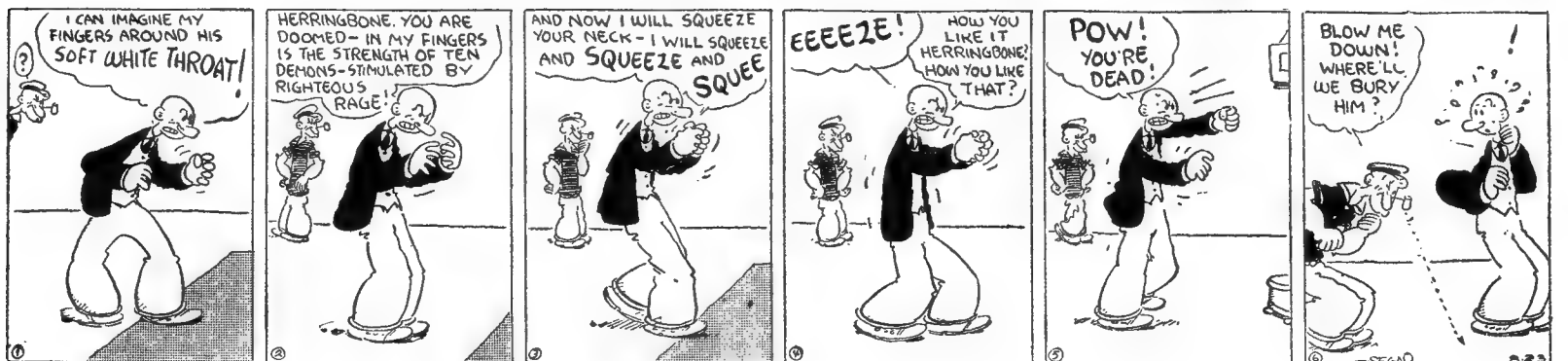
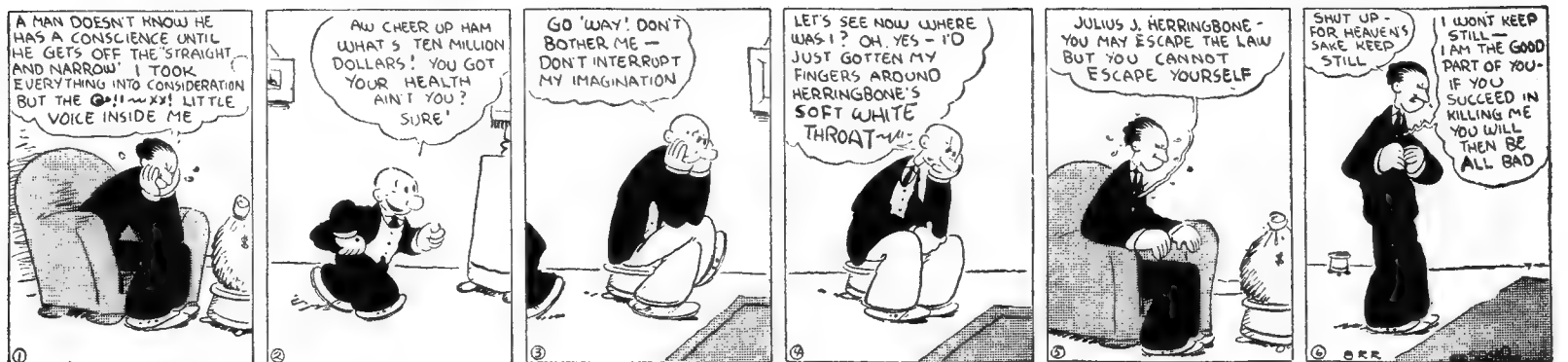
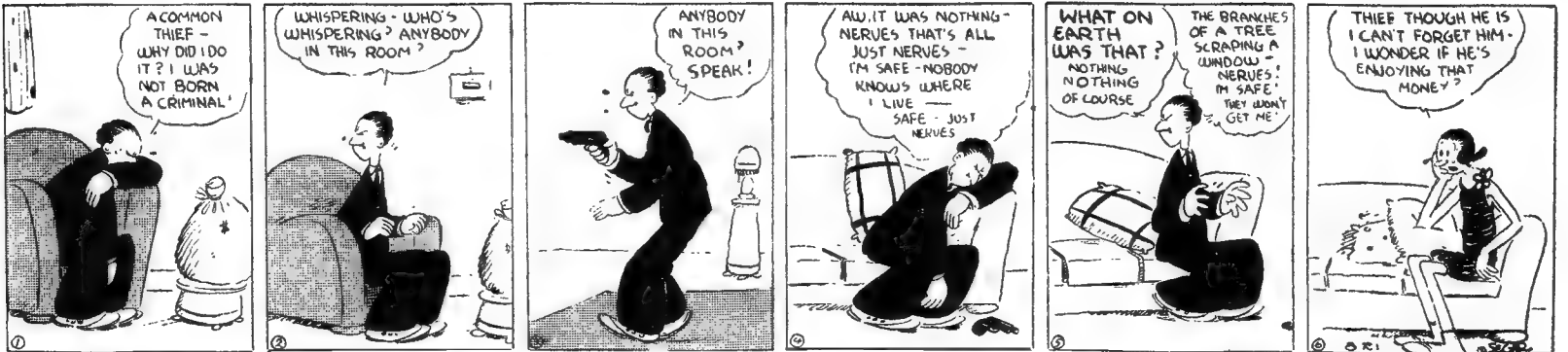
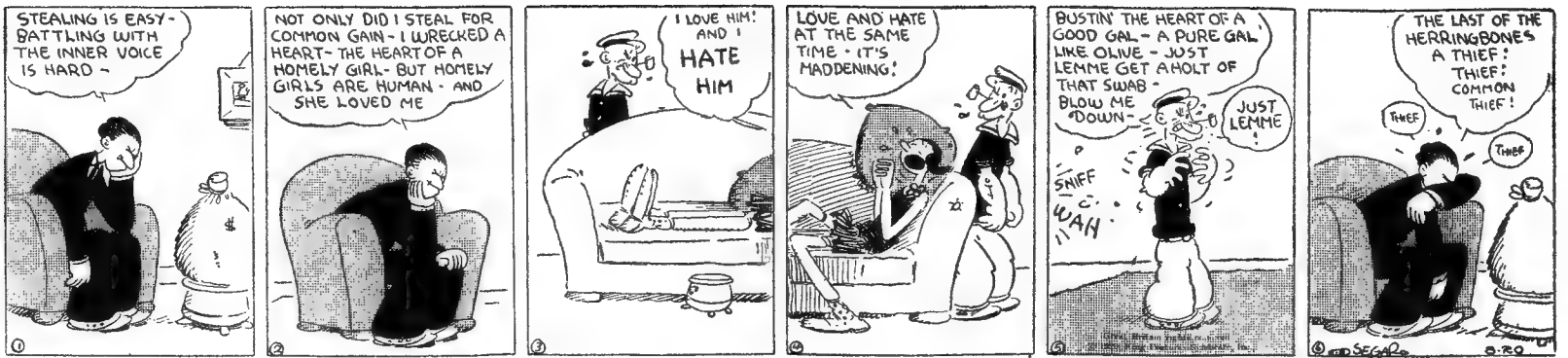


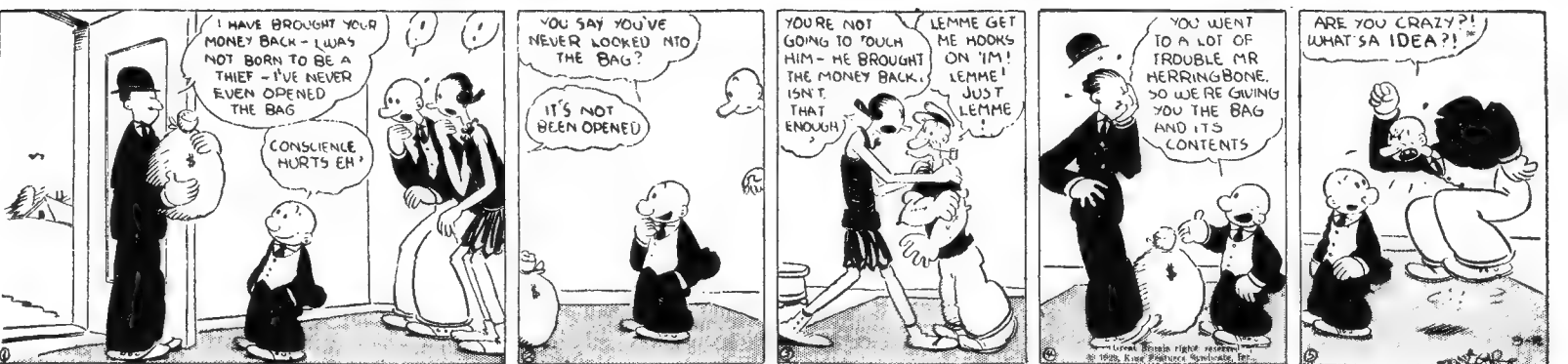
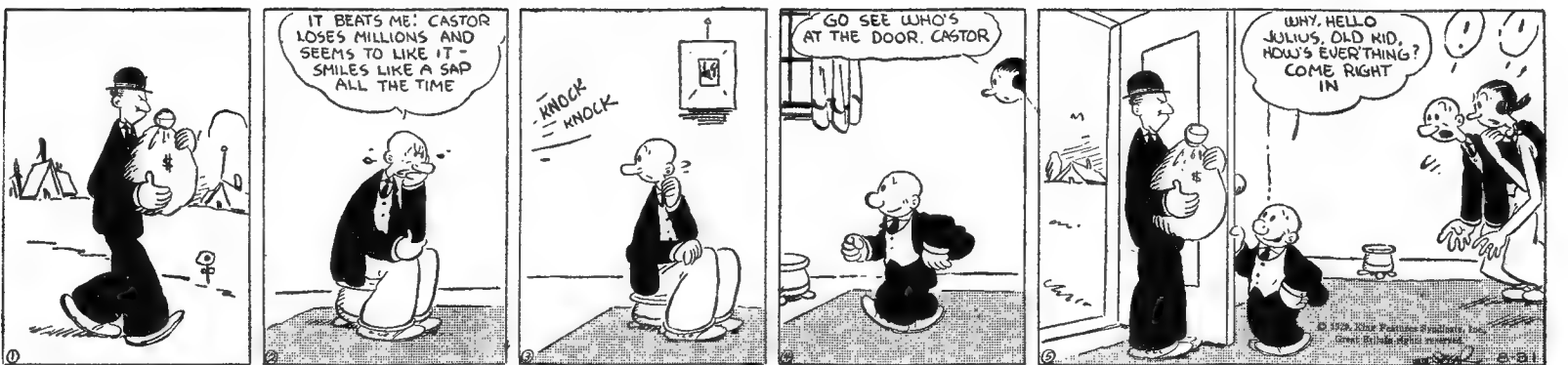
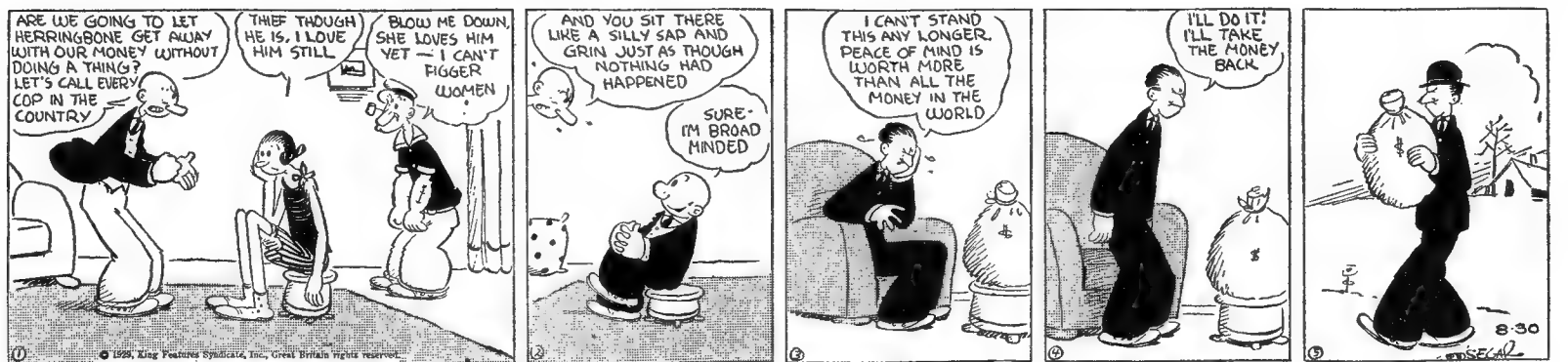
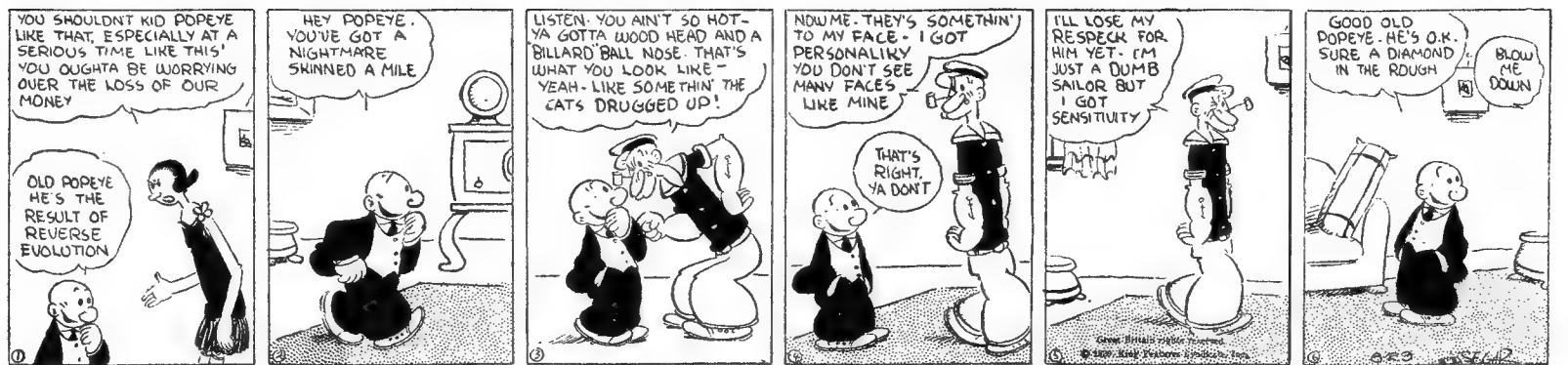
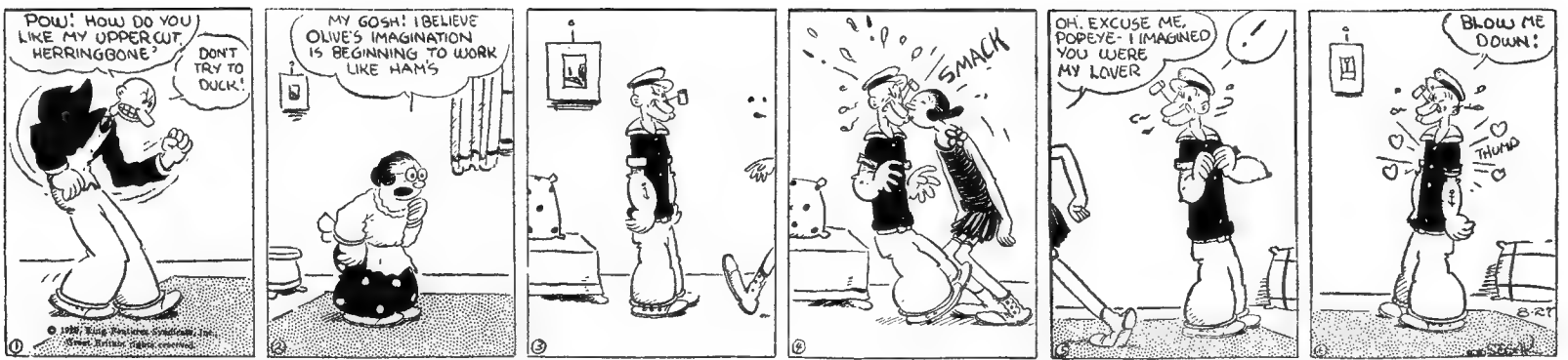


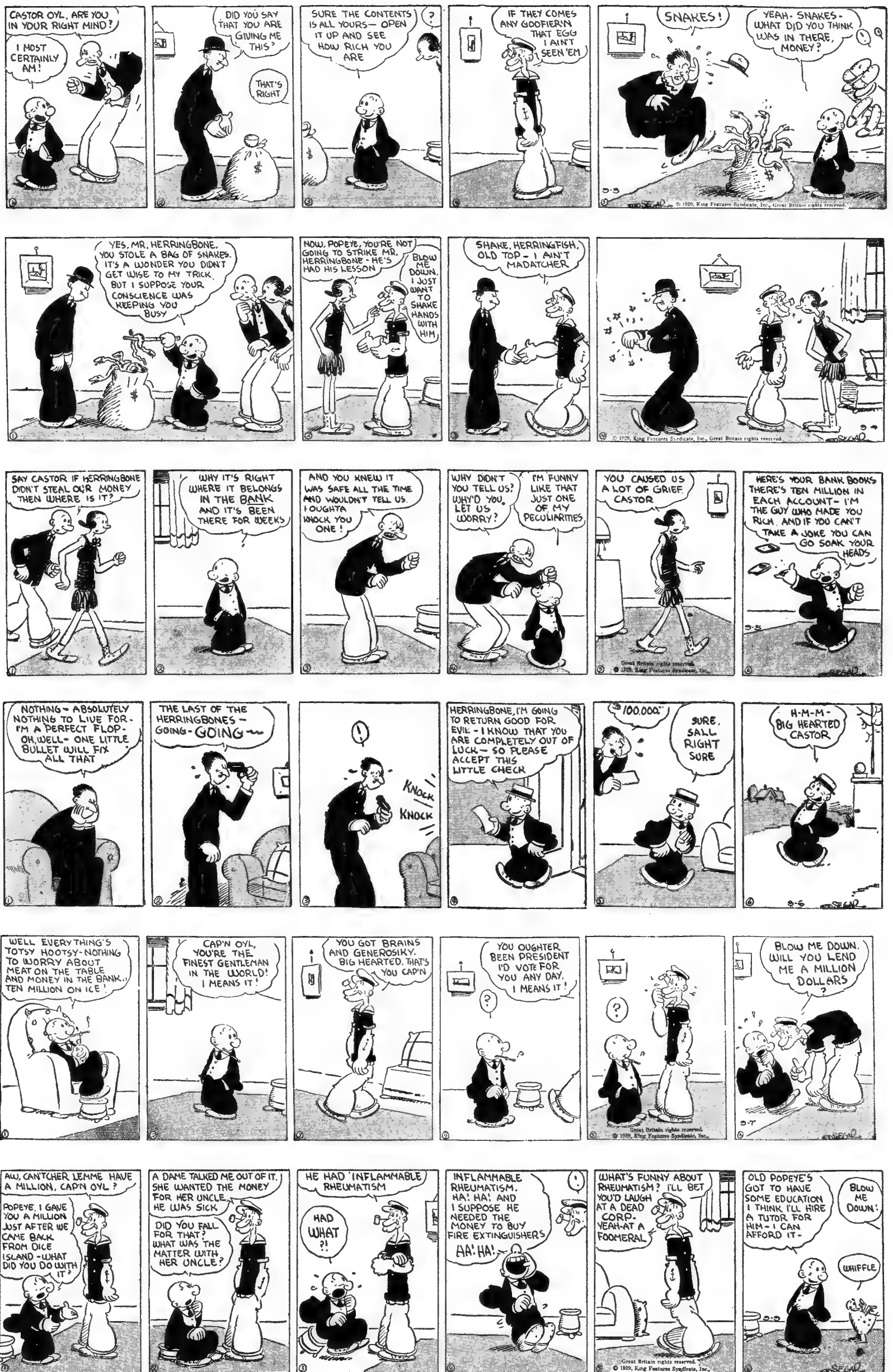


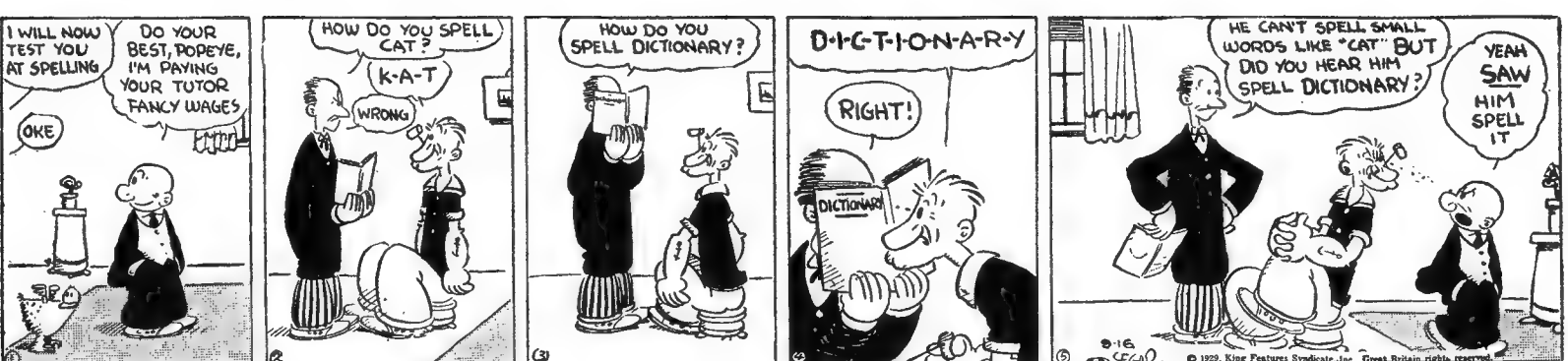
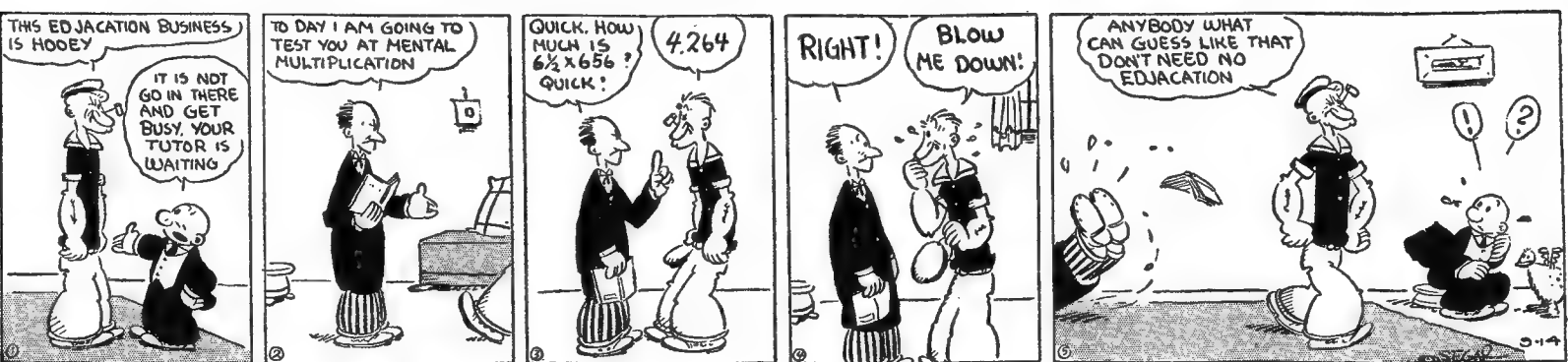
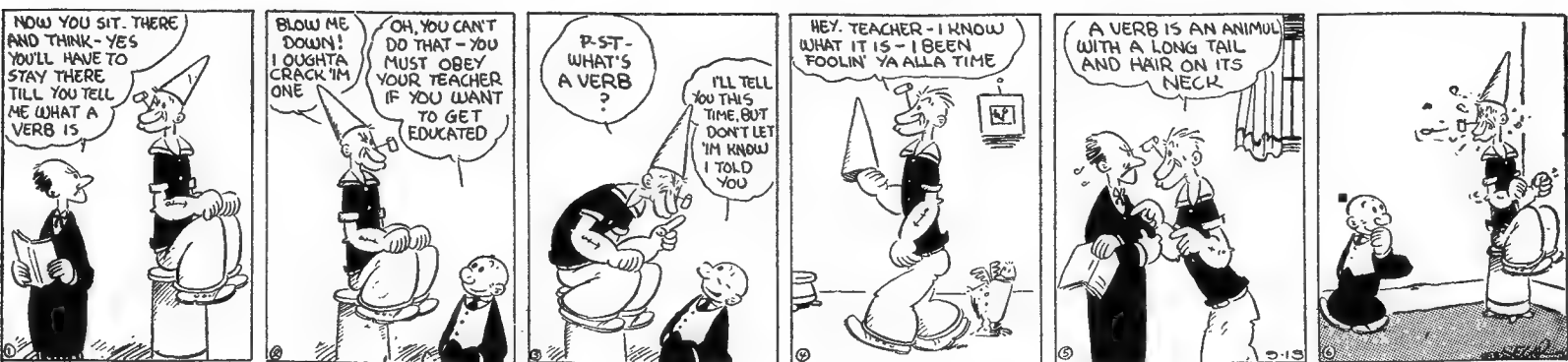
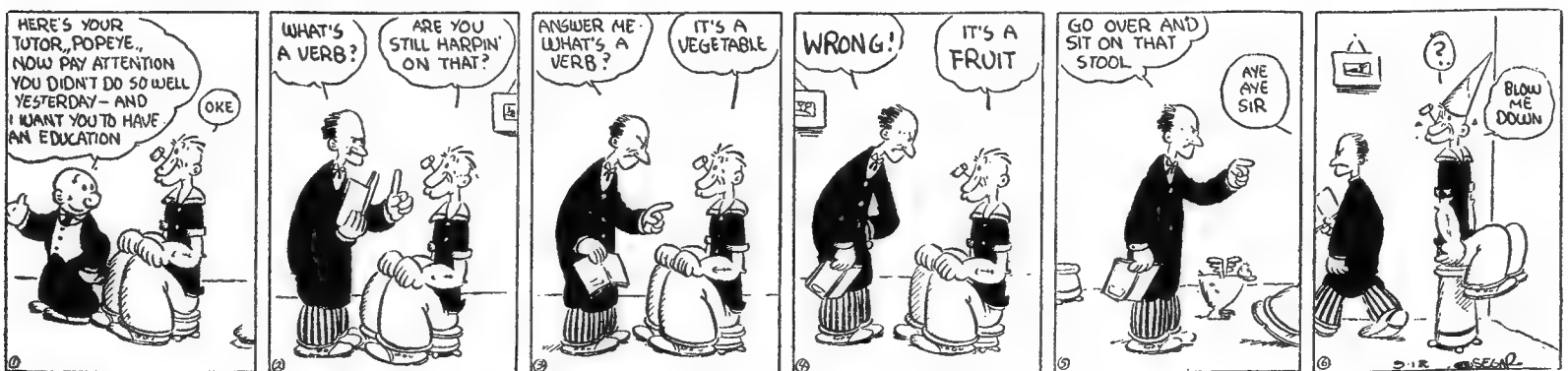
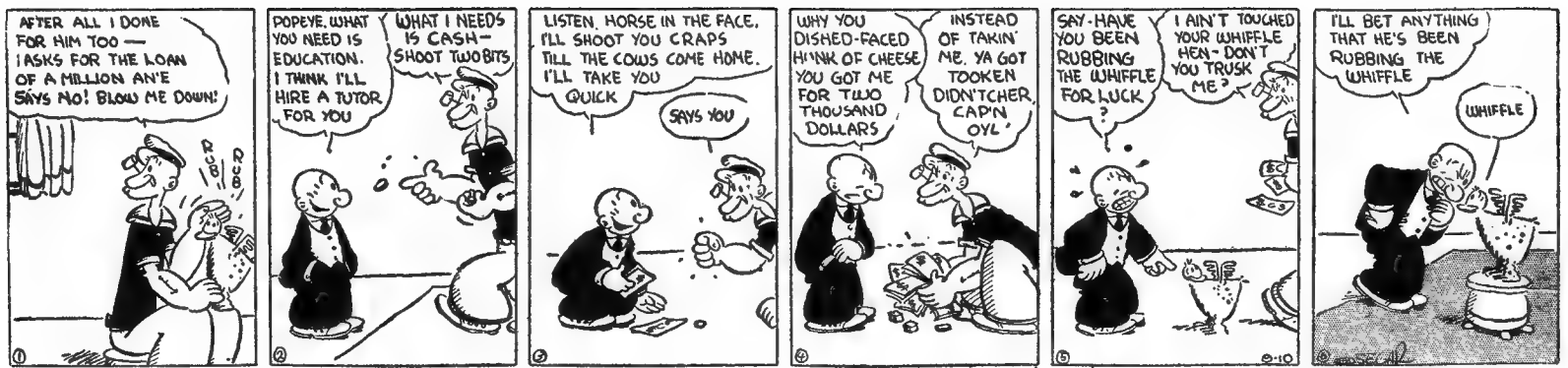






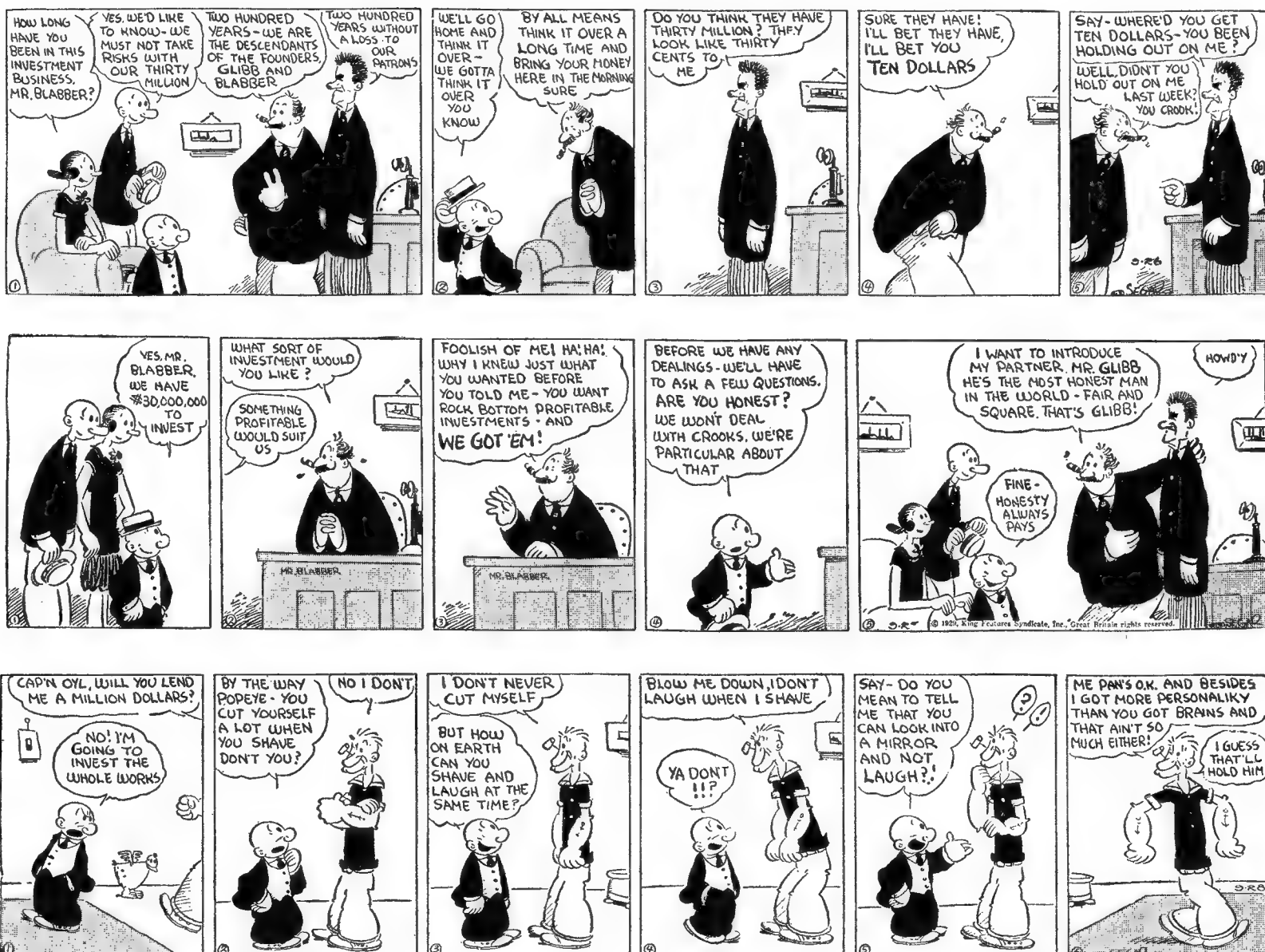


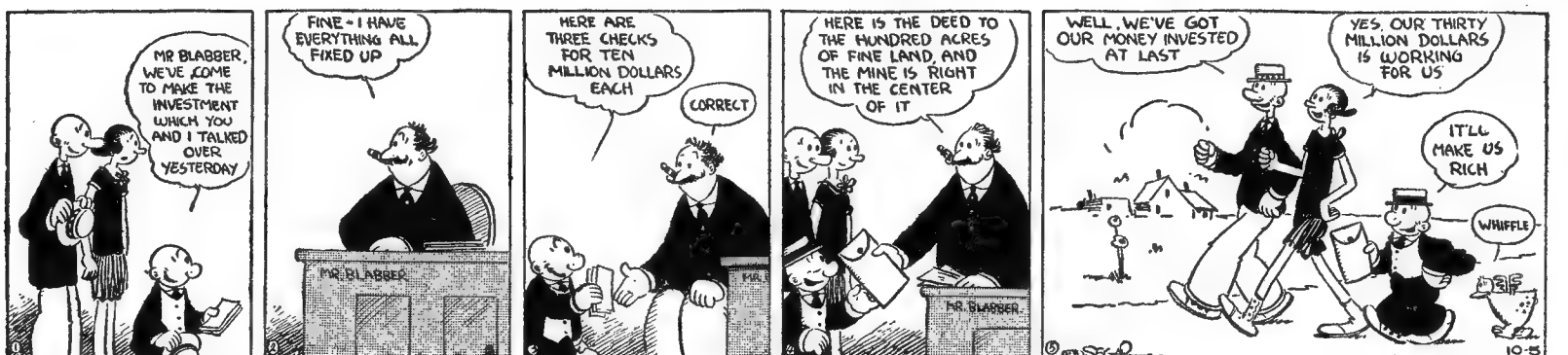
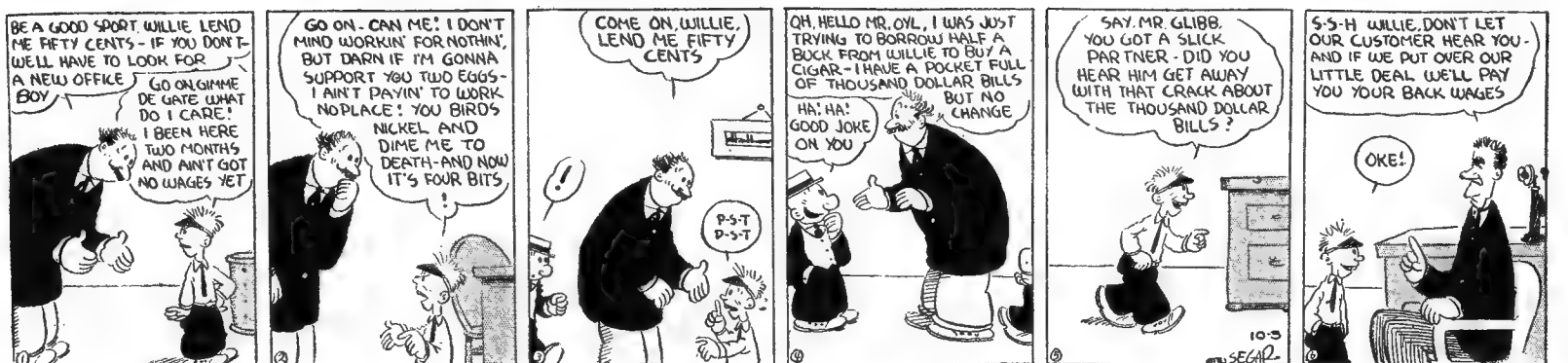
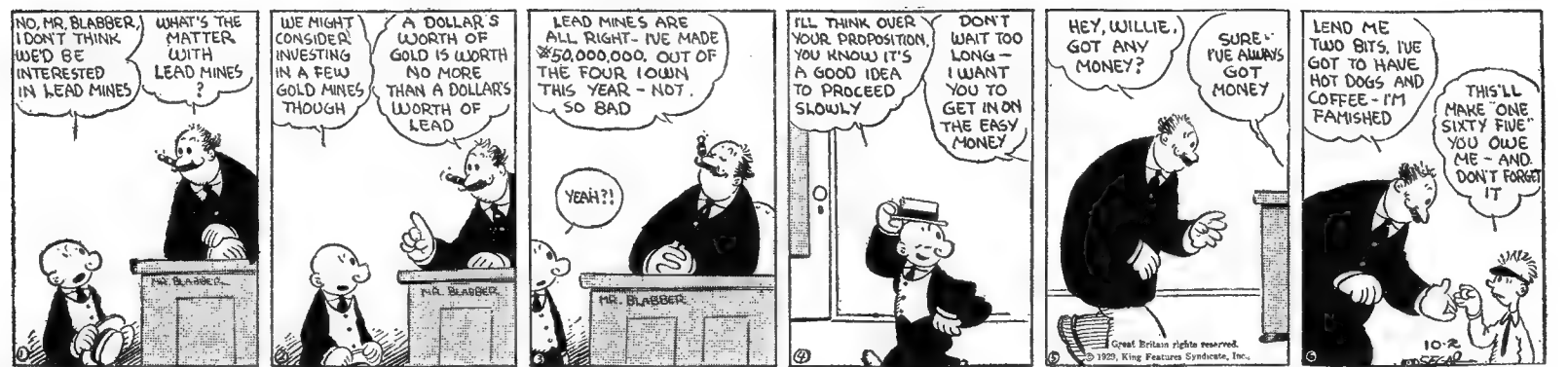
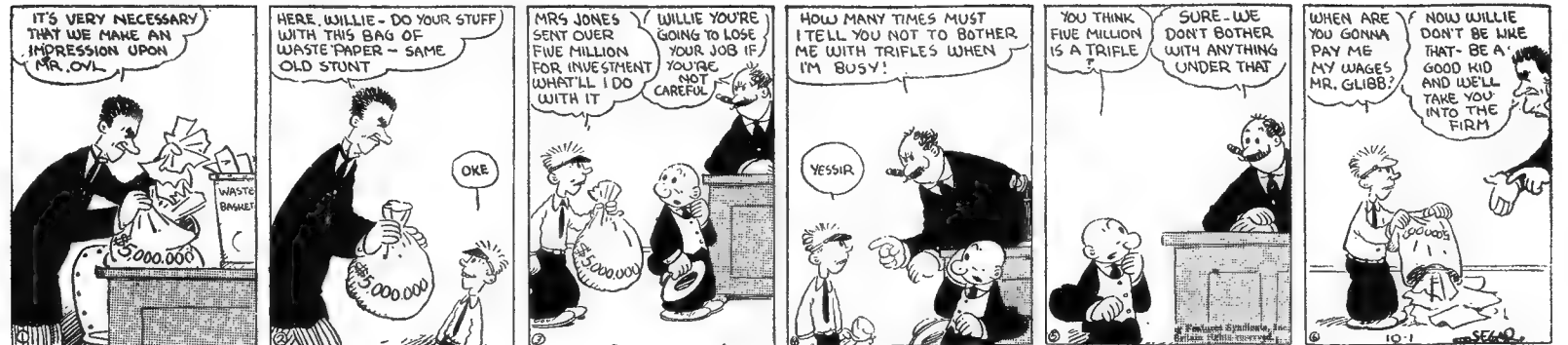
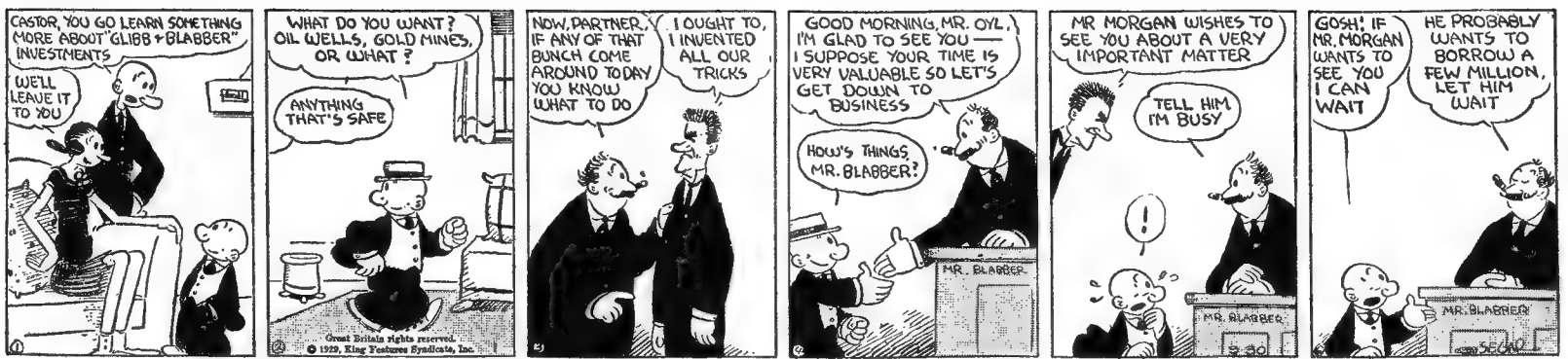


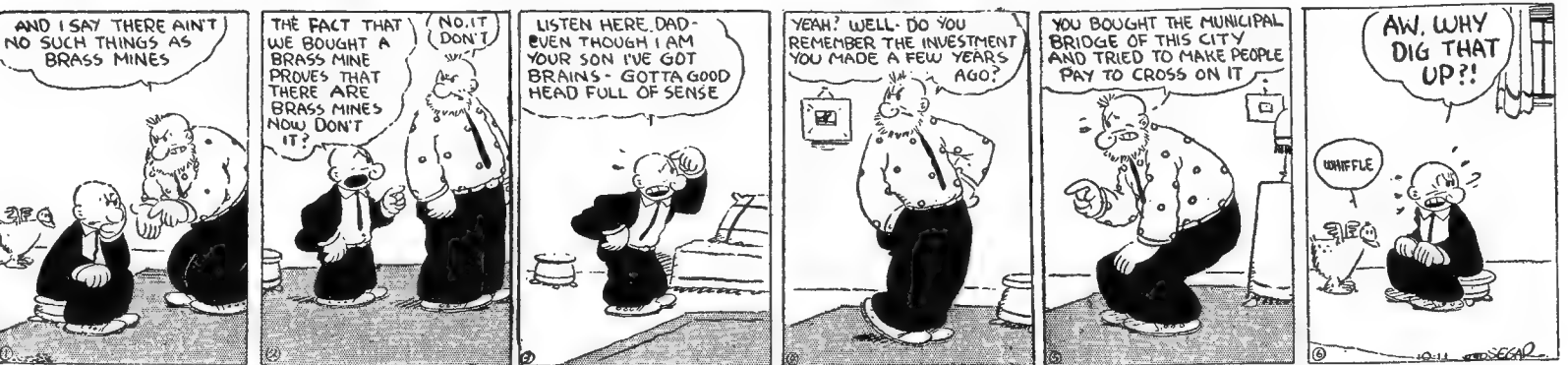


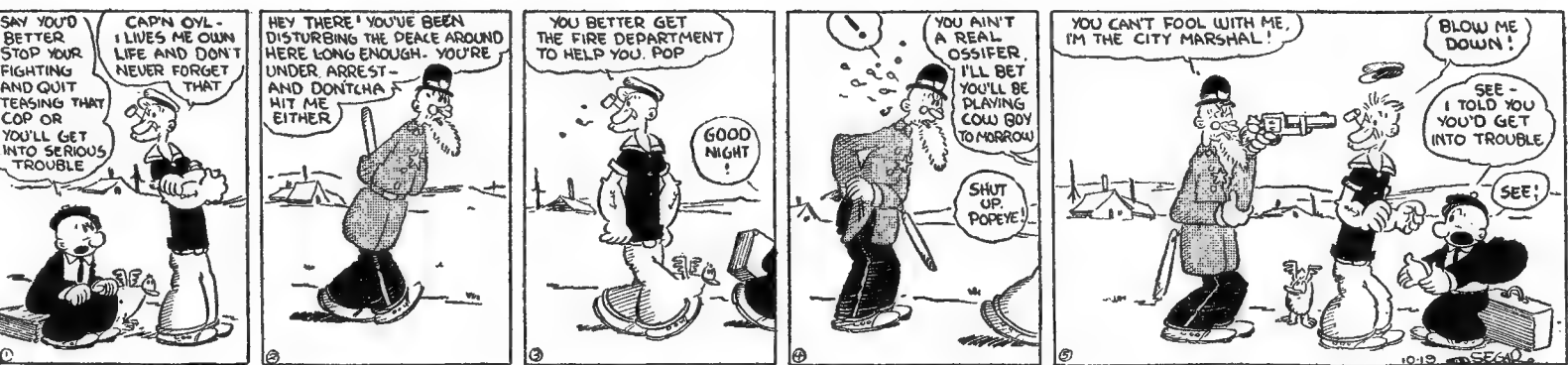
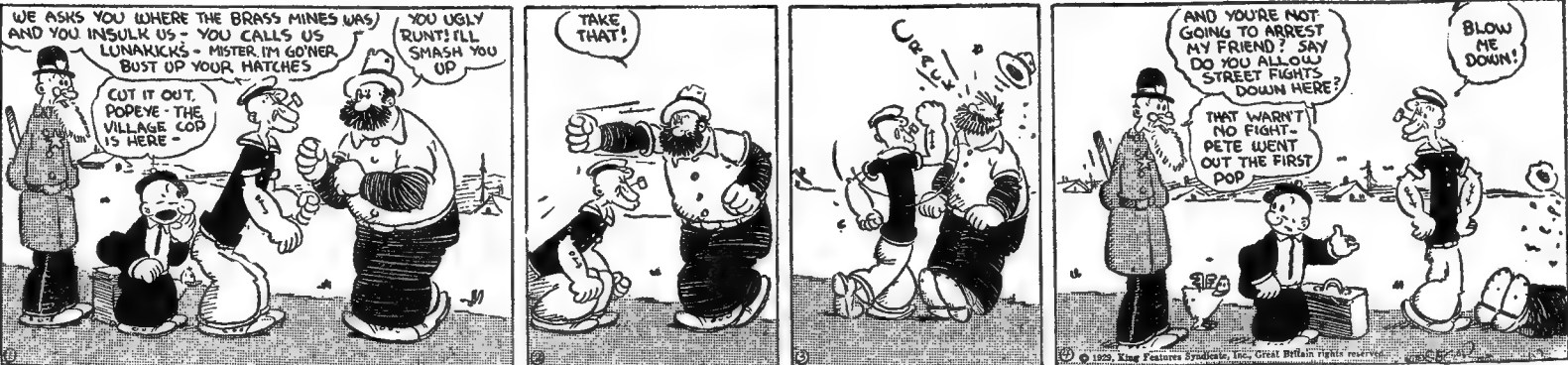
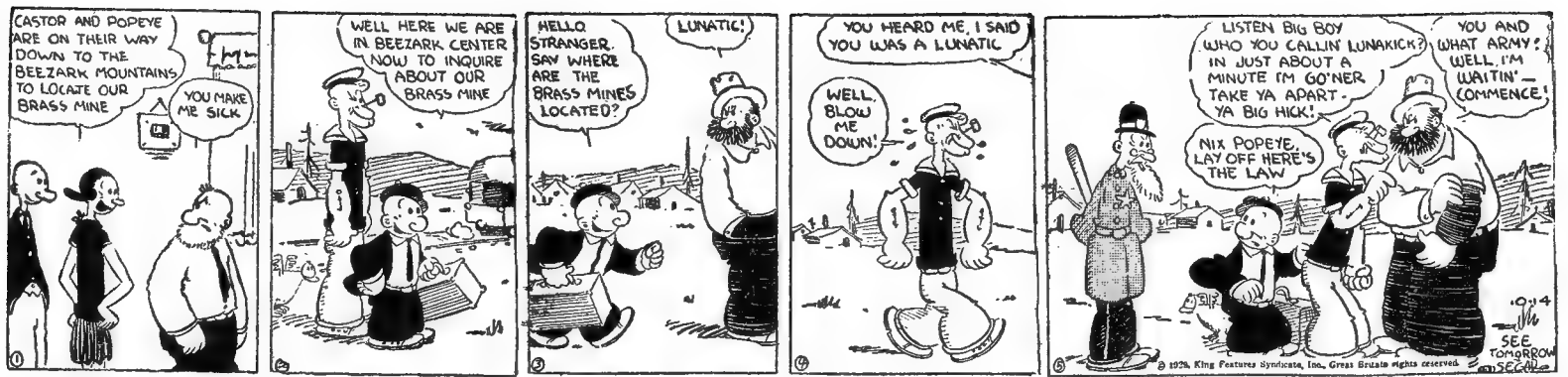


CHAPTER VI: A COUPLA CROOKS!

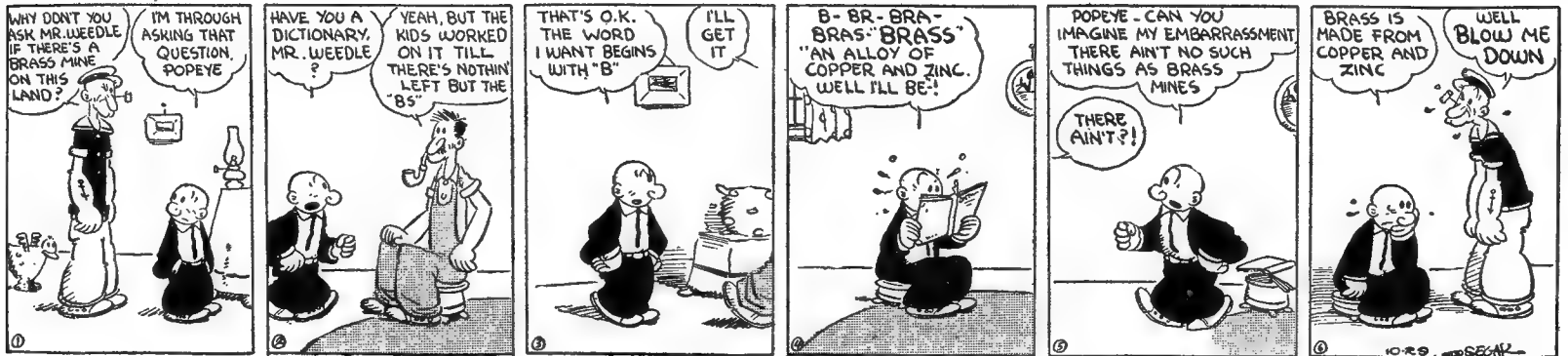
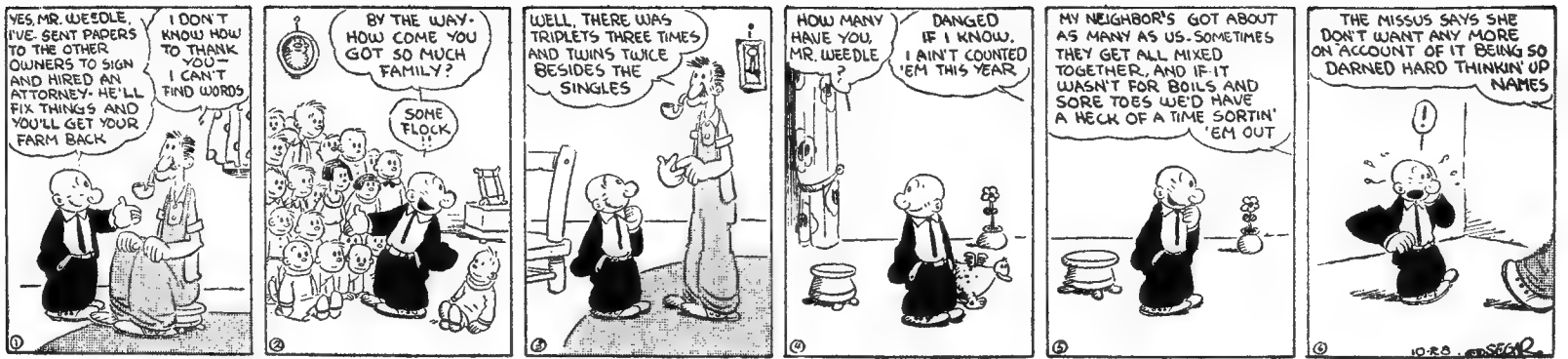


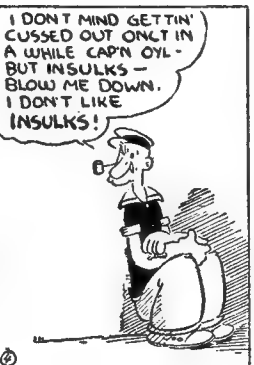
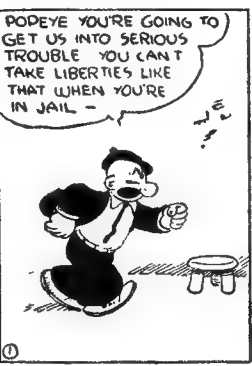
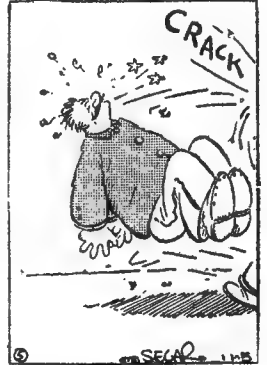
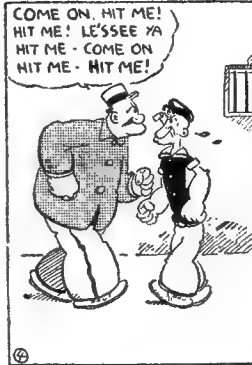
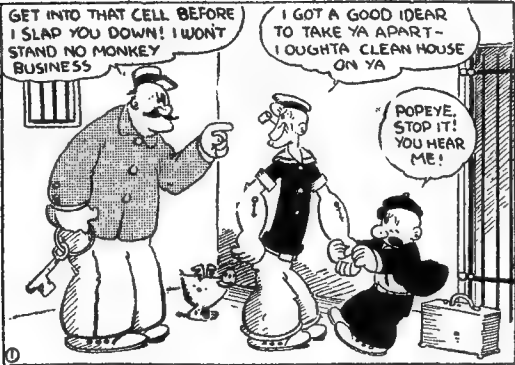
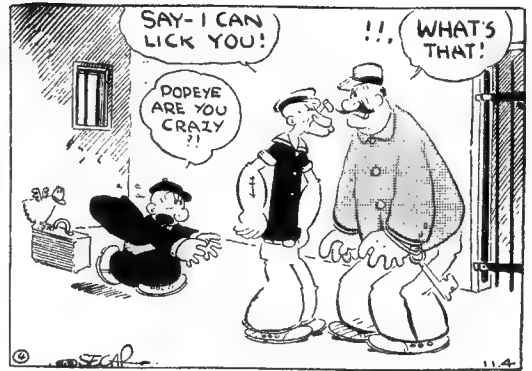


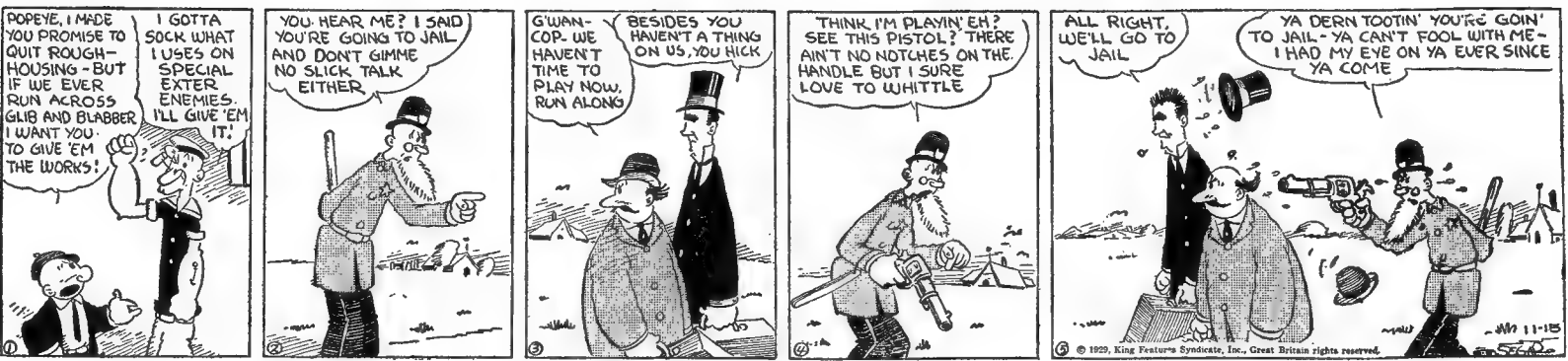


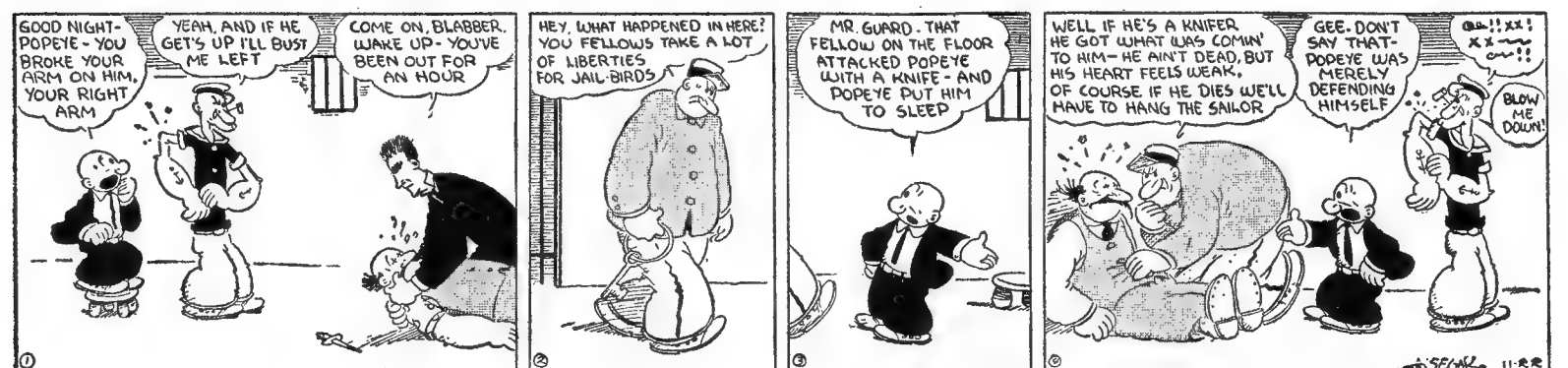
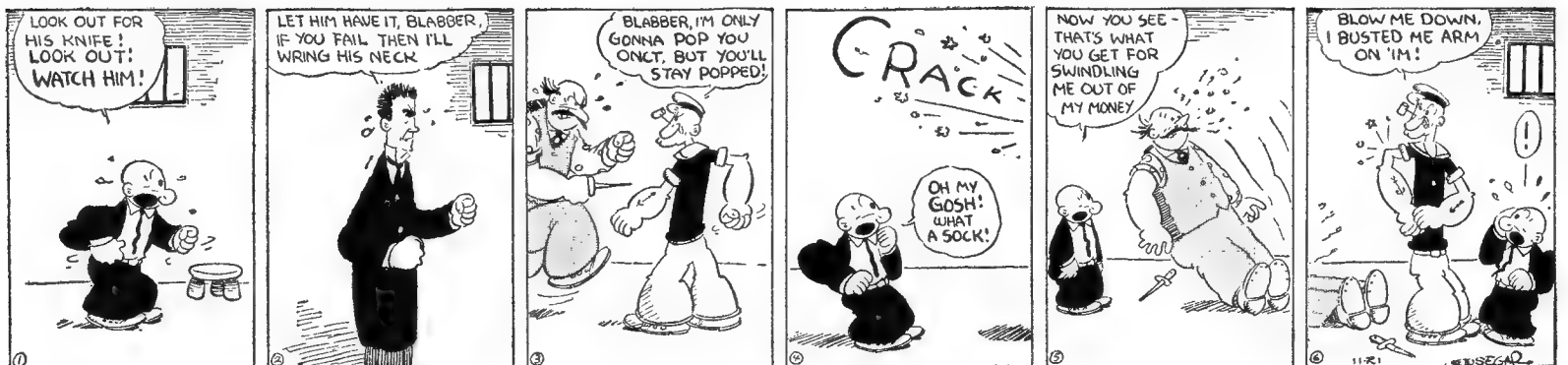


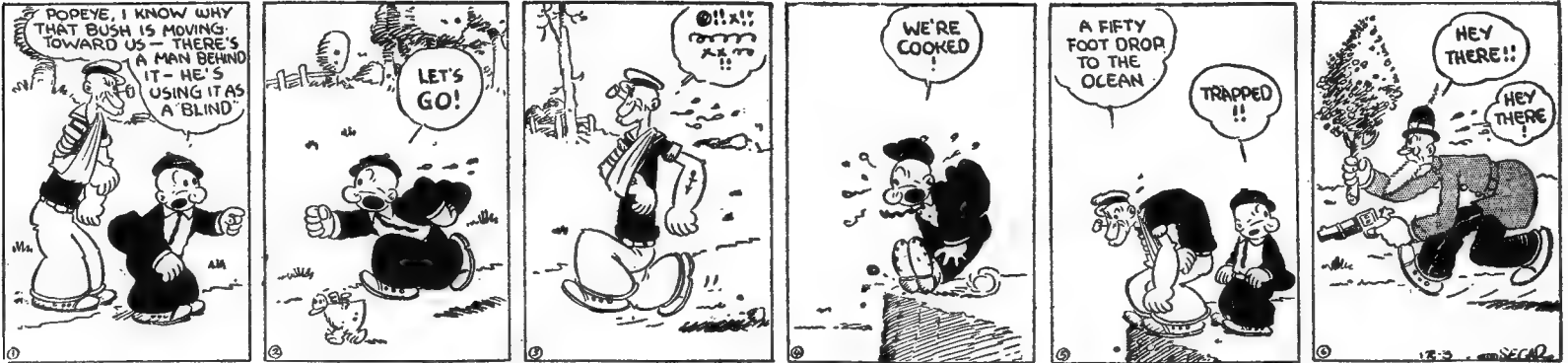
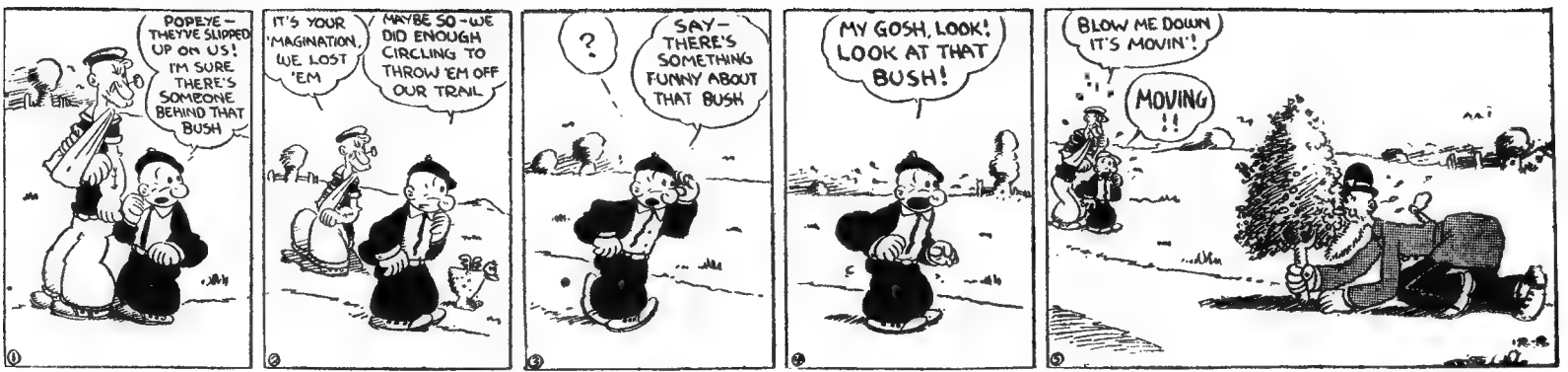


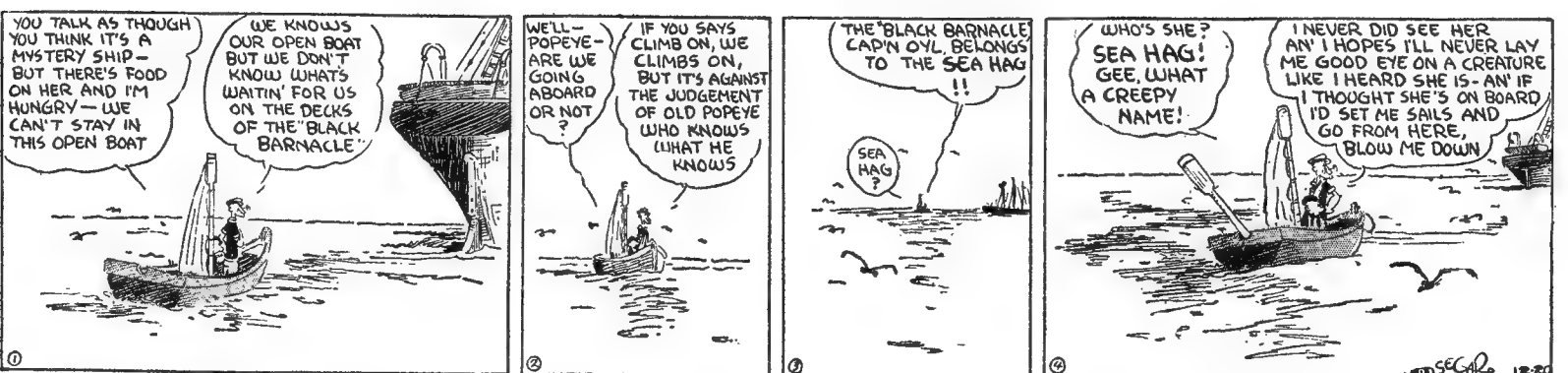
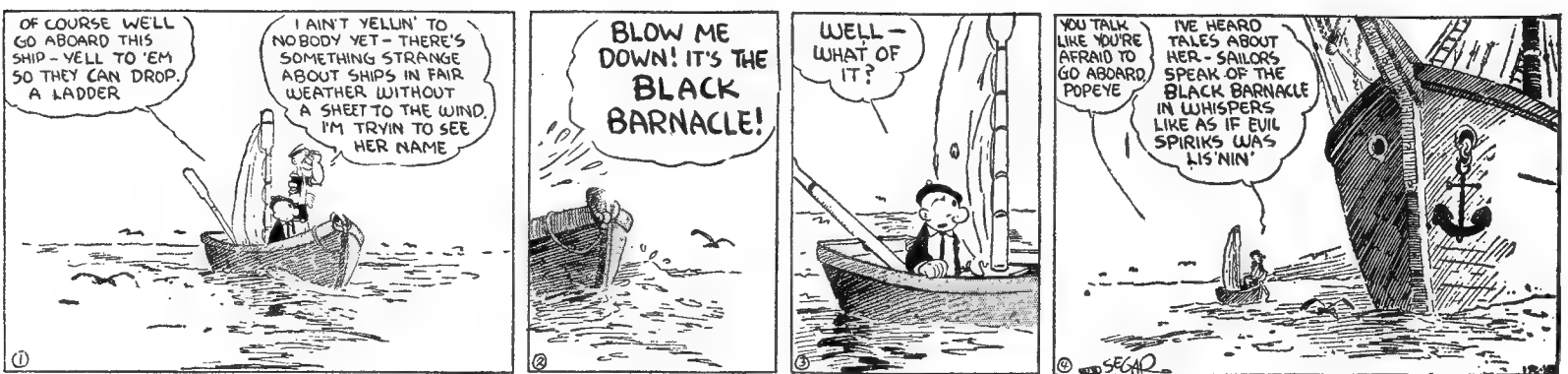
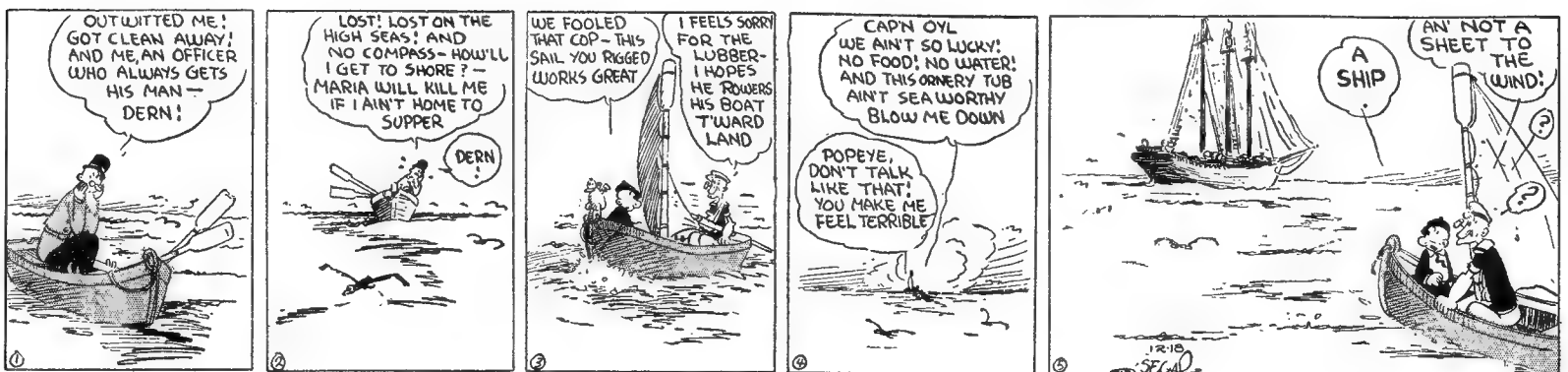
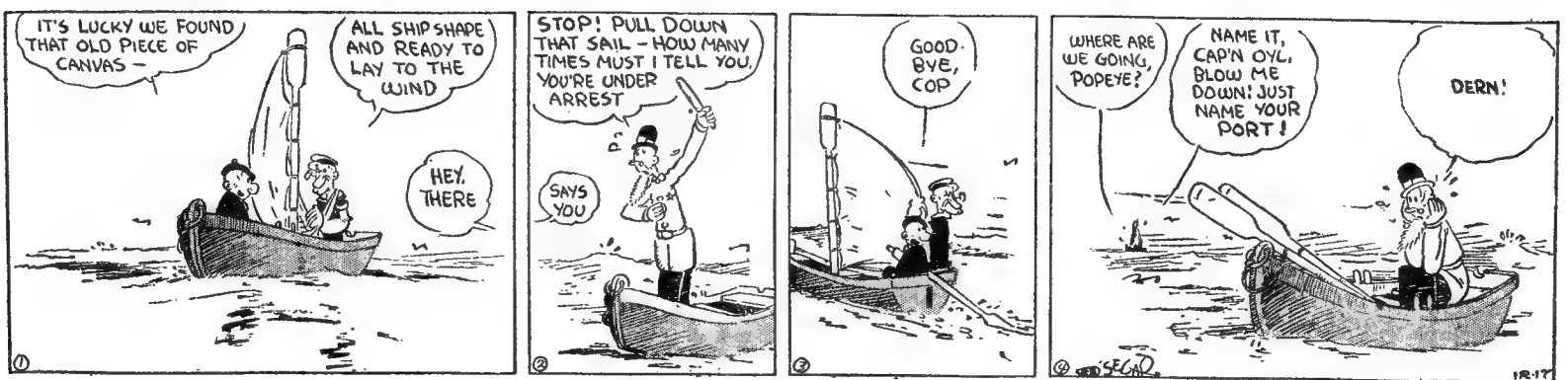
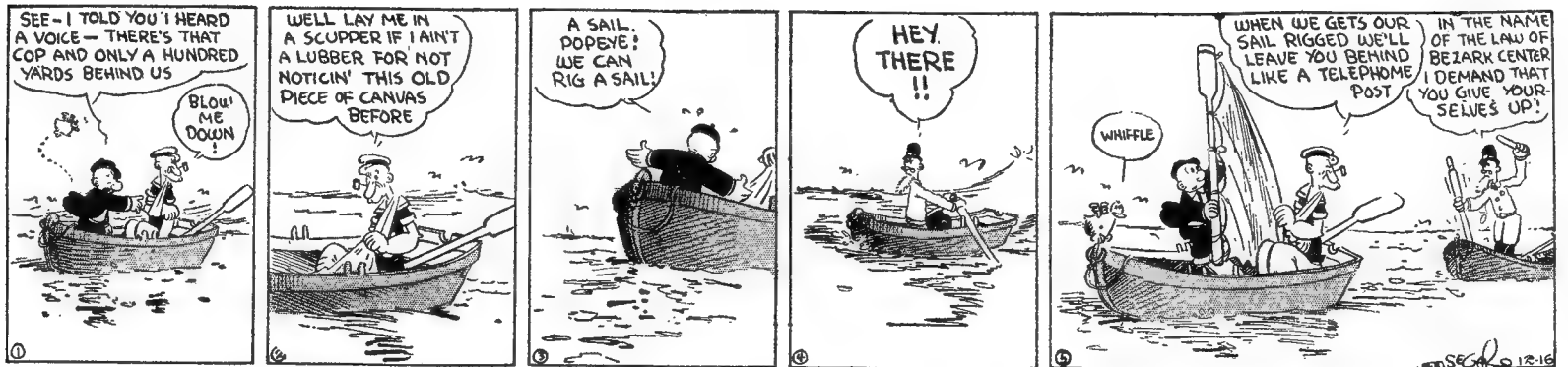


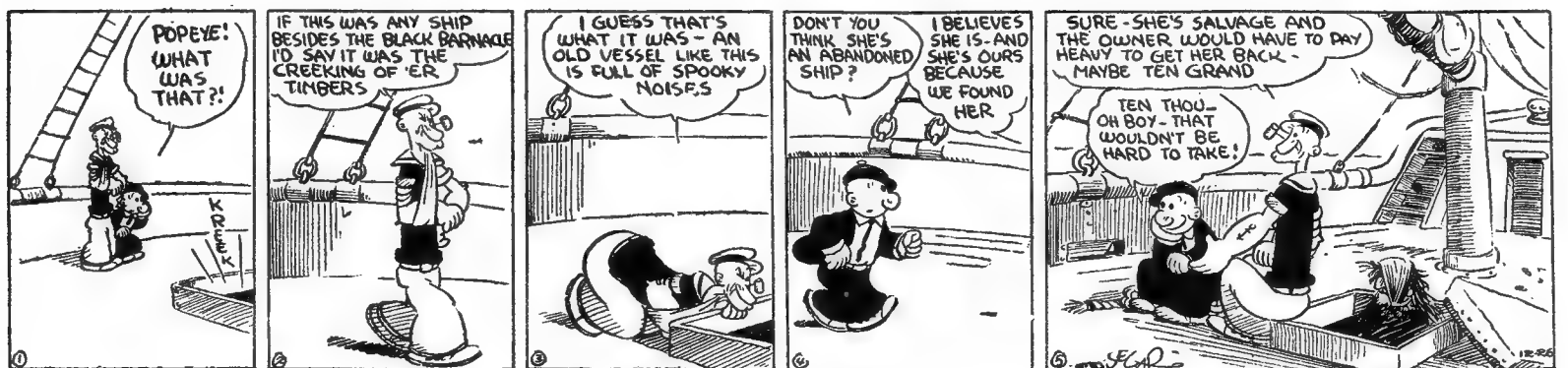
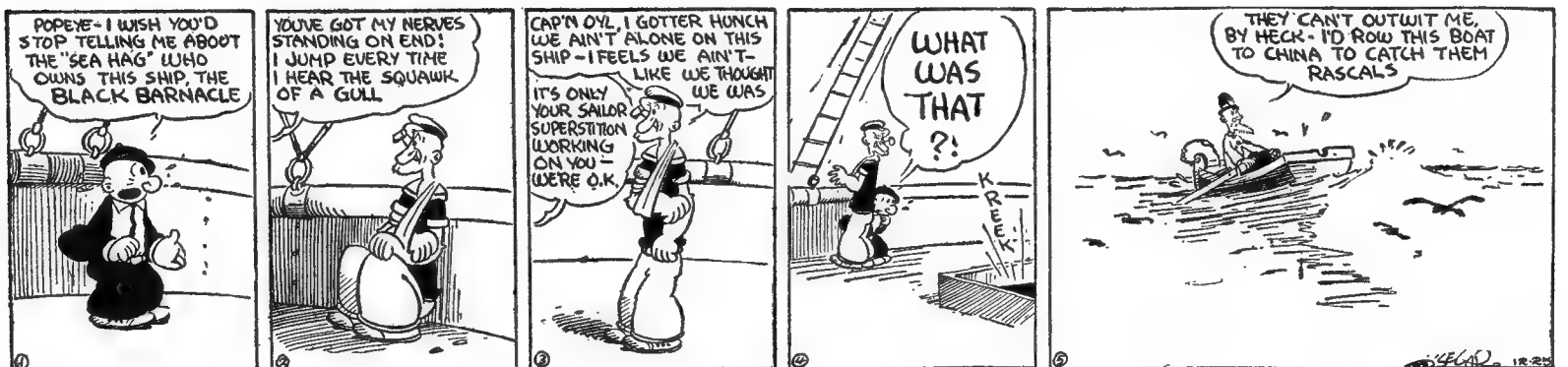
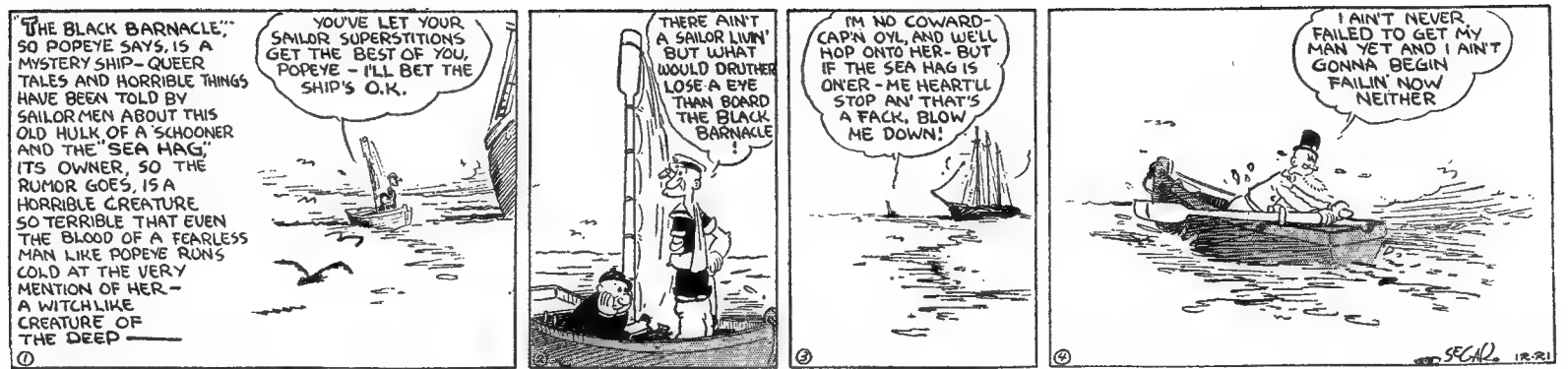


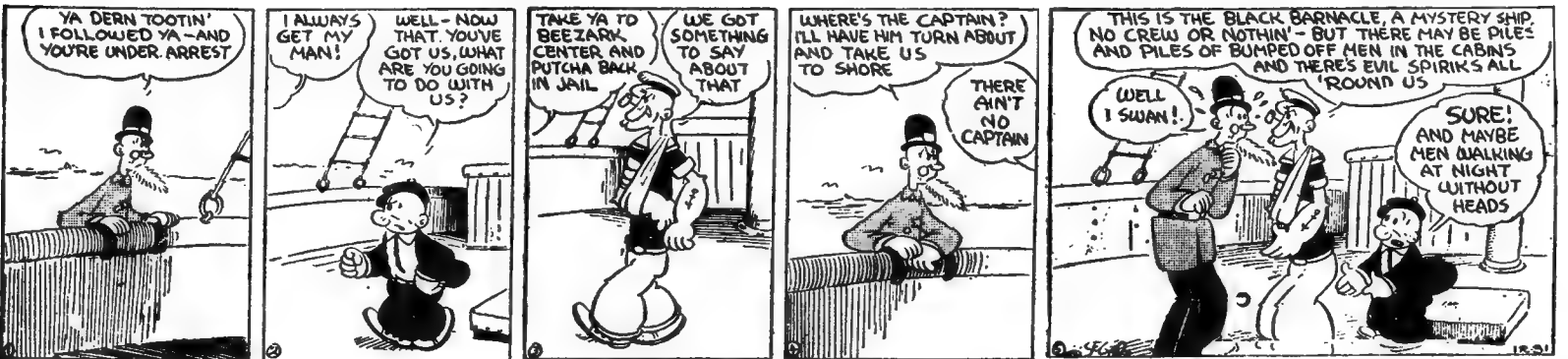
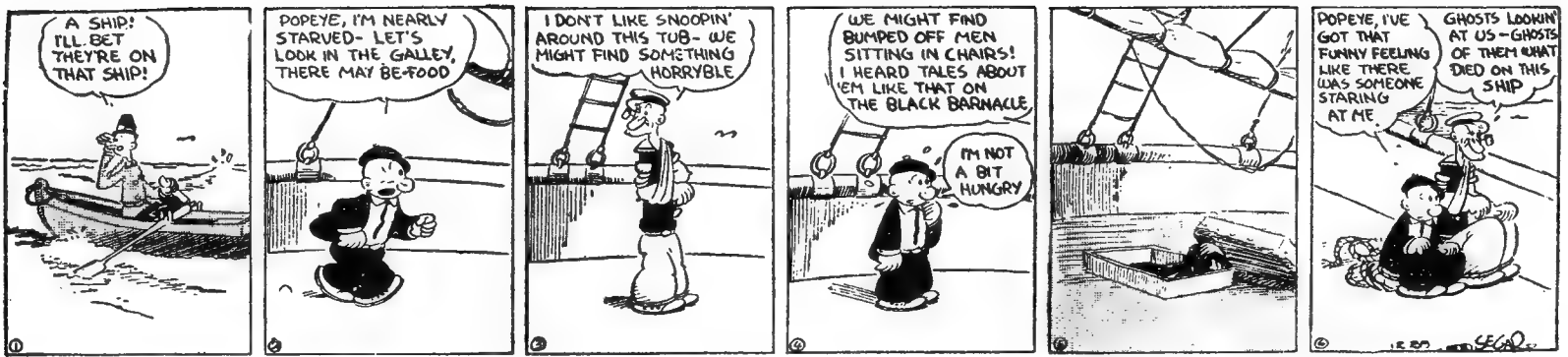


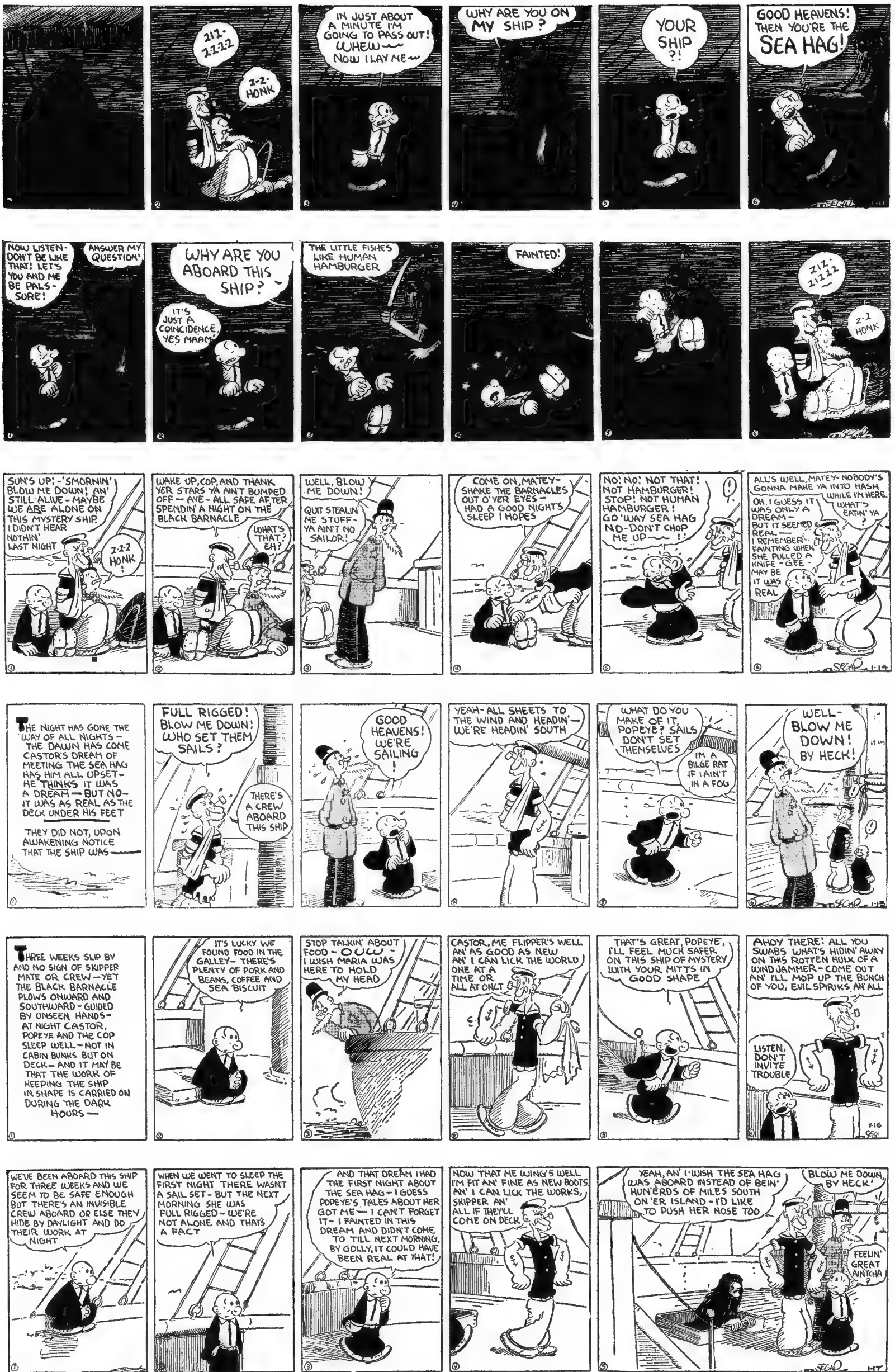


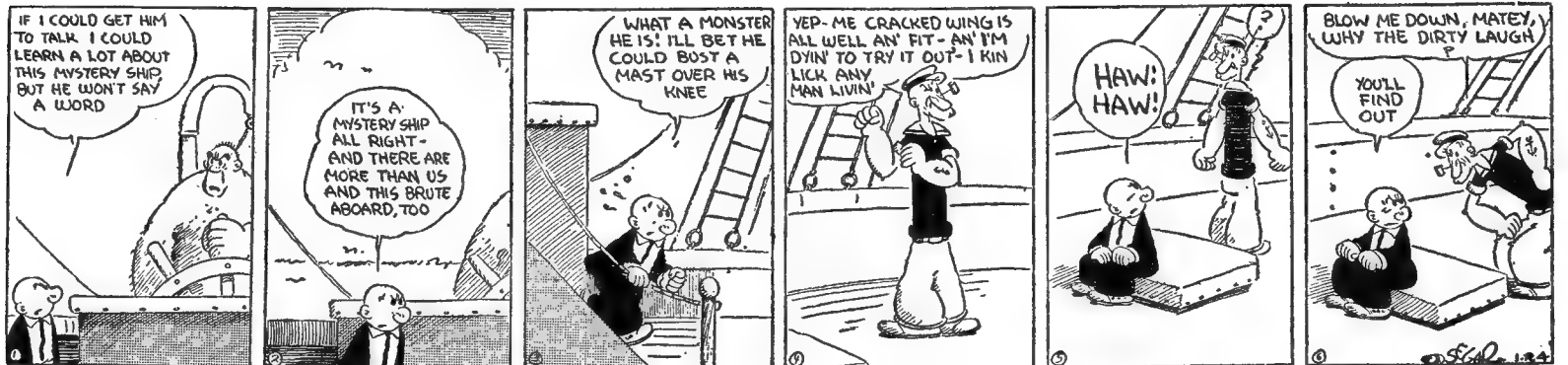
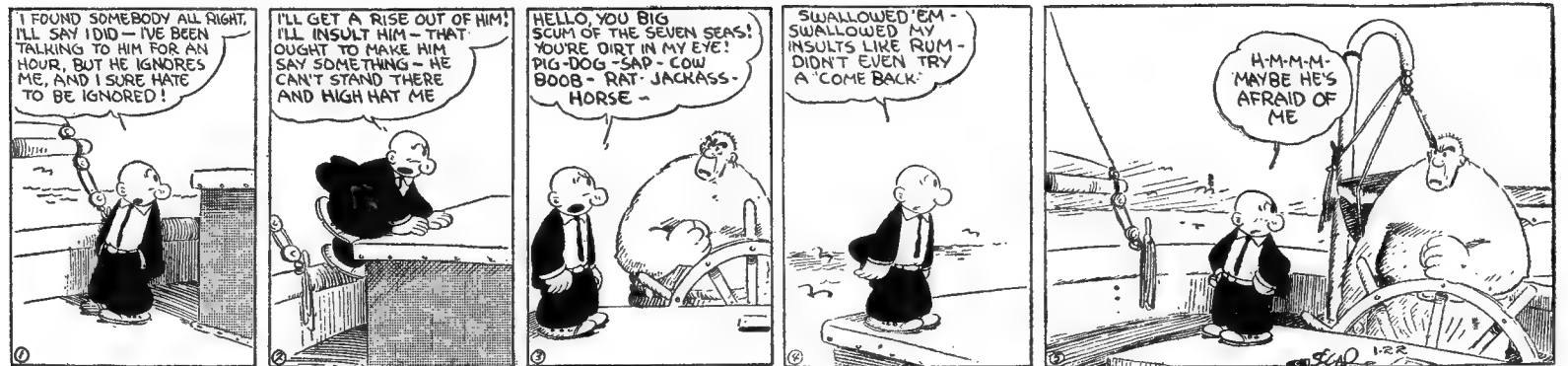
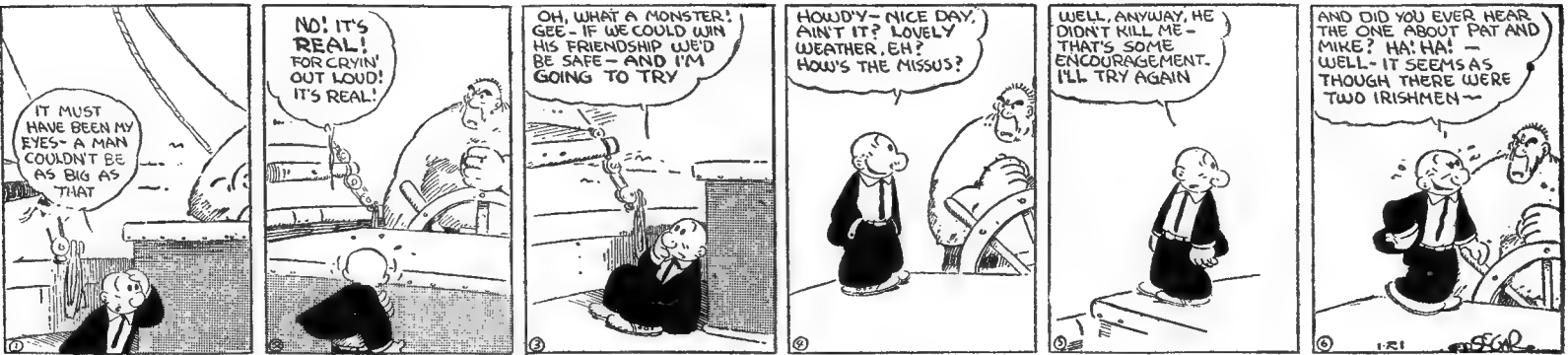
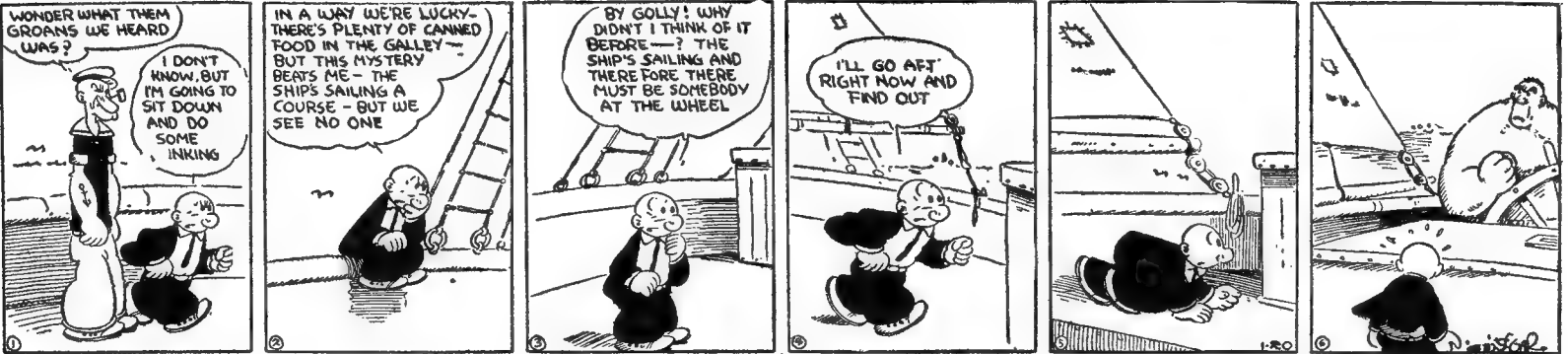
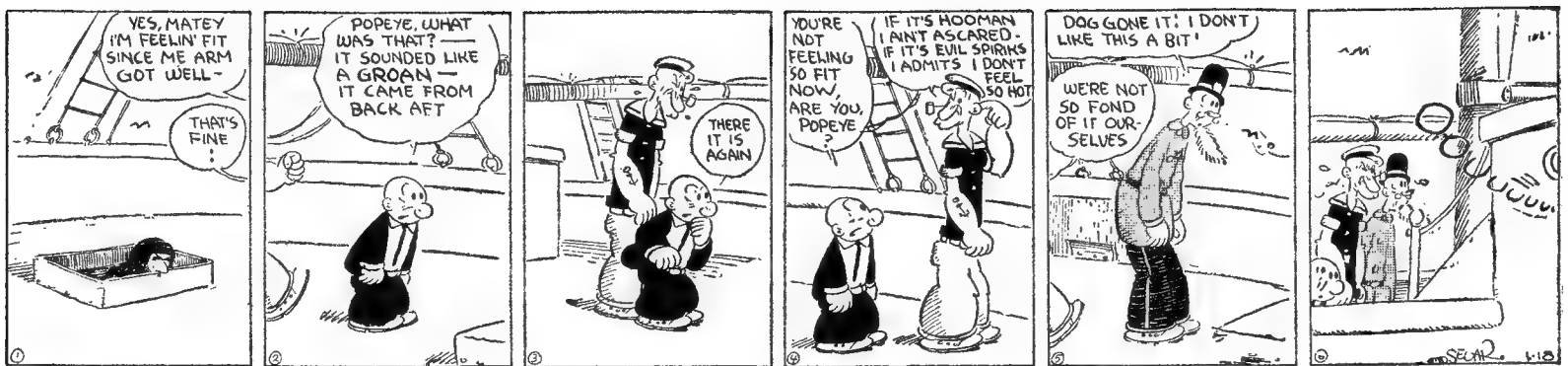


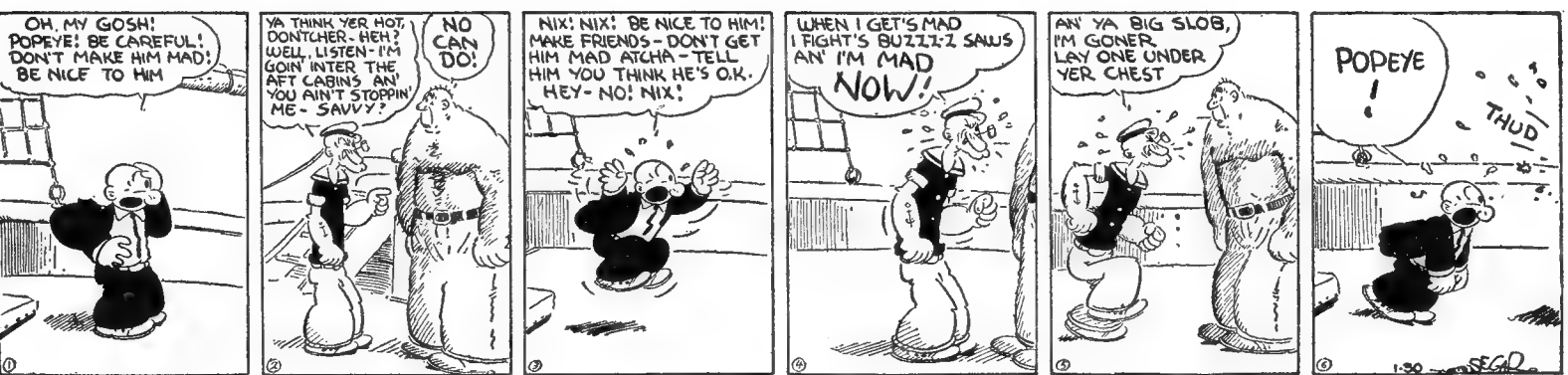
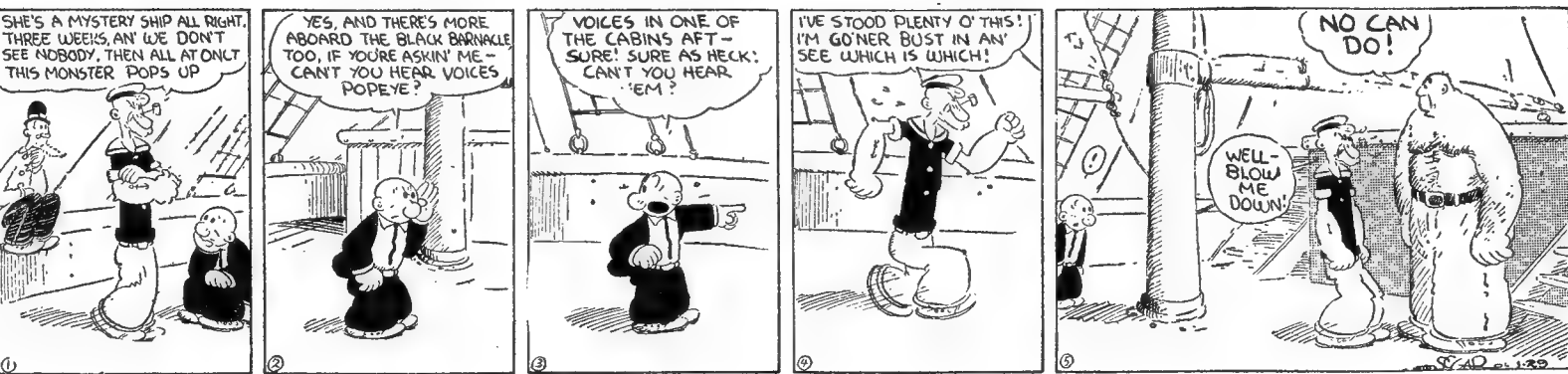
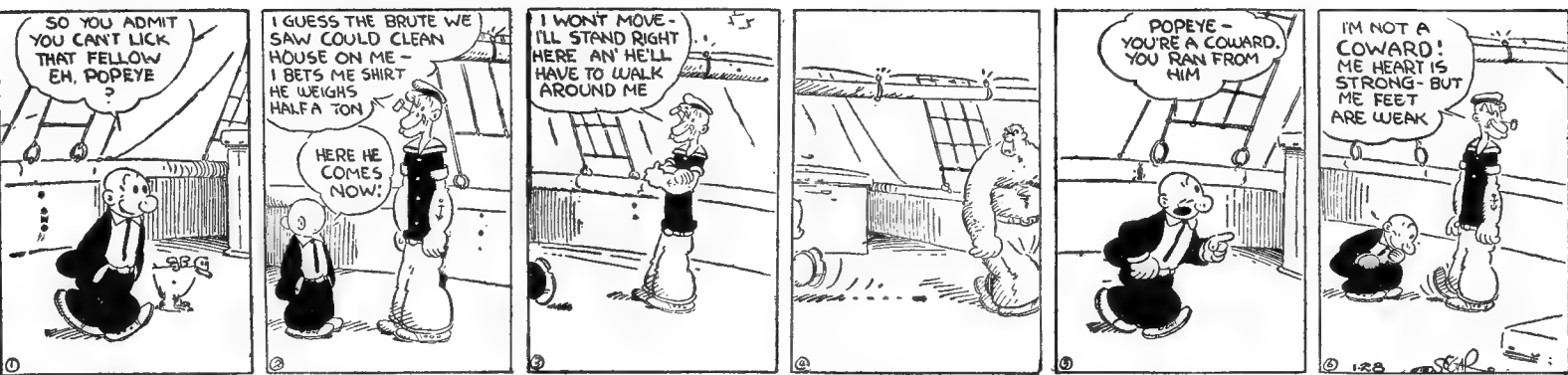


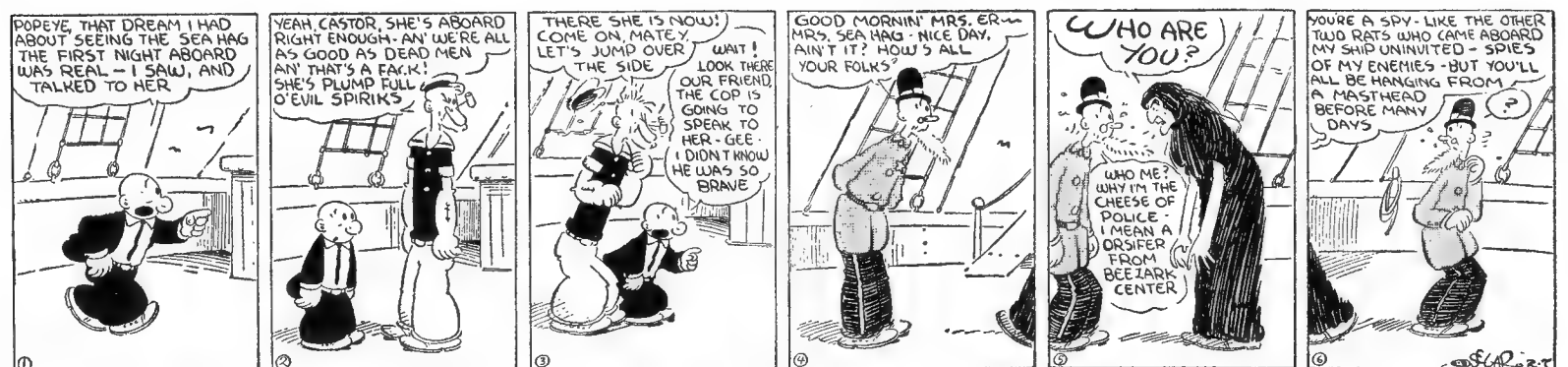
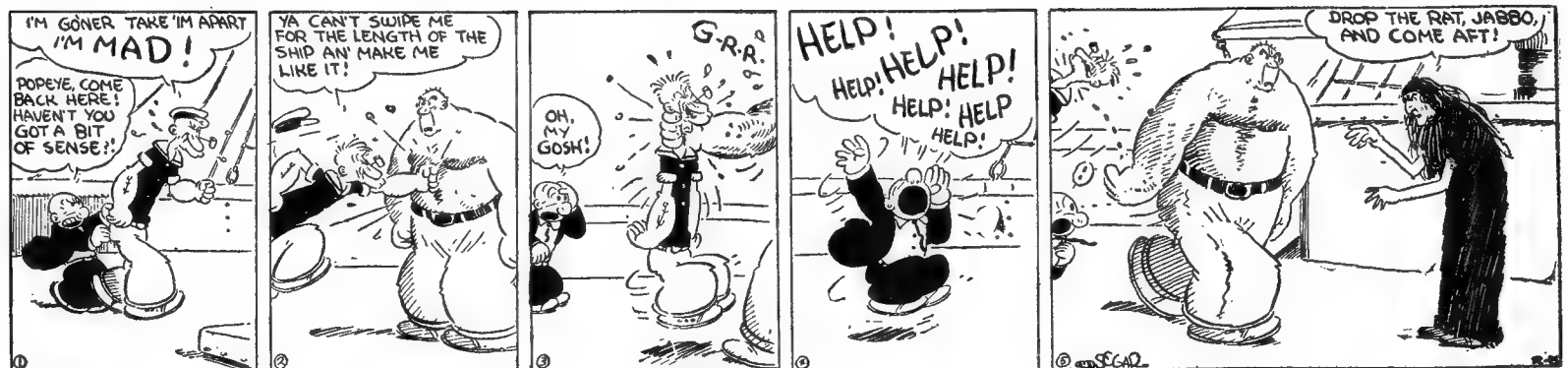
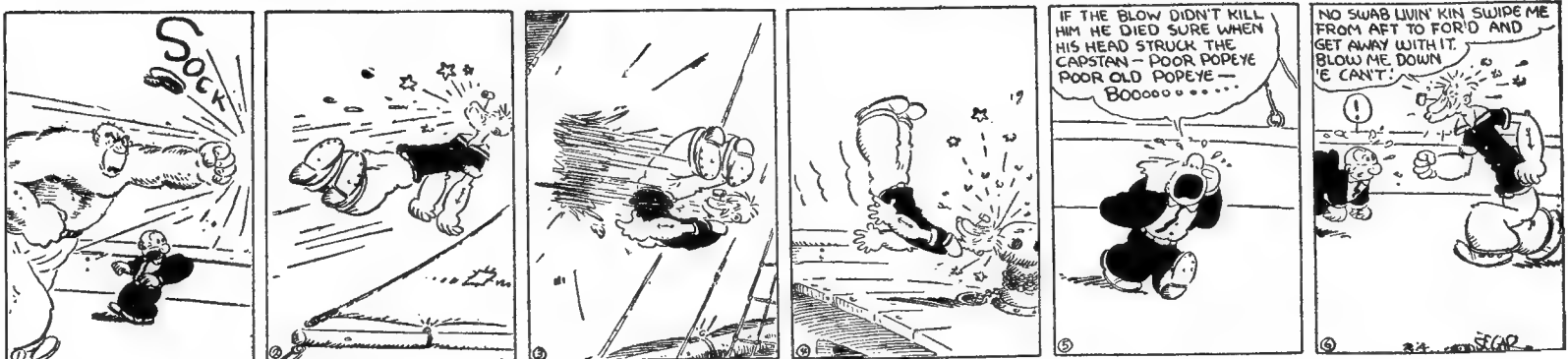
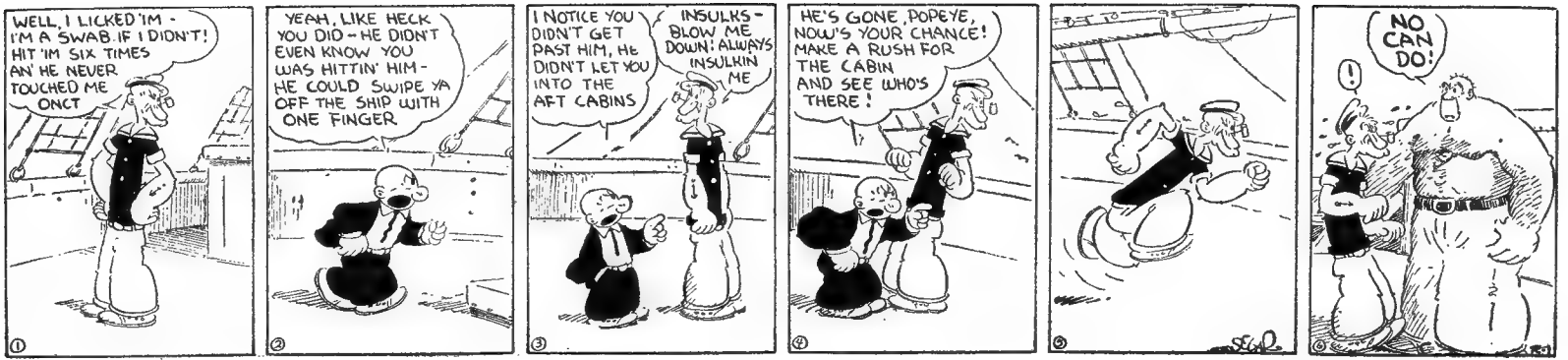


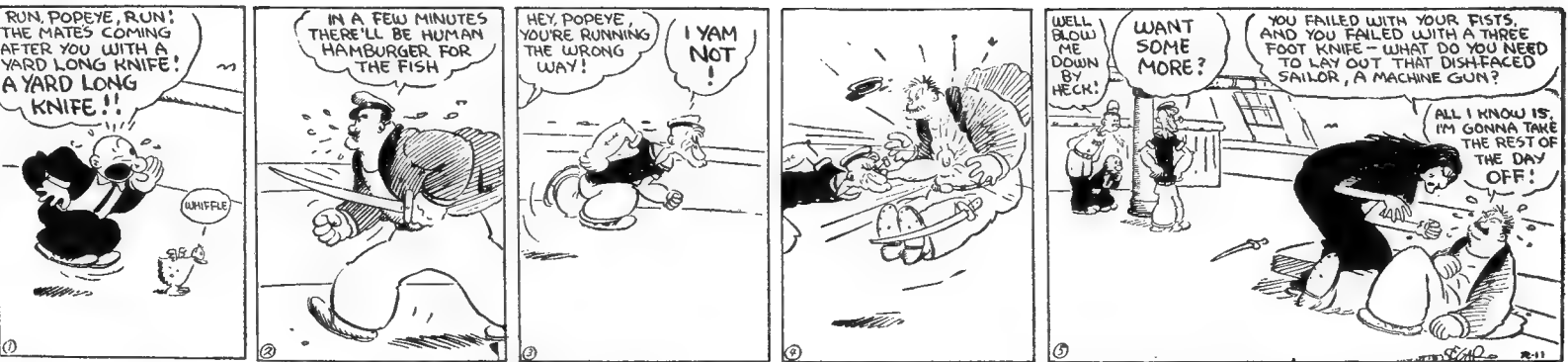
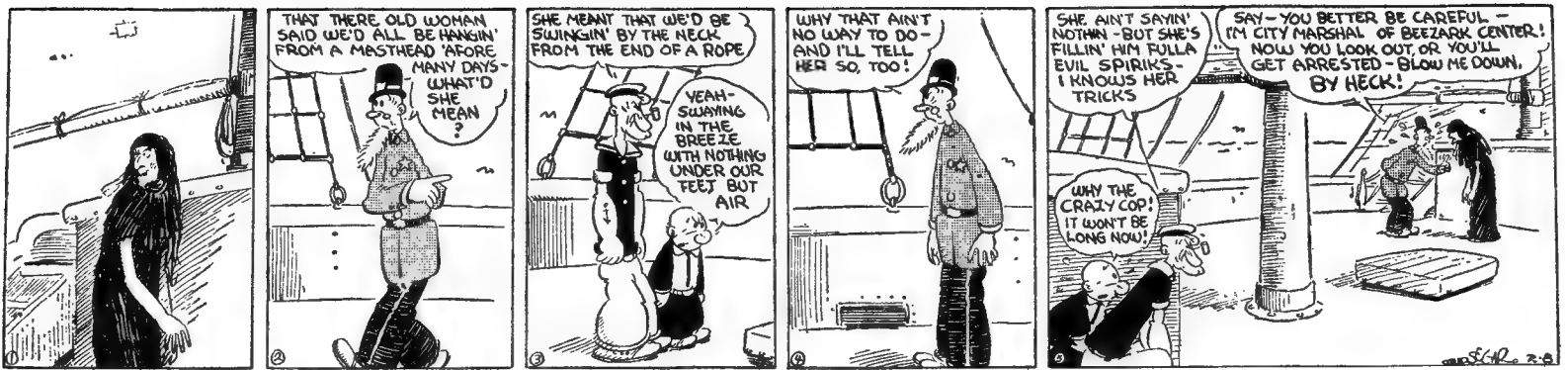


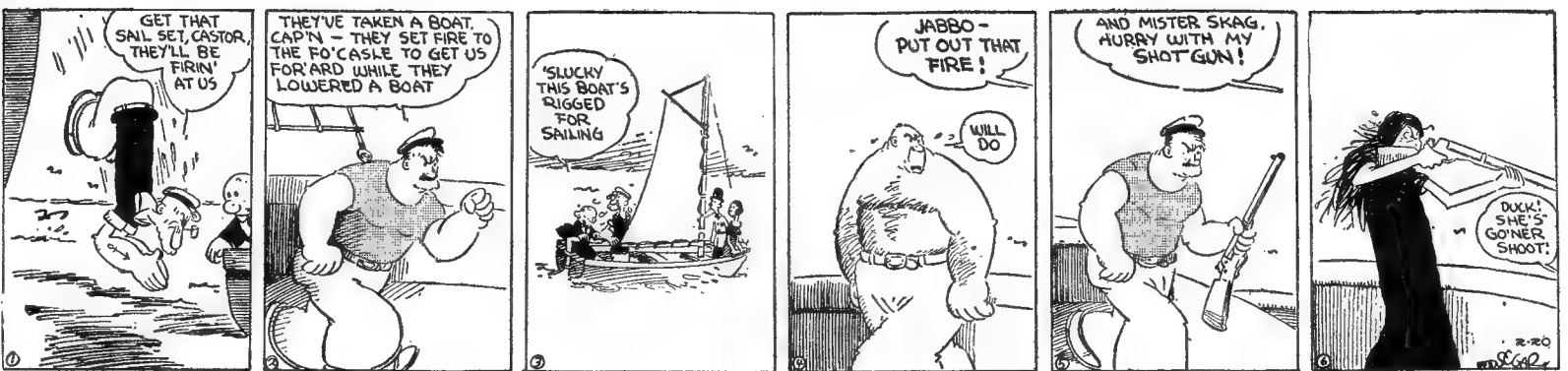
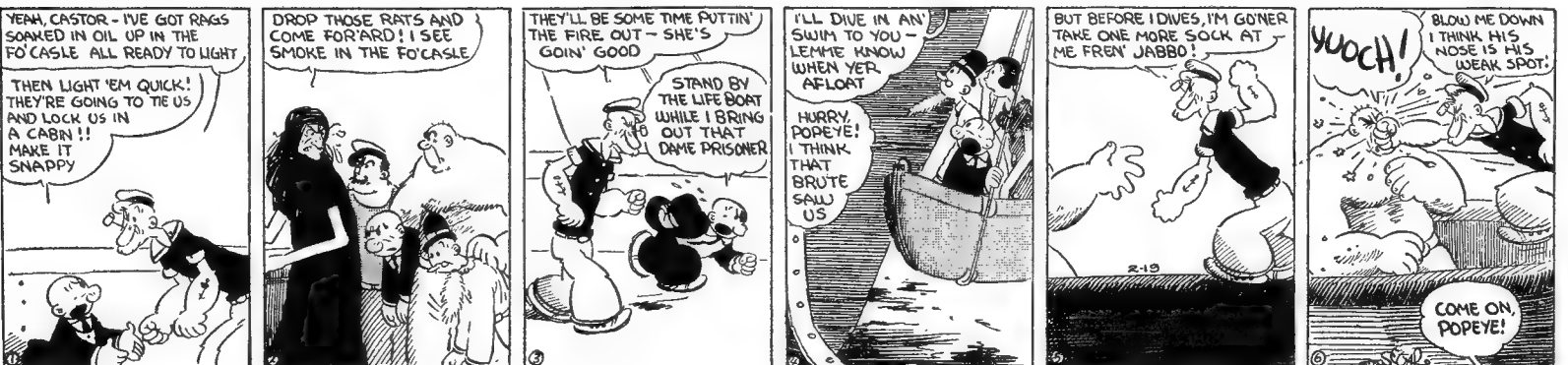
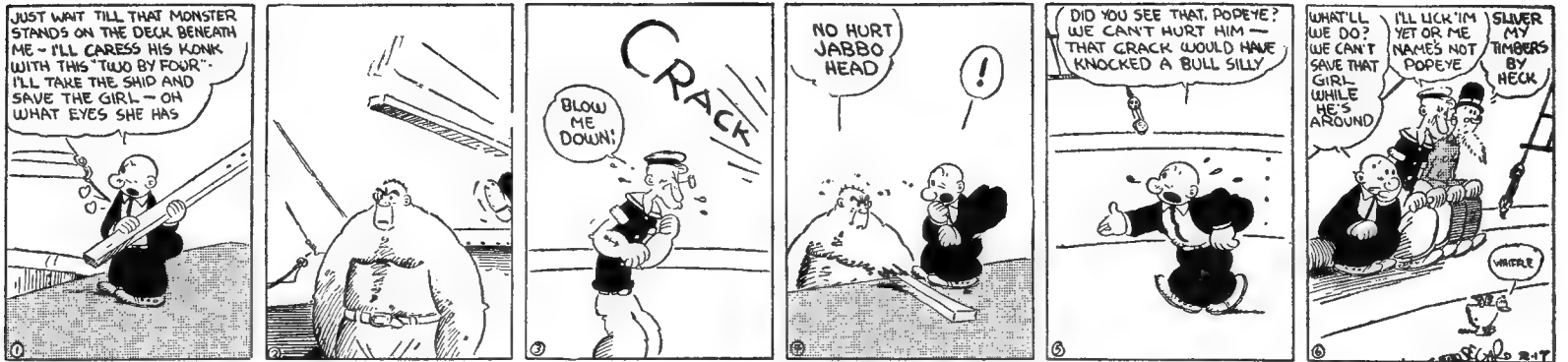
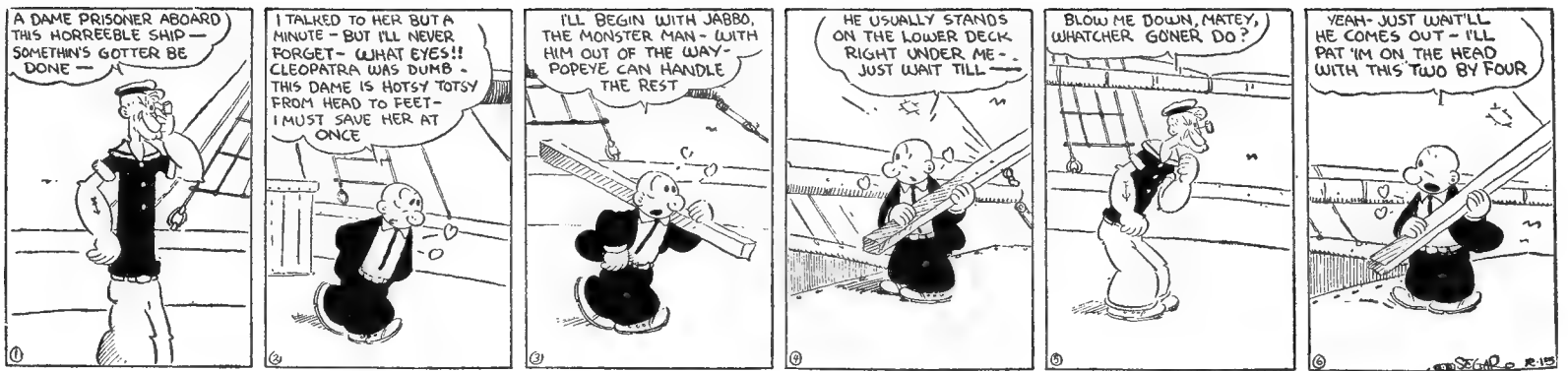


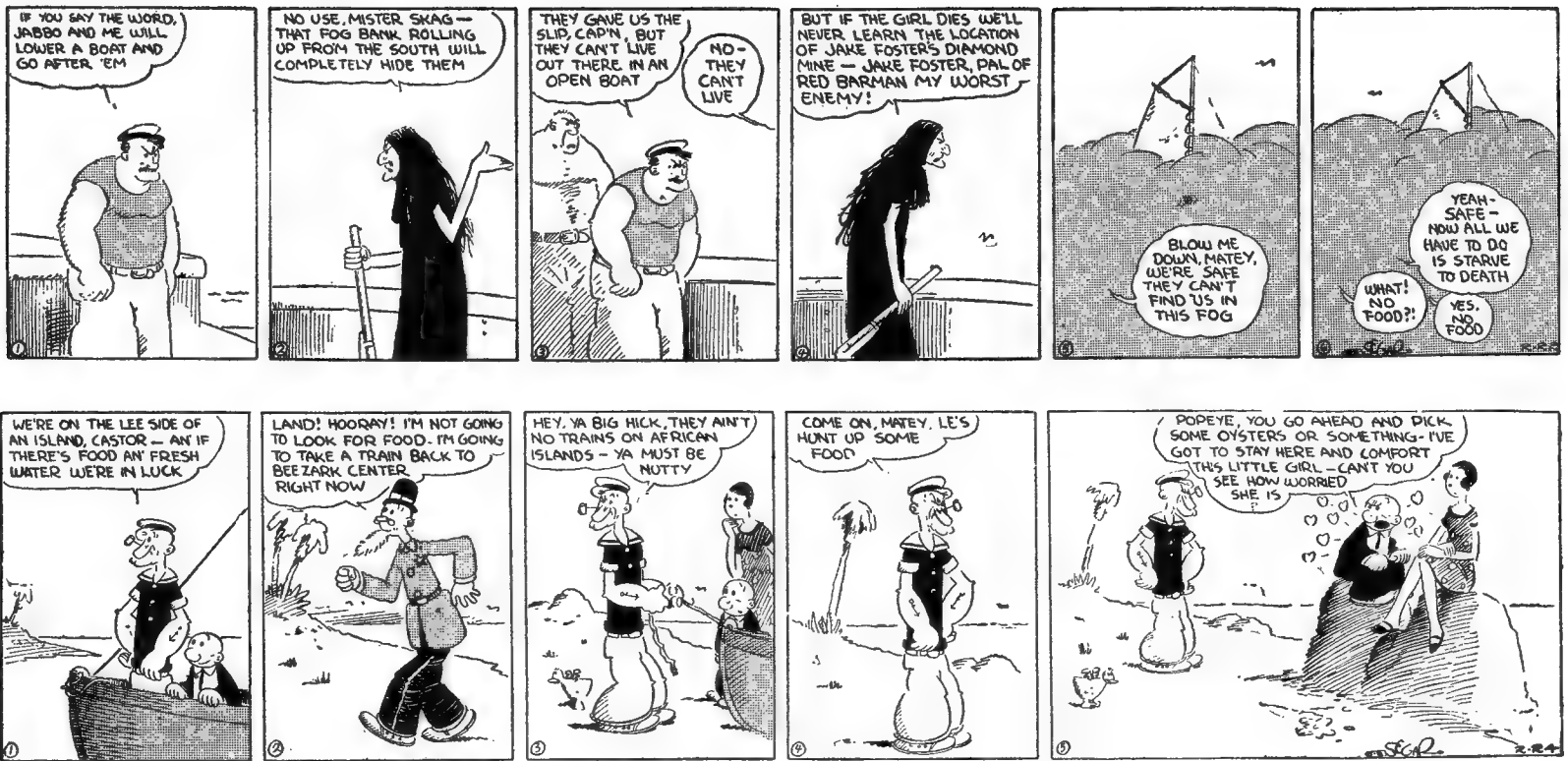




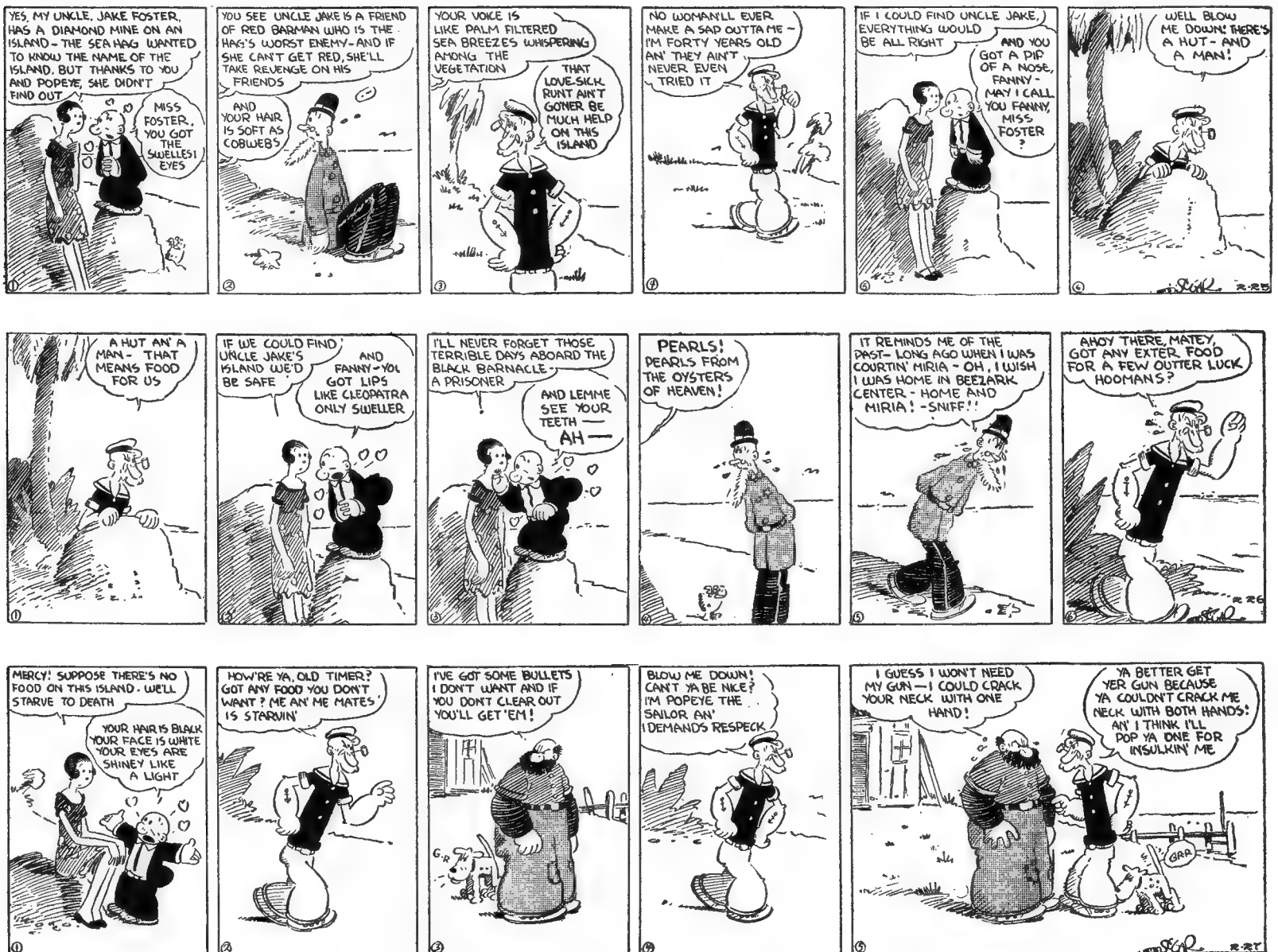


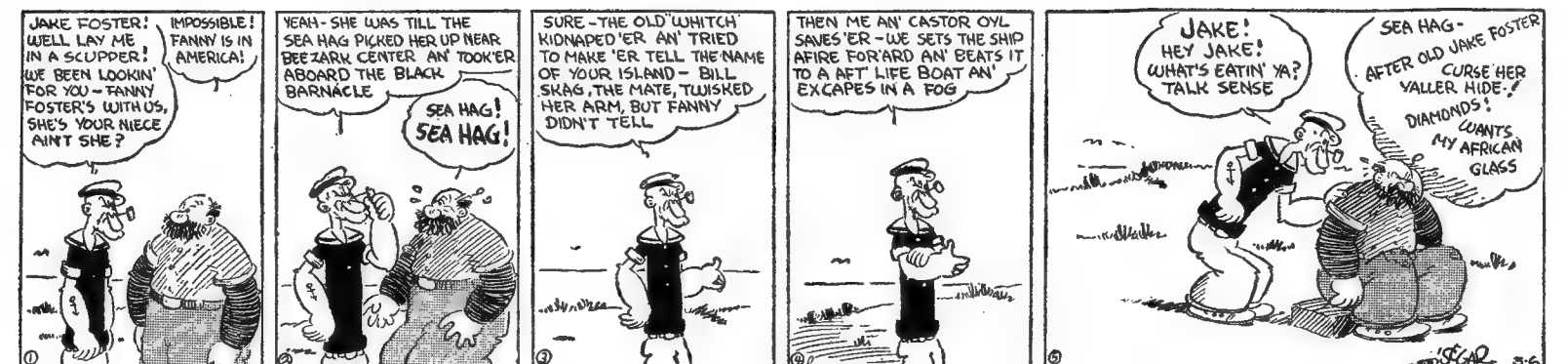


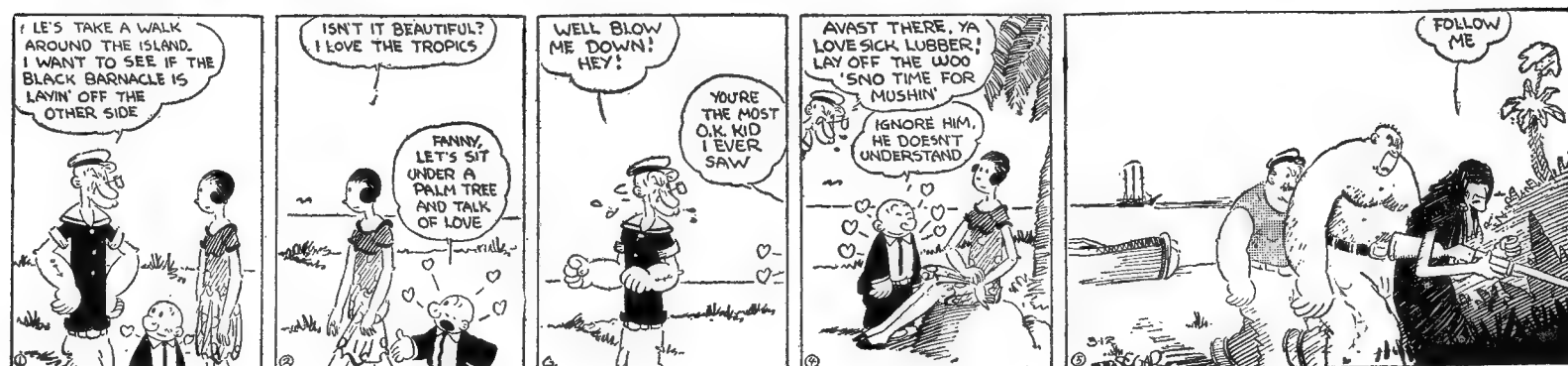
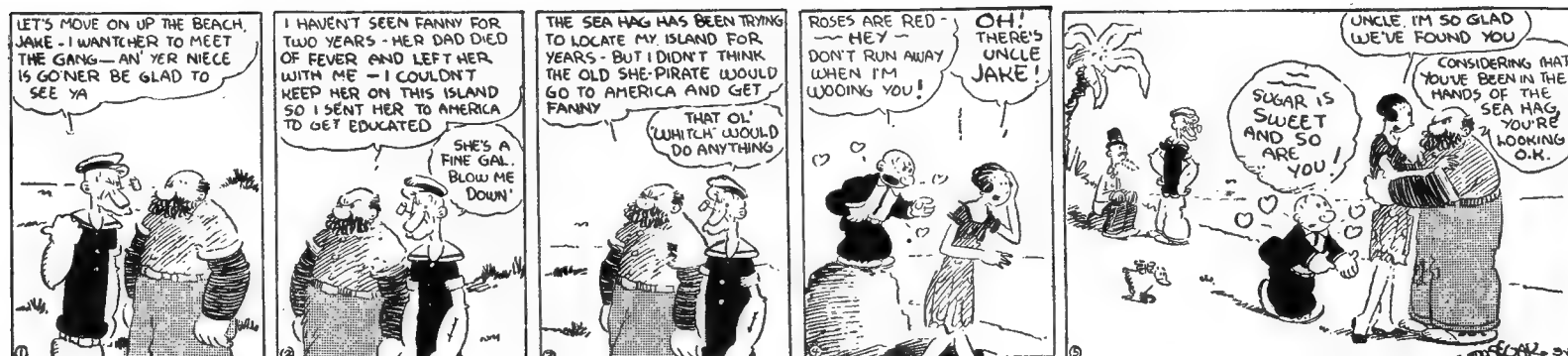


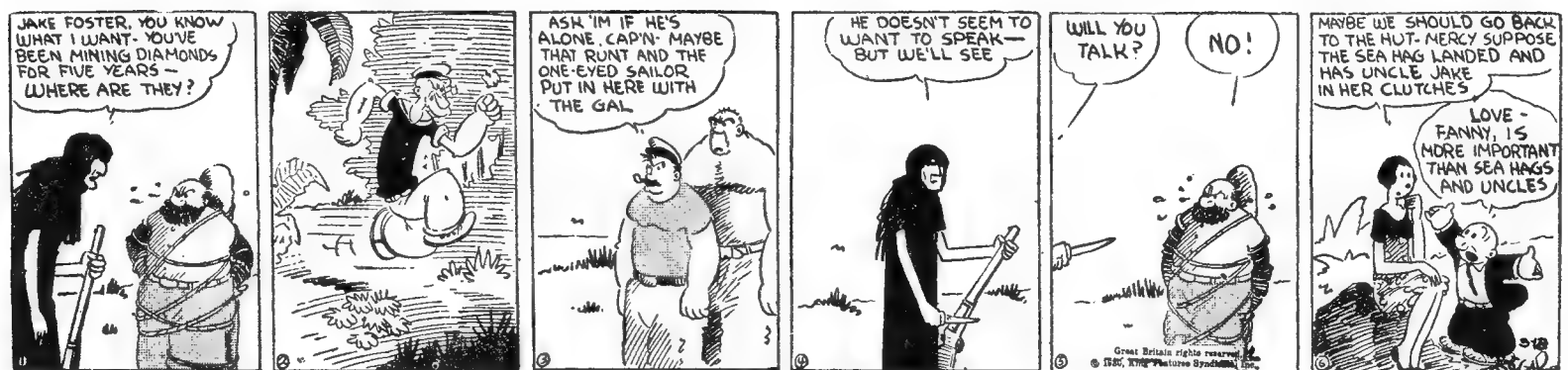
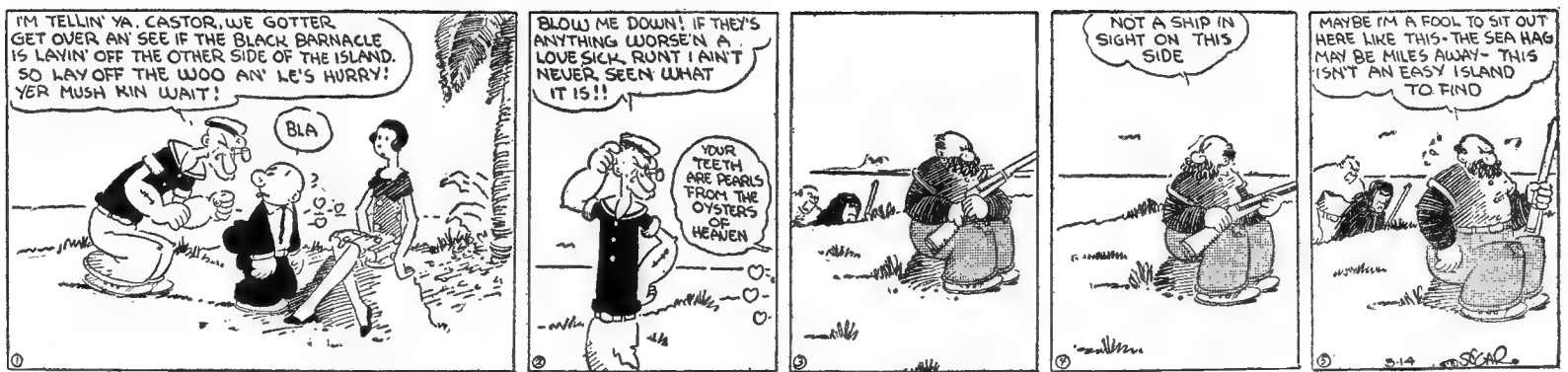


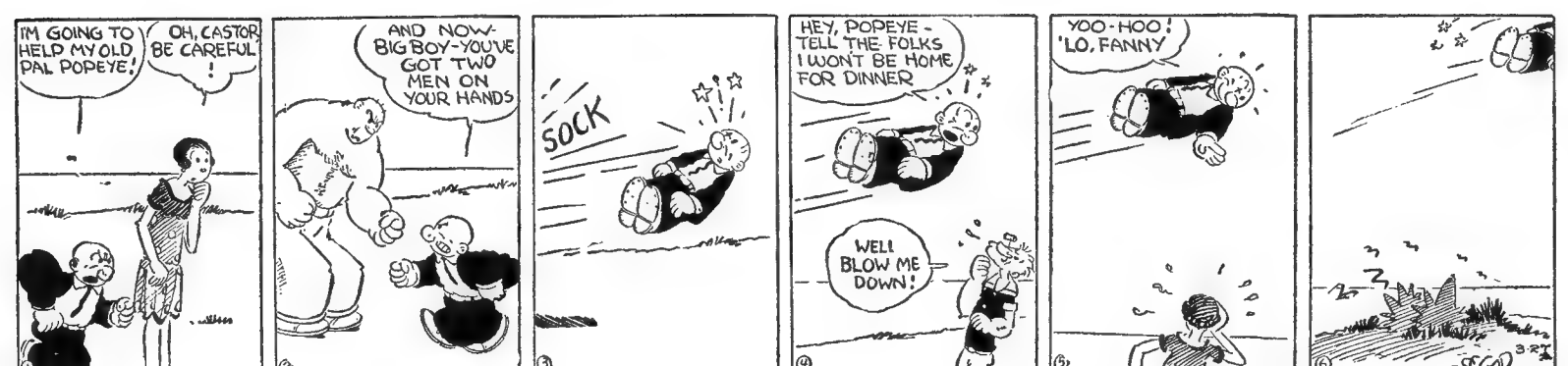
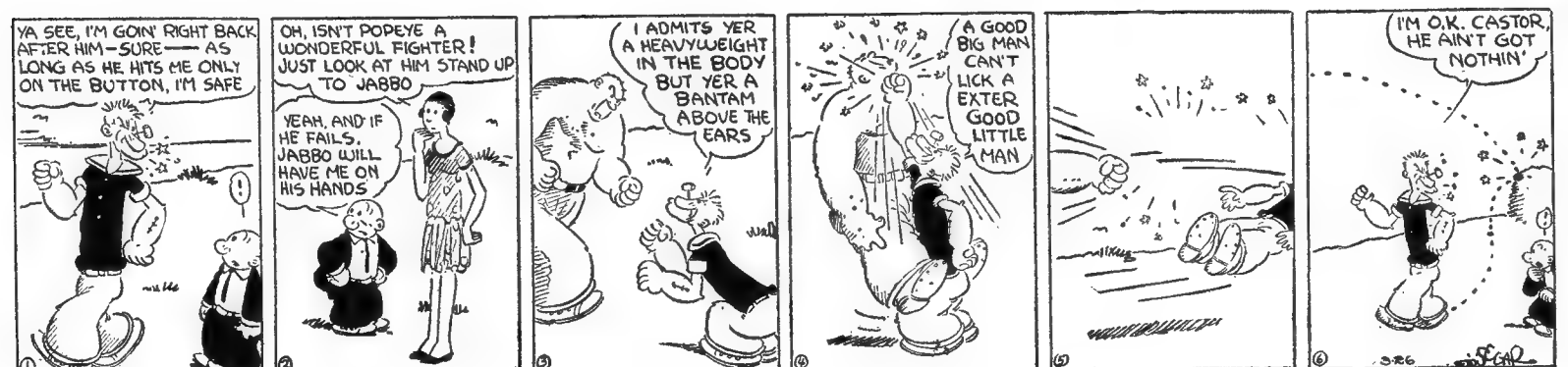
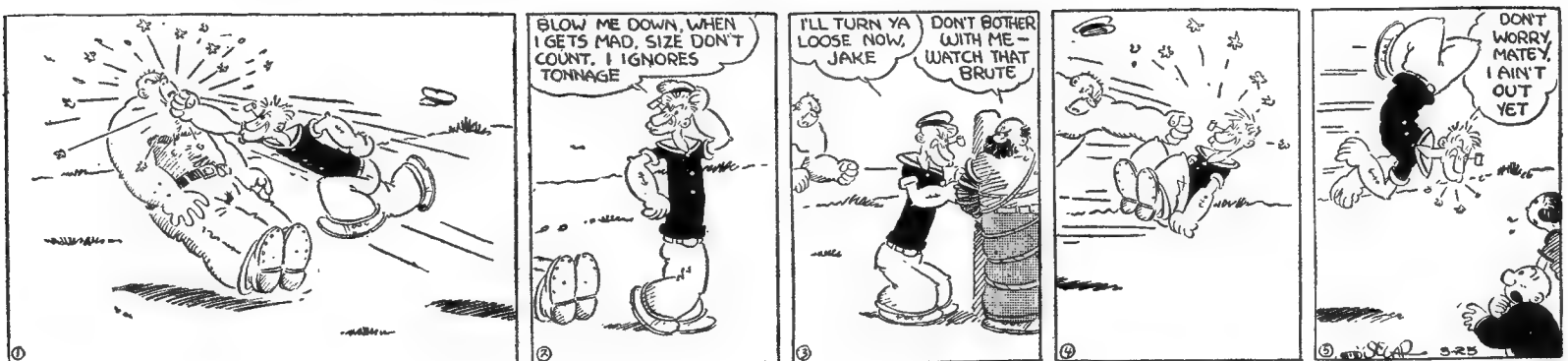
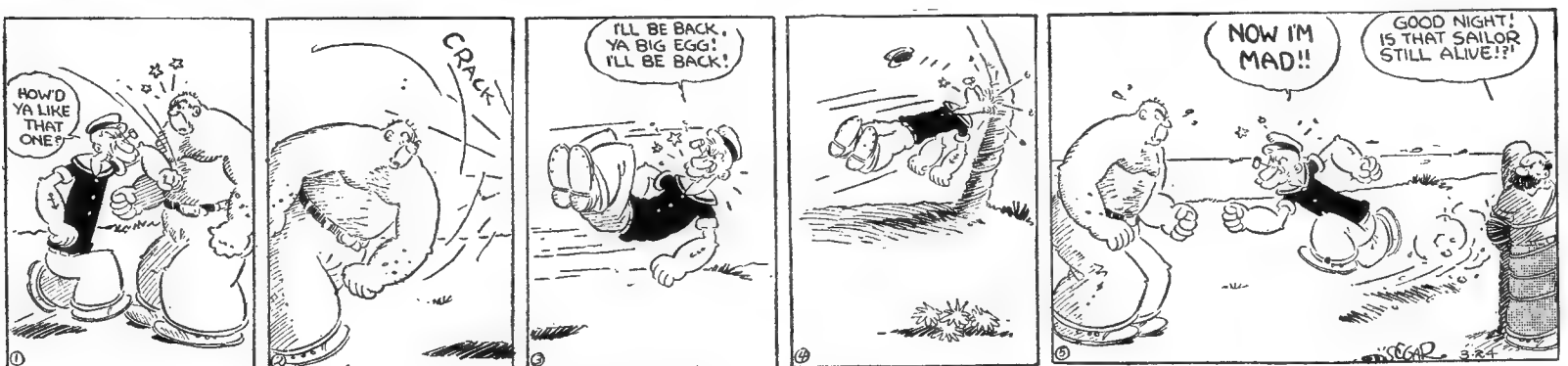
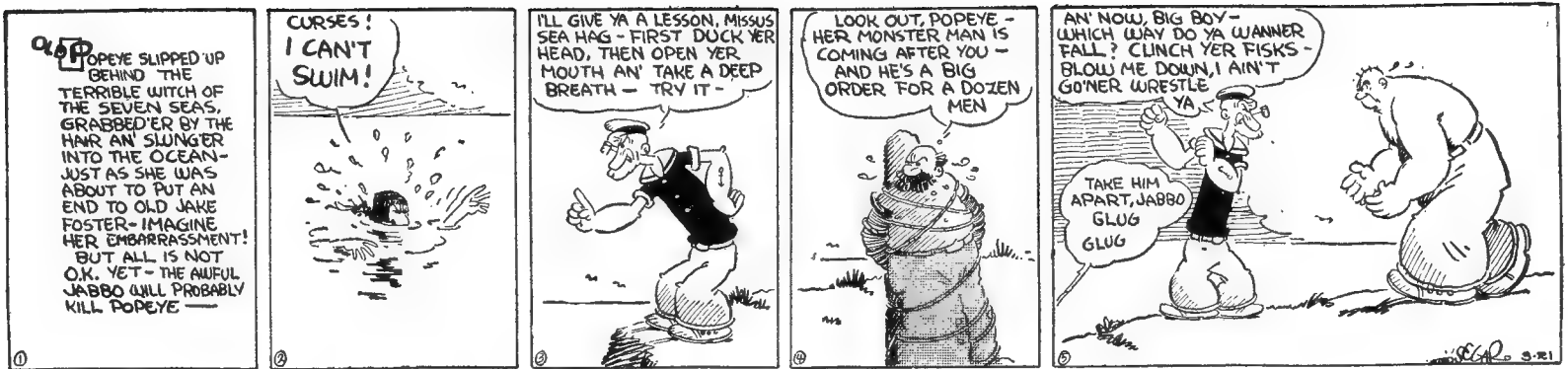
CHAPTER VIII:
LOVE IN THE JUNGLE

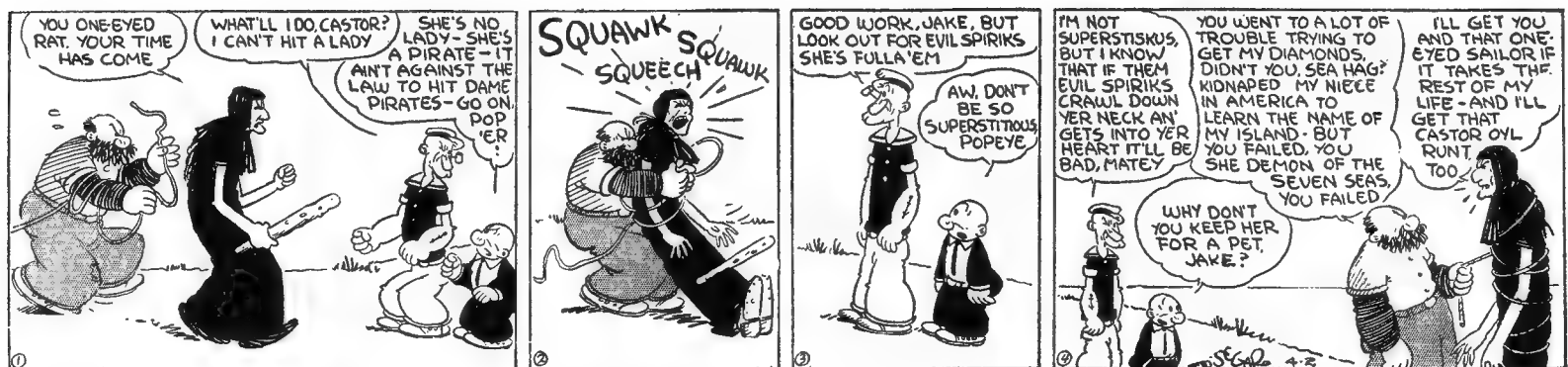
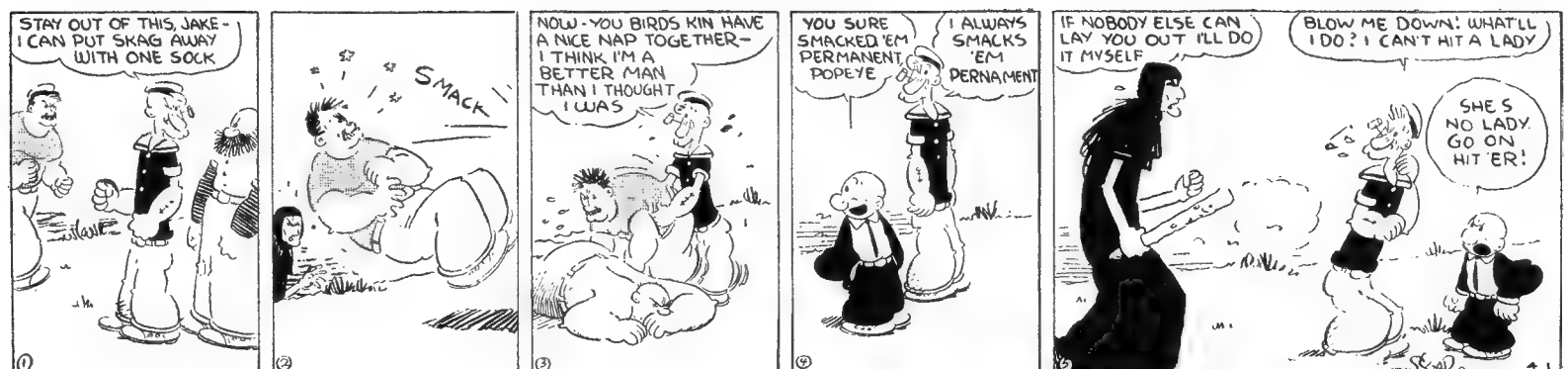
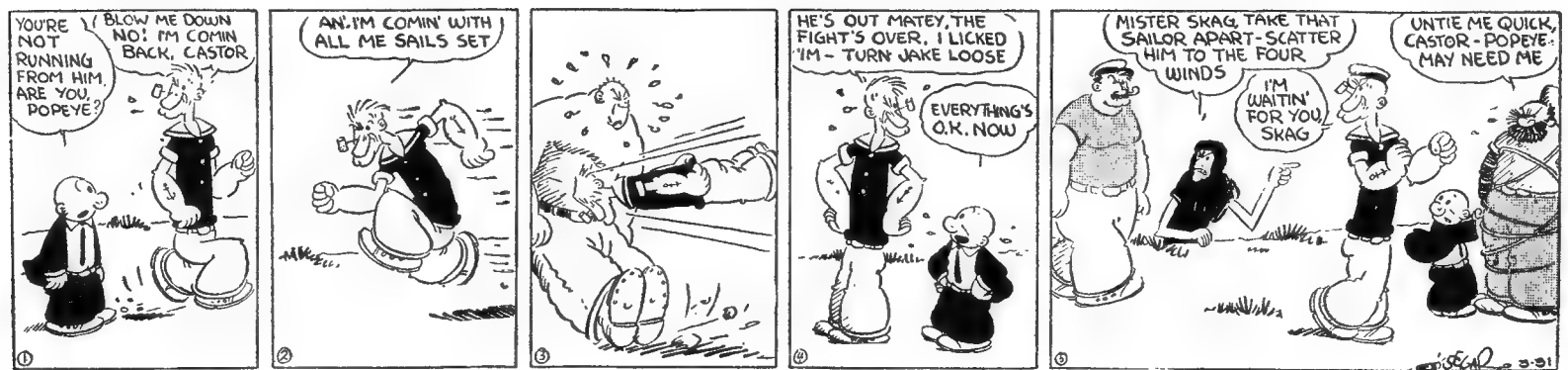
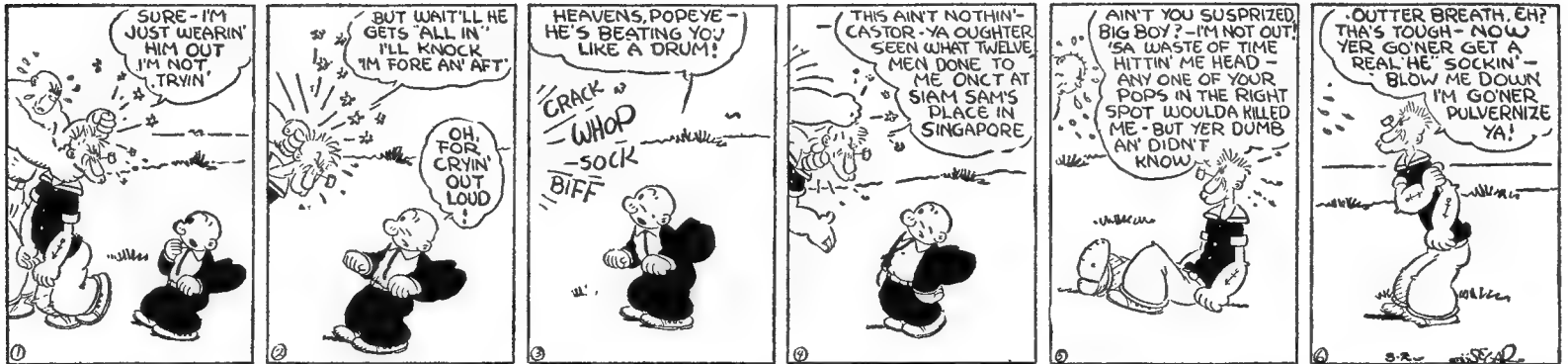
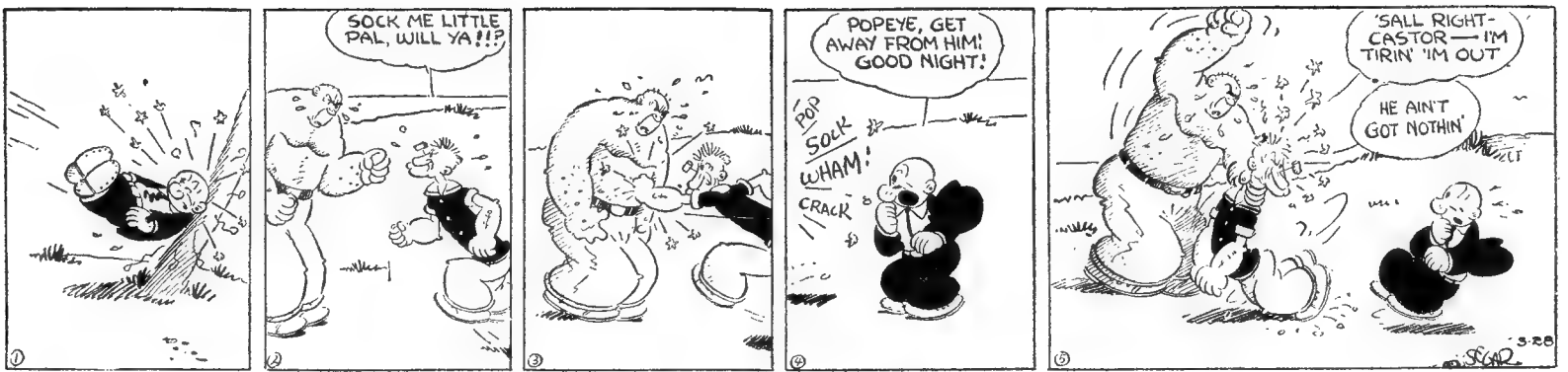


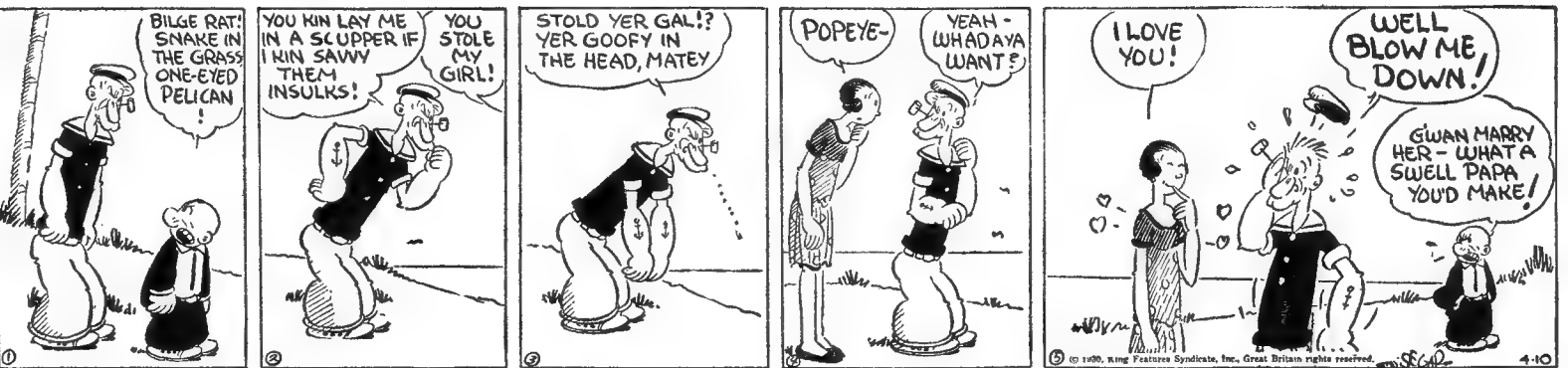
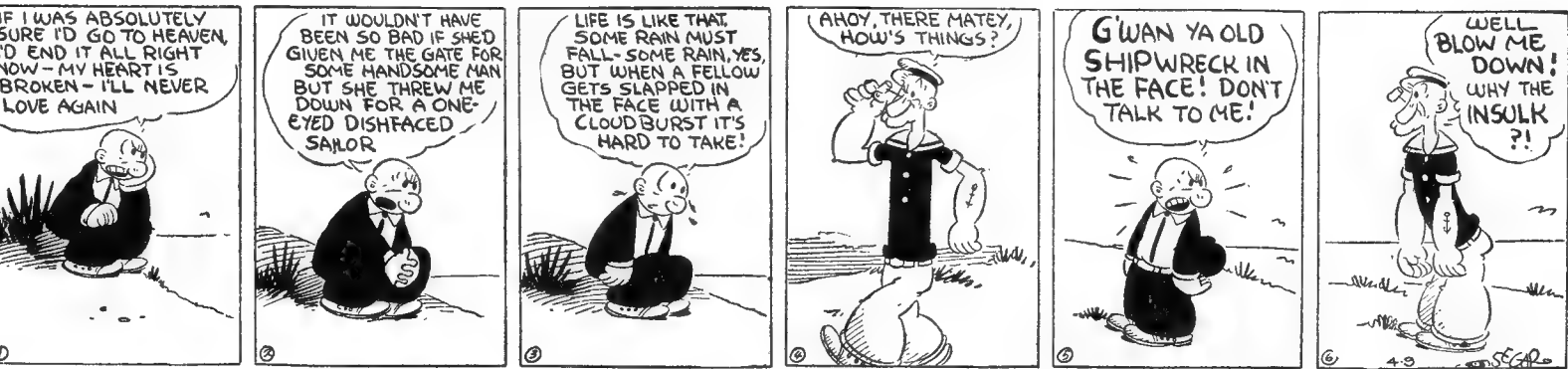
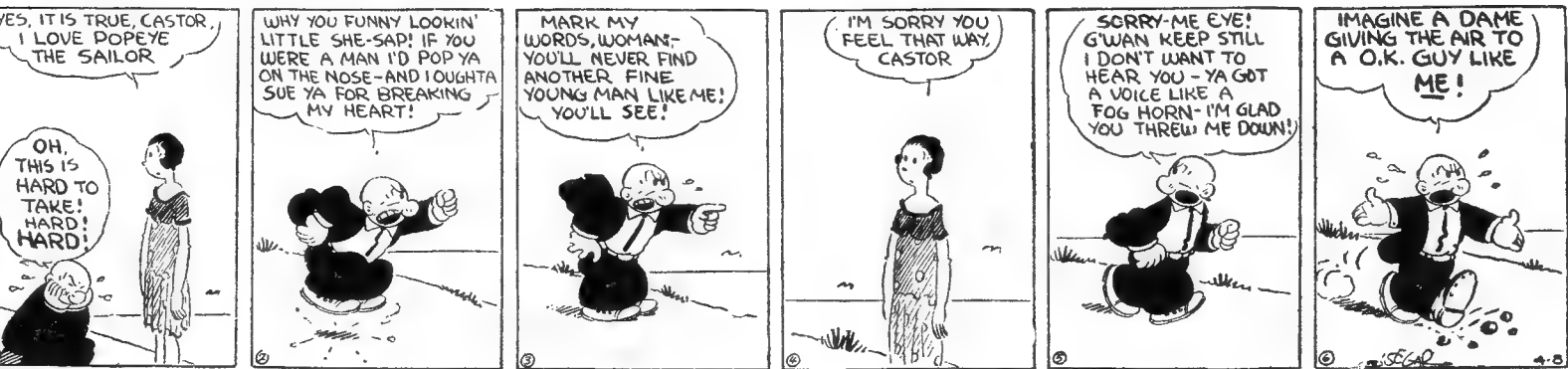
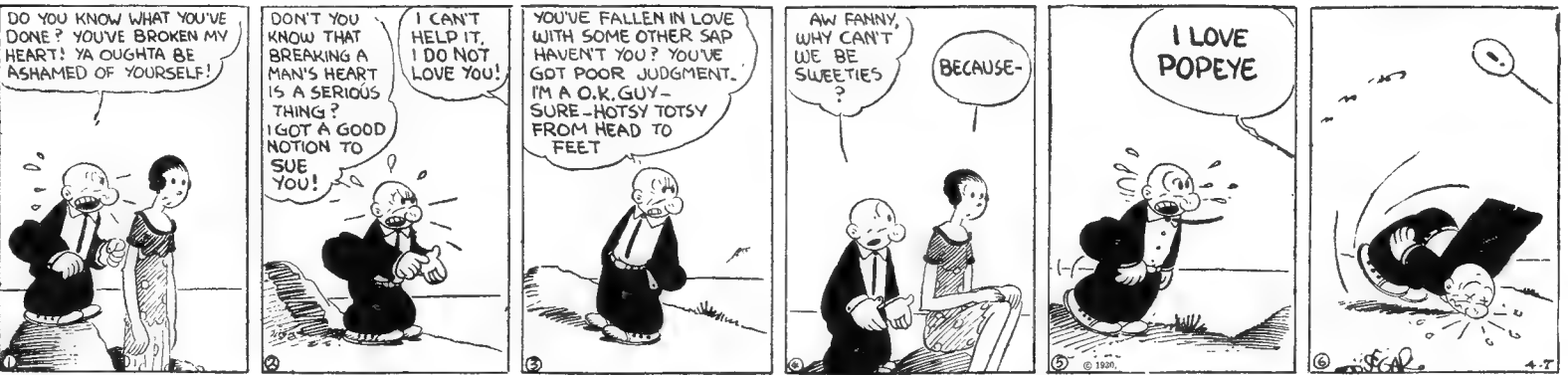
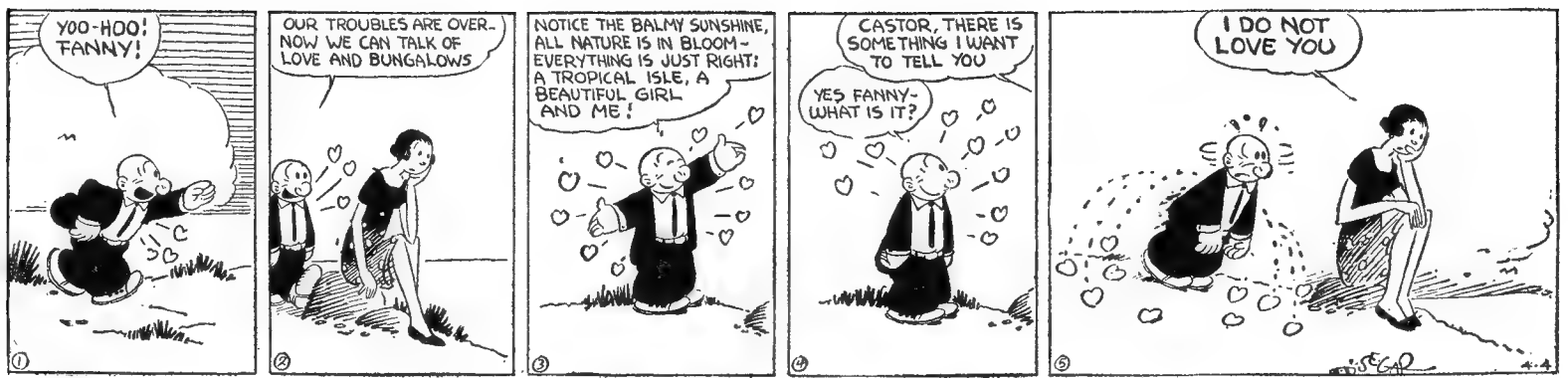


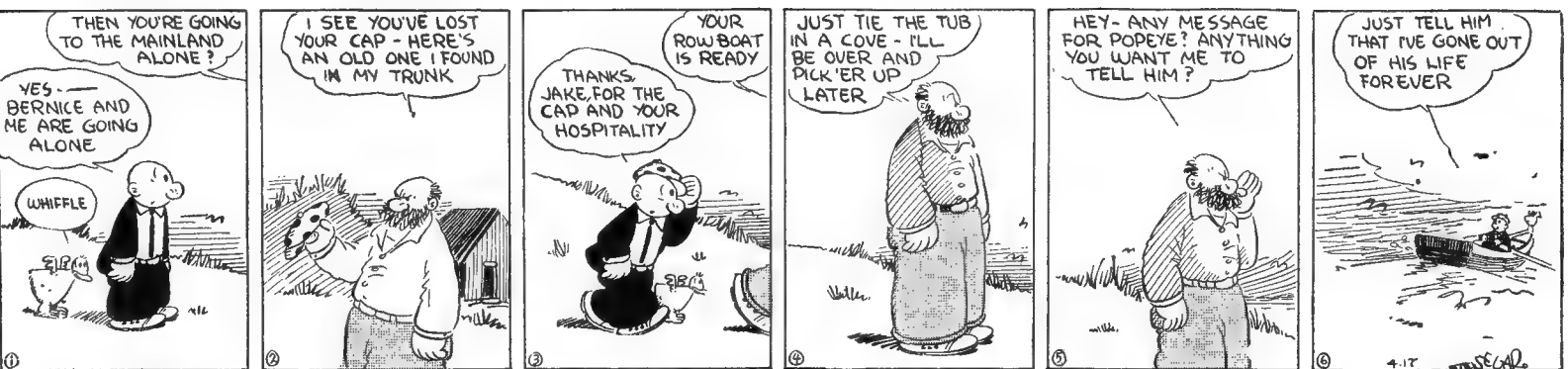
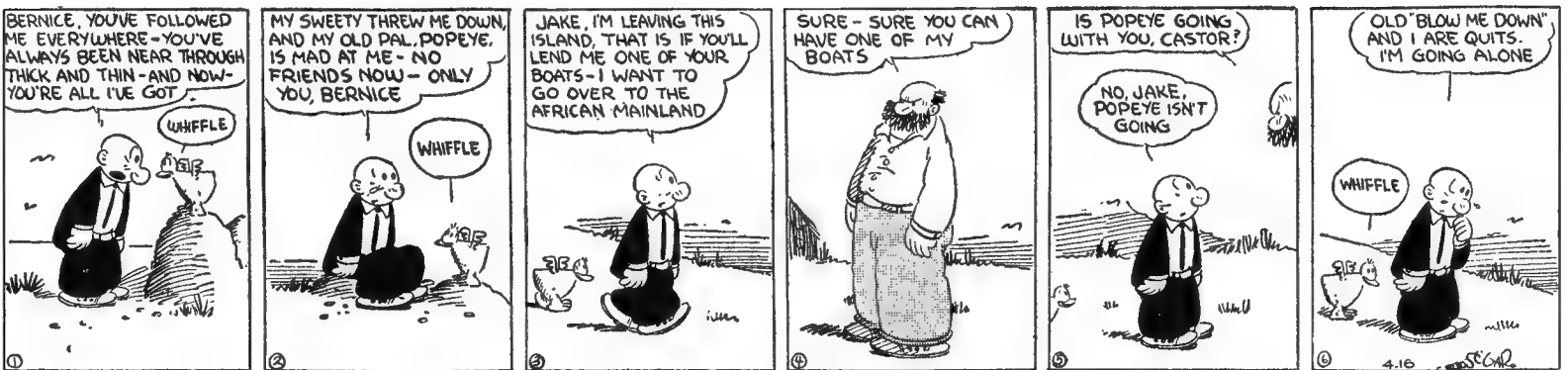
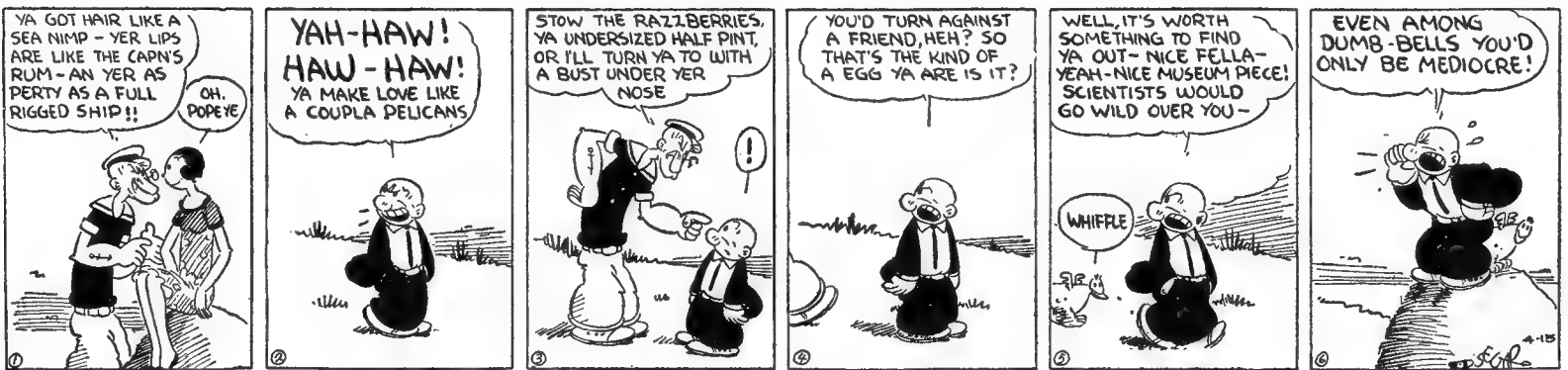


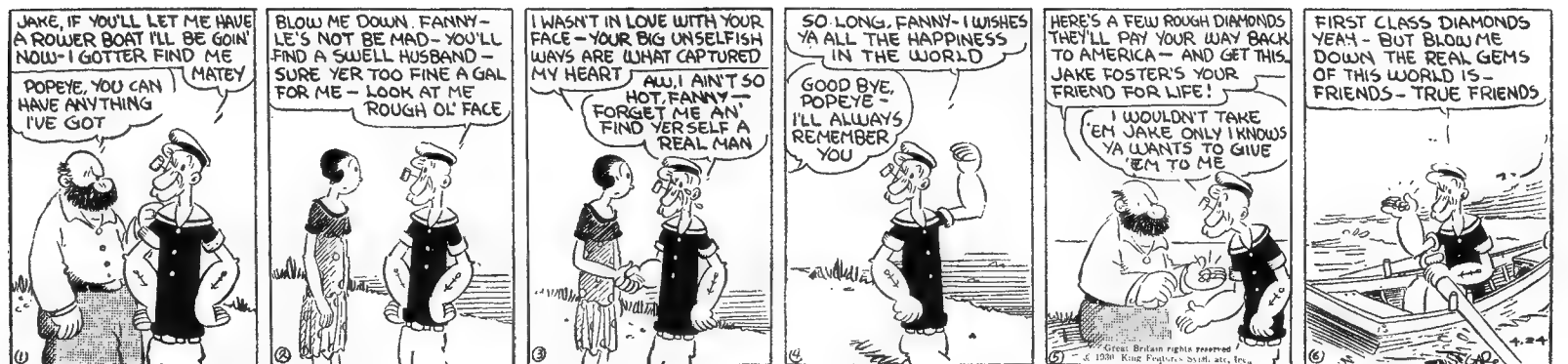
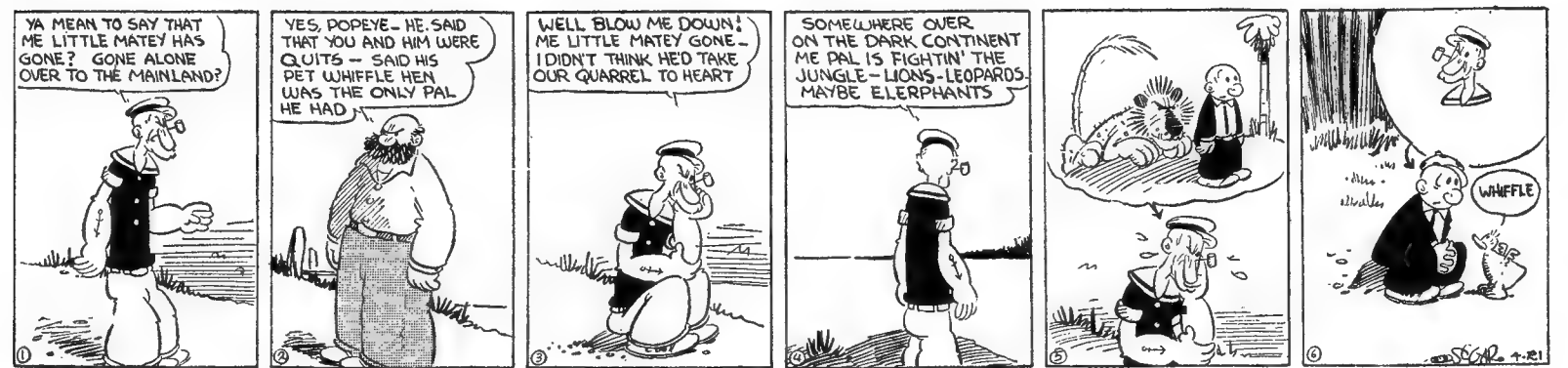




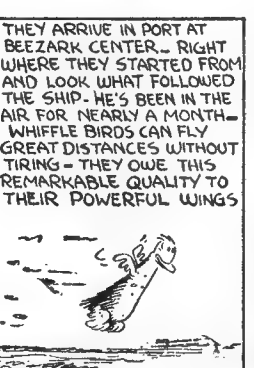
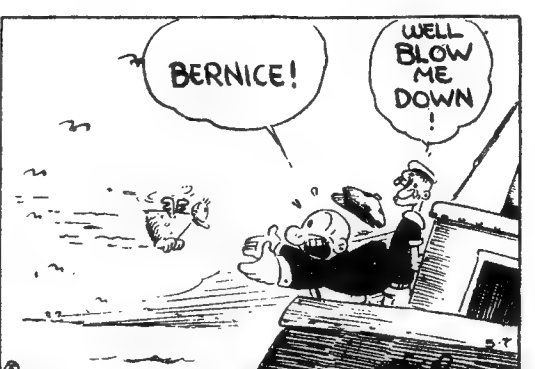
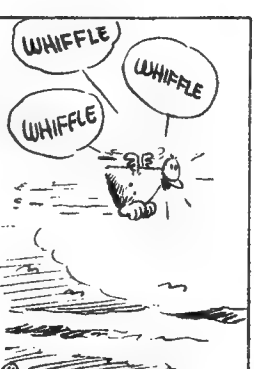
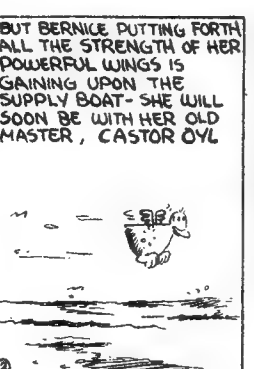
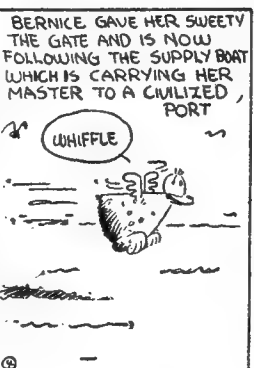
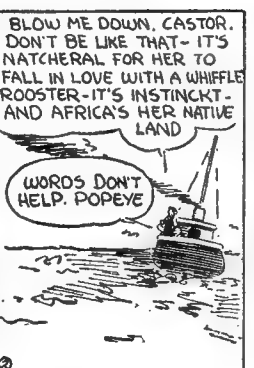
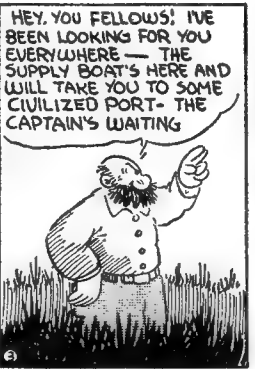
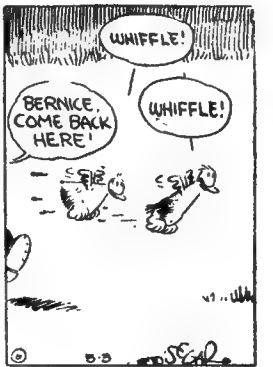
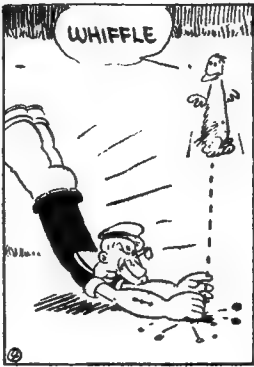
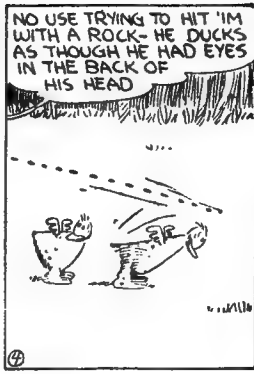
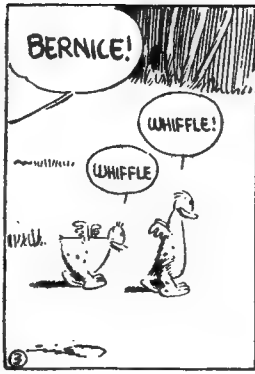


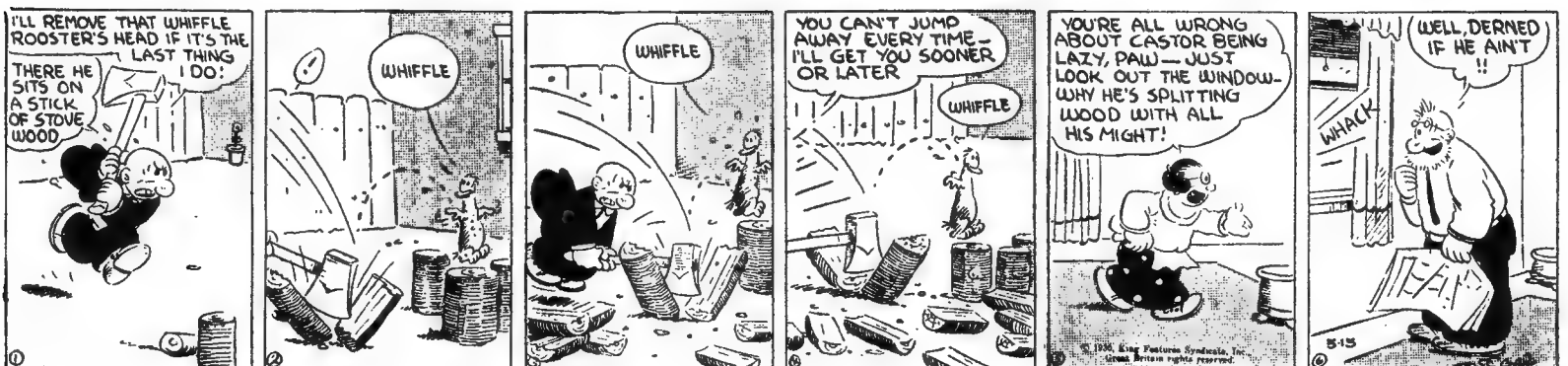
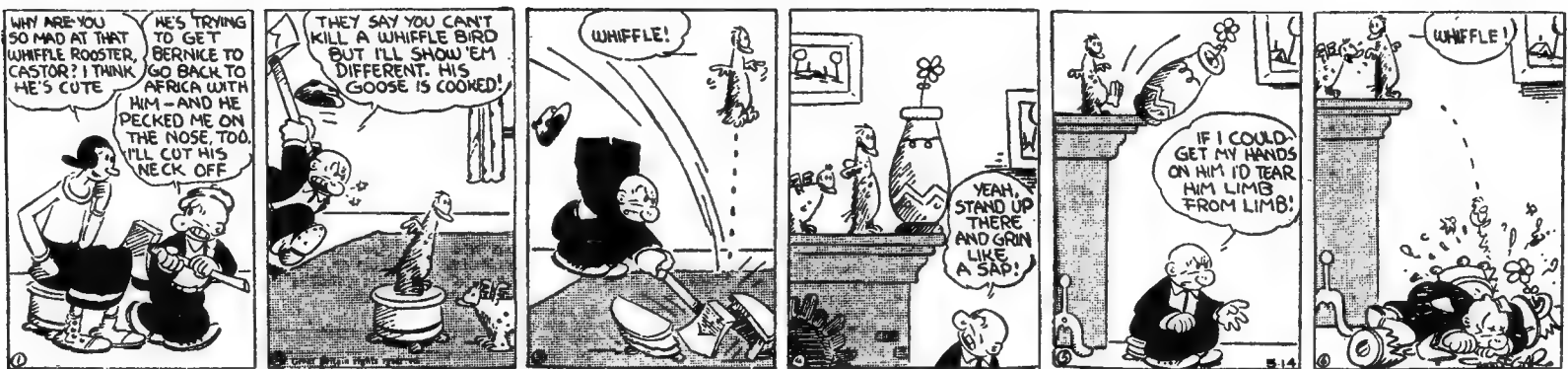


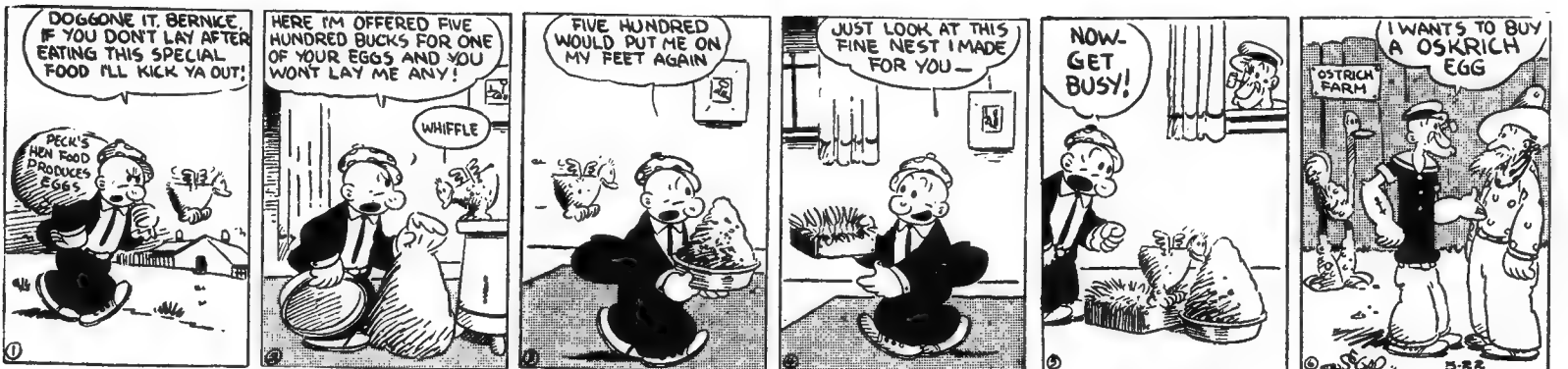
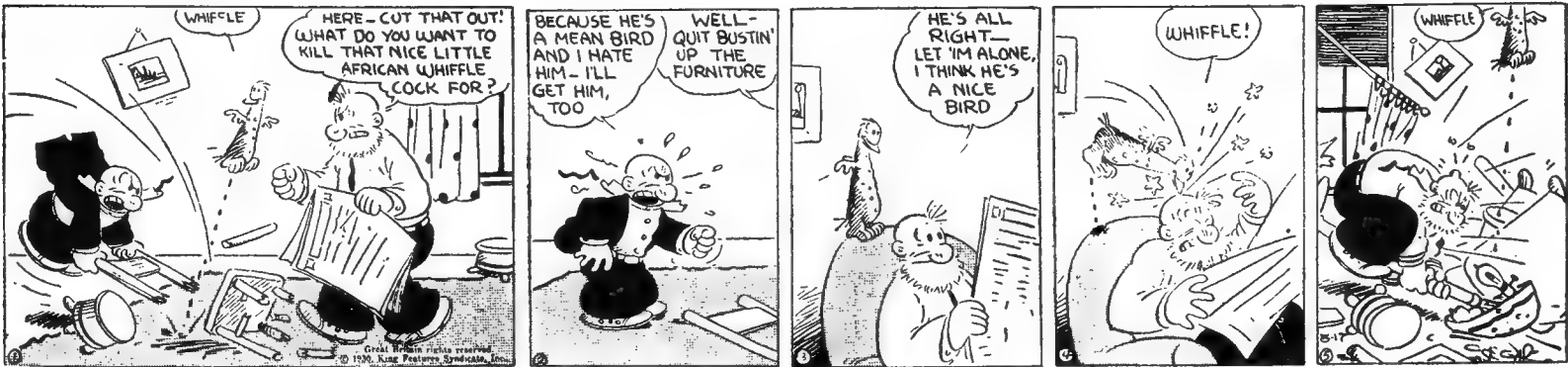
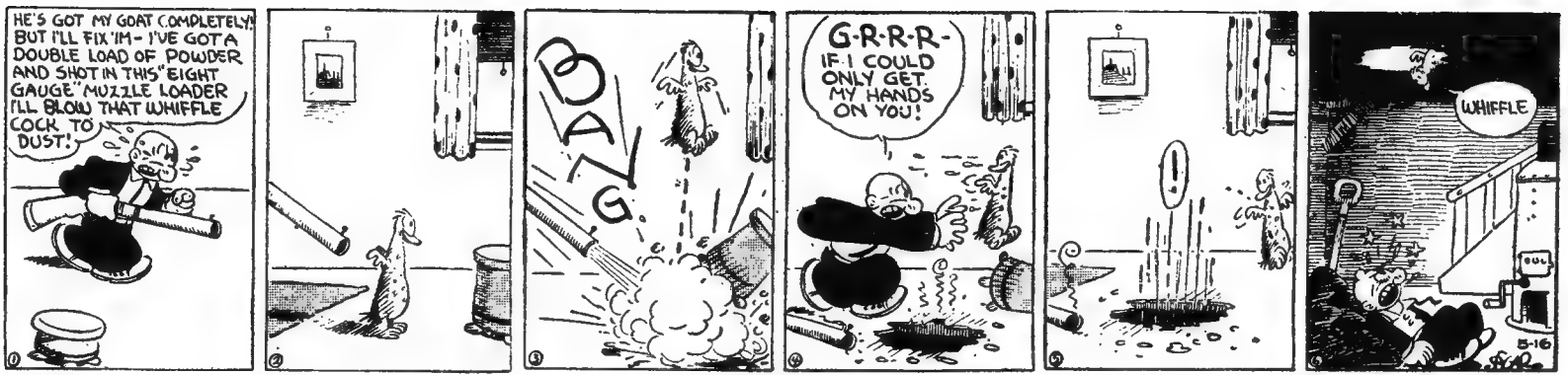


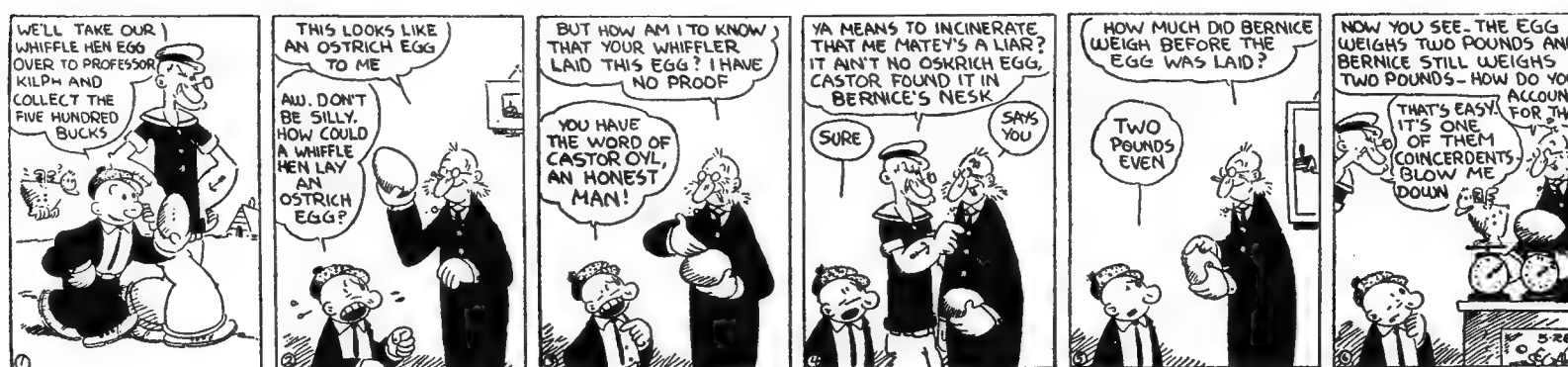


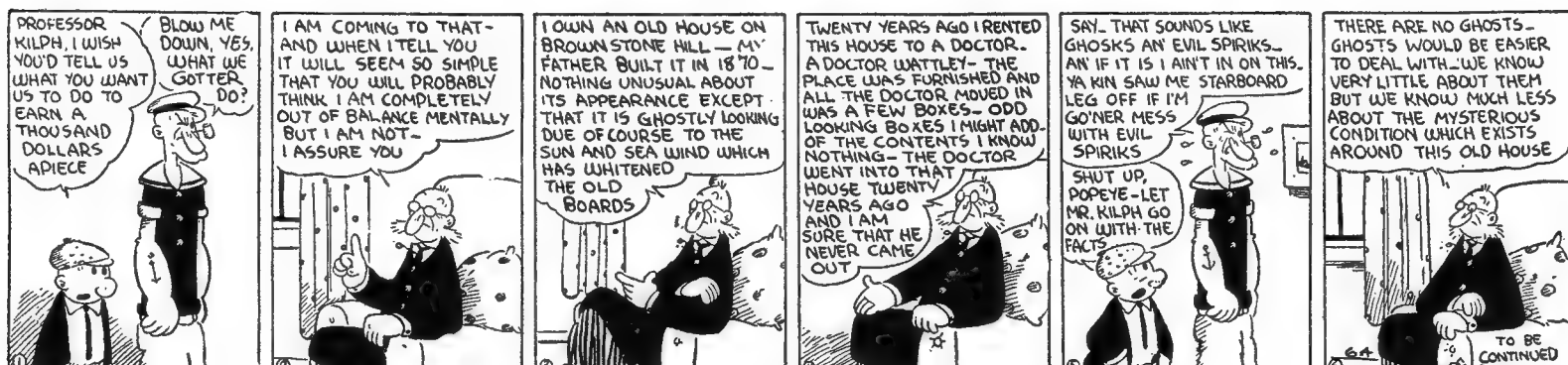
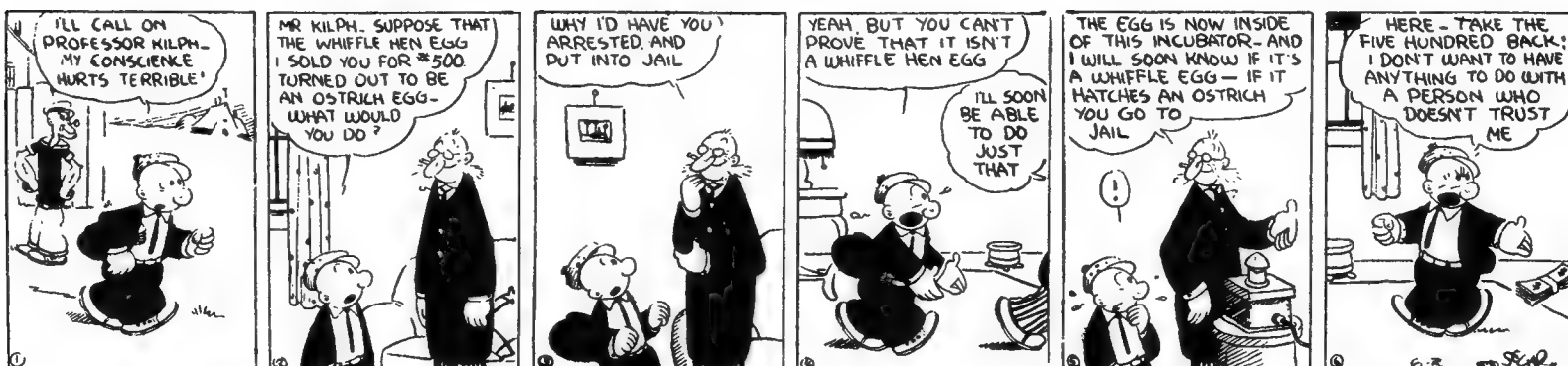






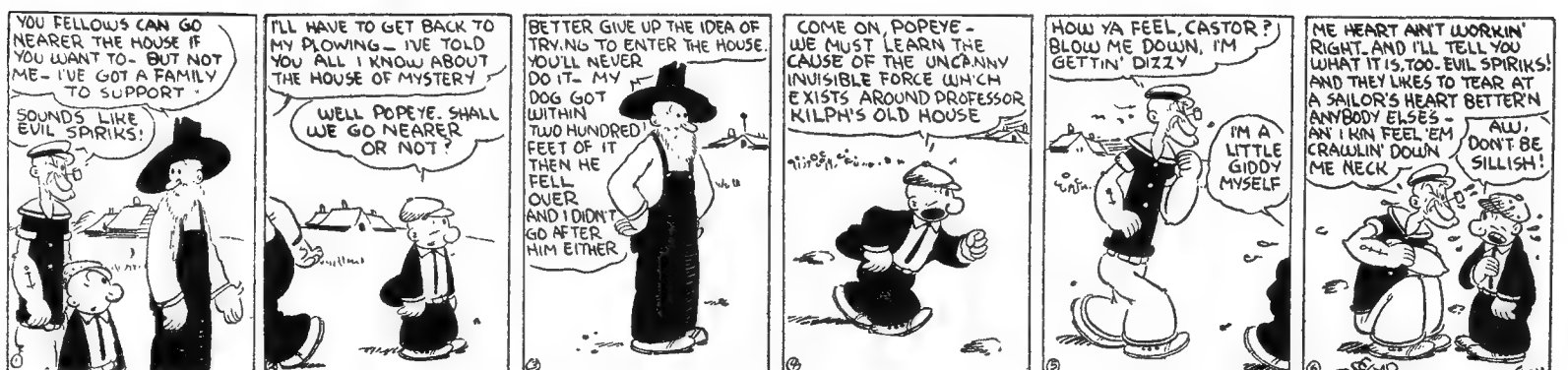
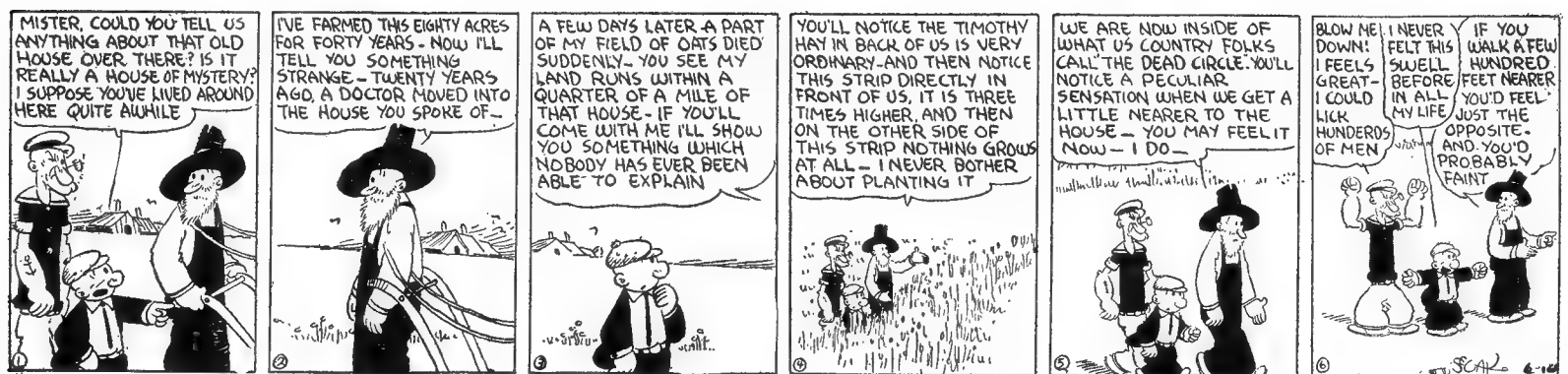
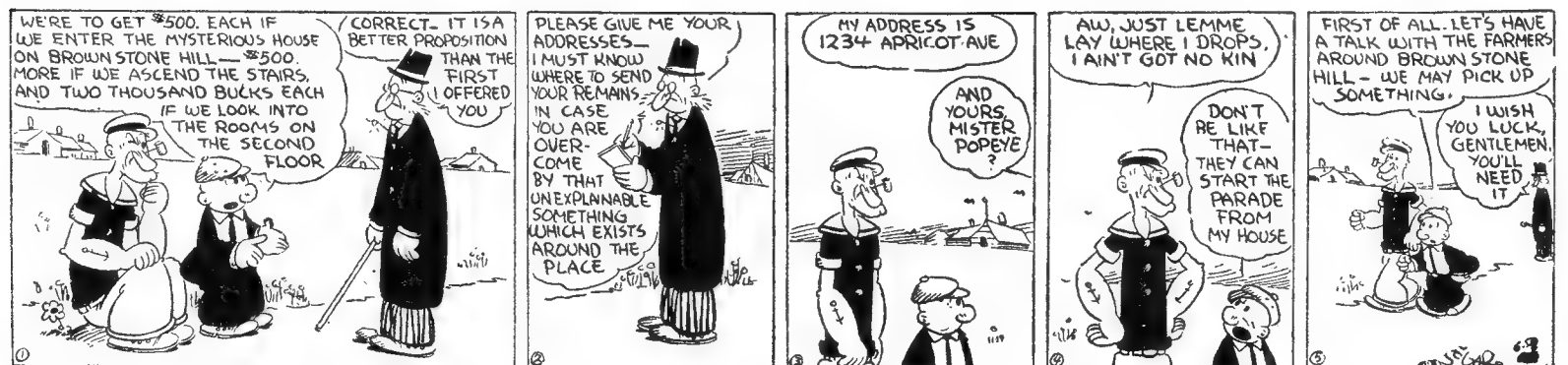
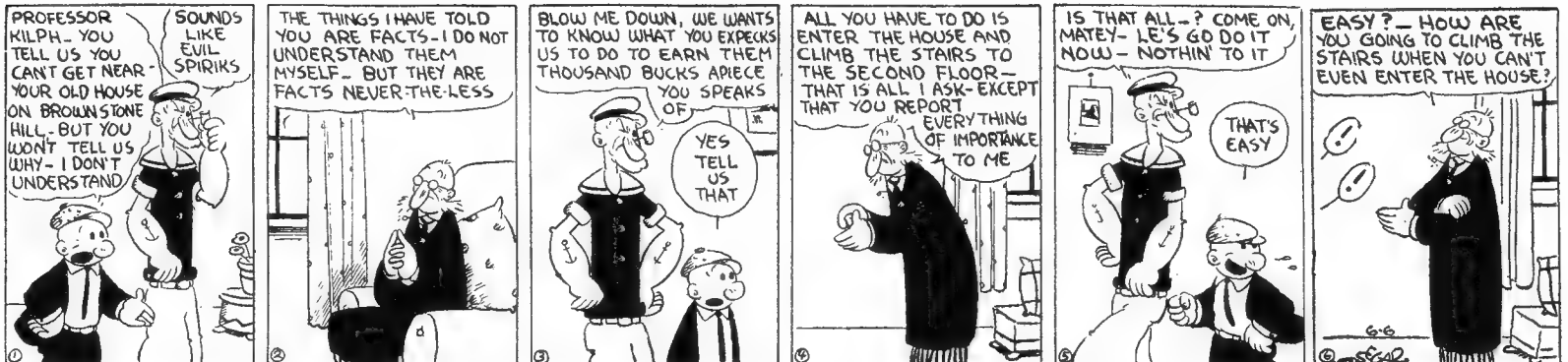


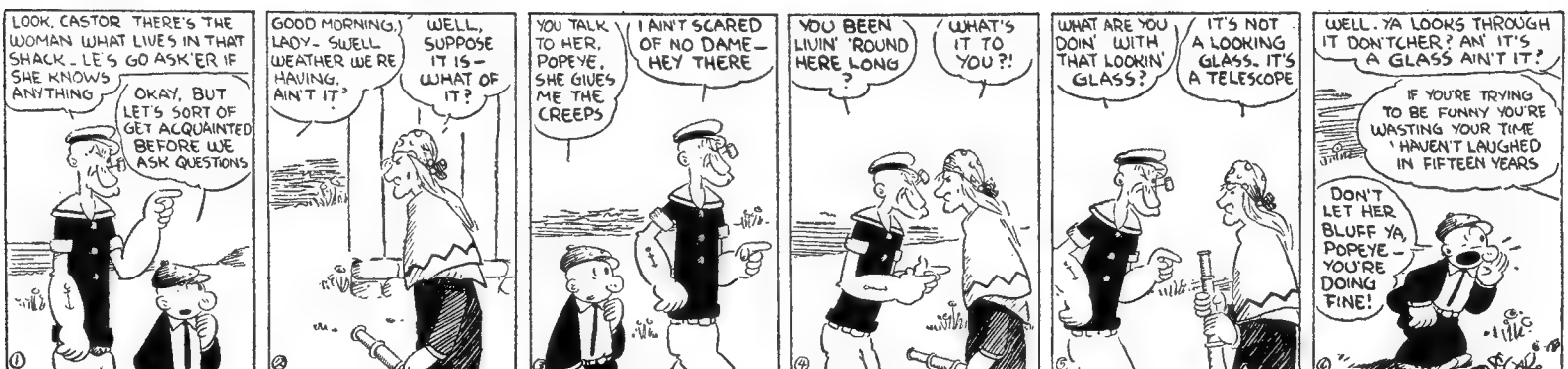
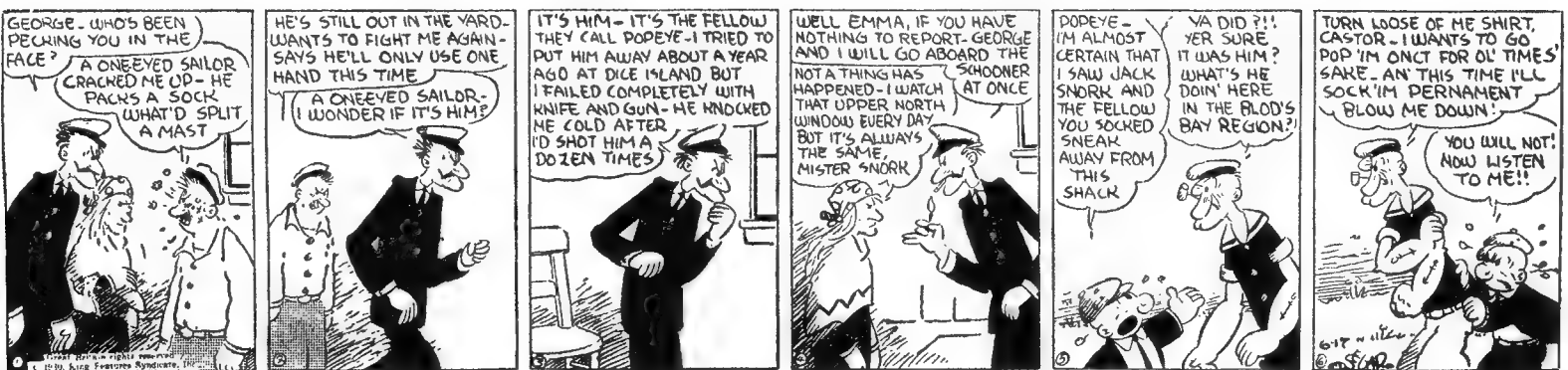
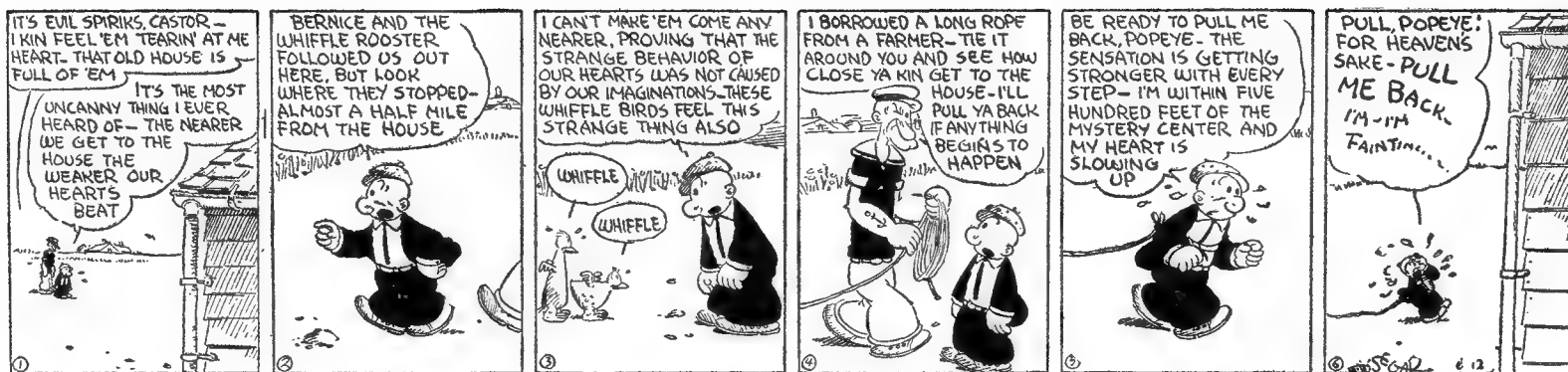


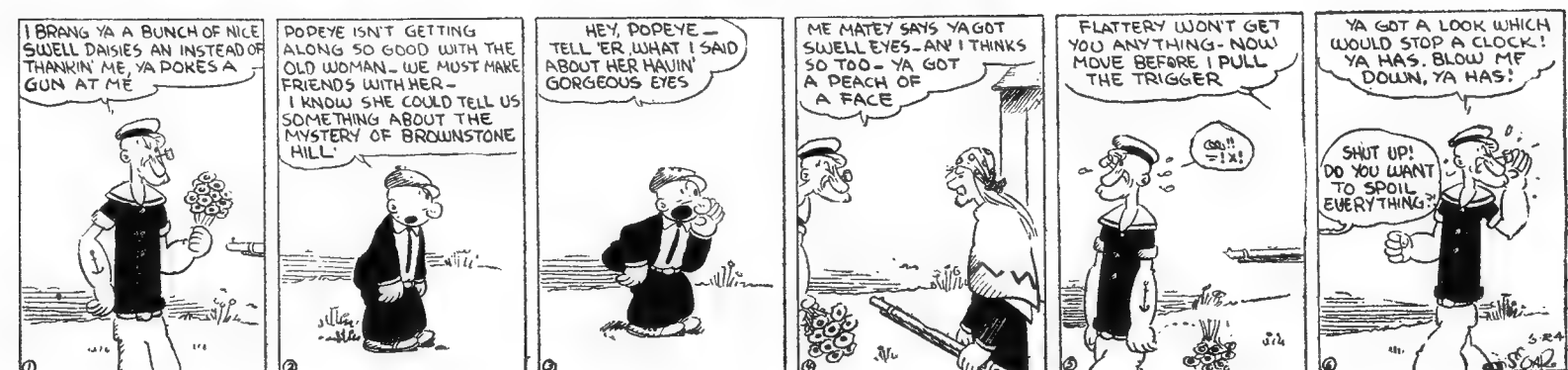
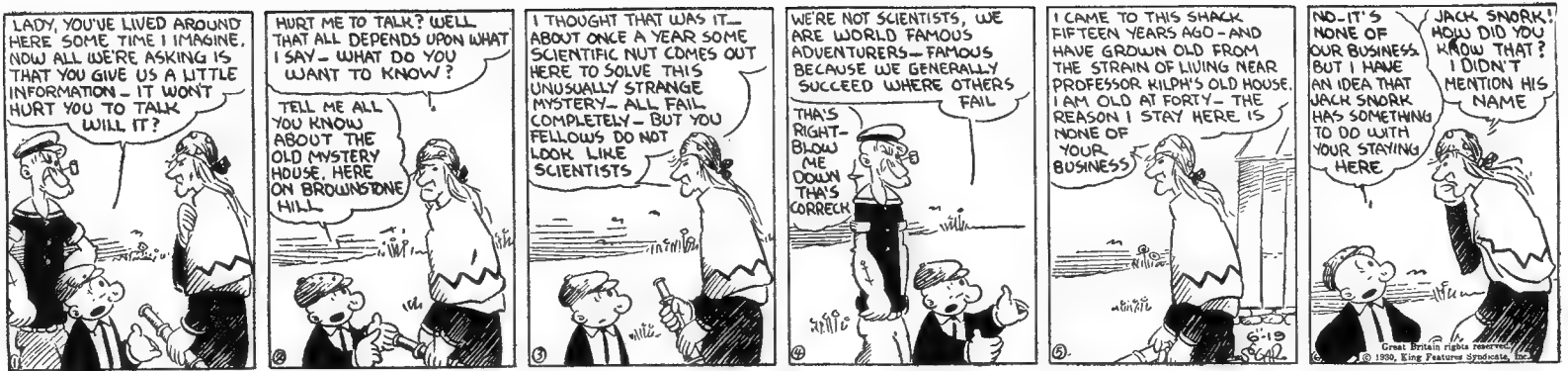


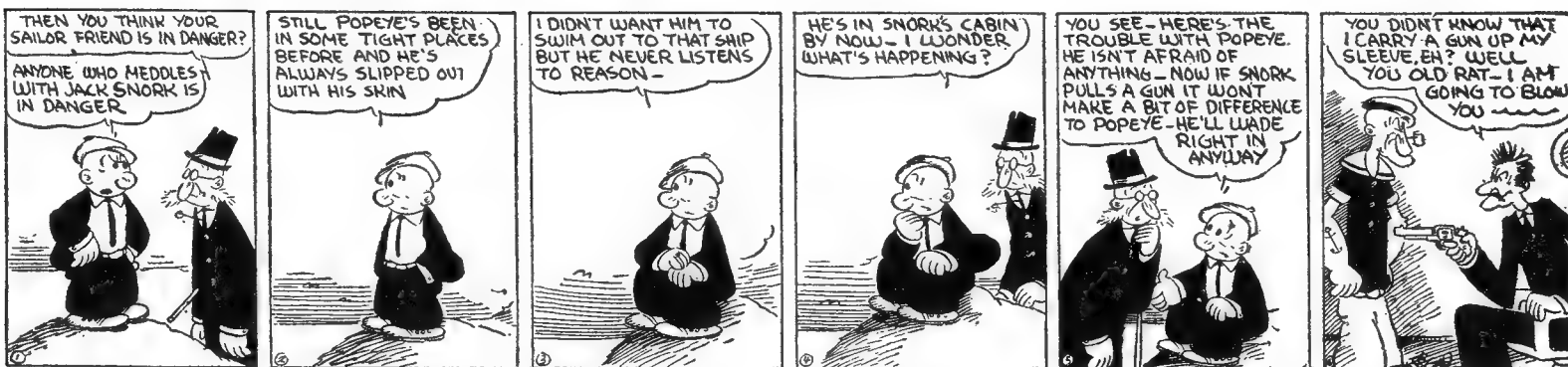
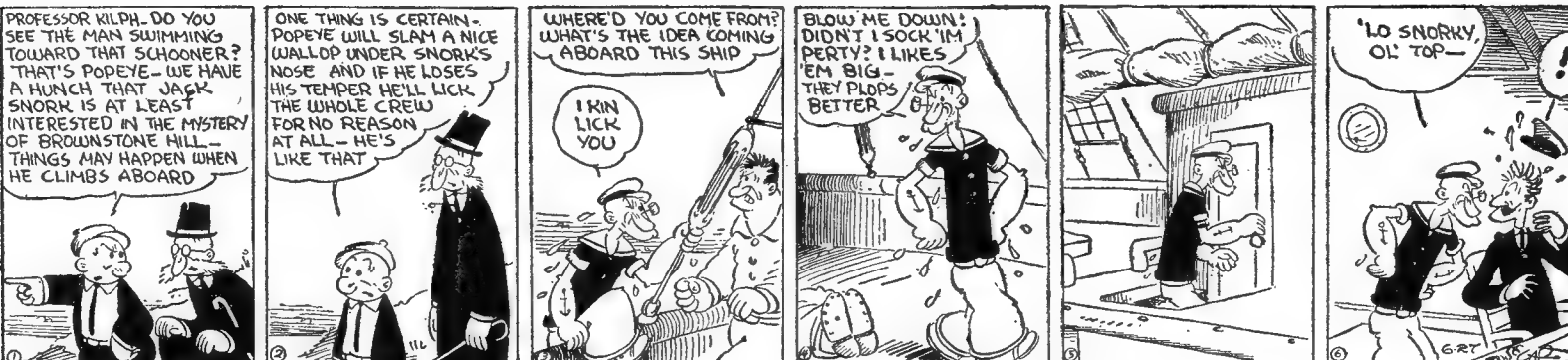


CHAPTER IX: THE MYSTERY OF BROWNSTONE HILL



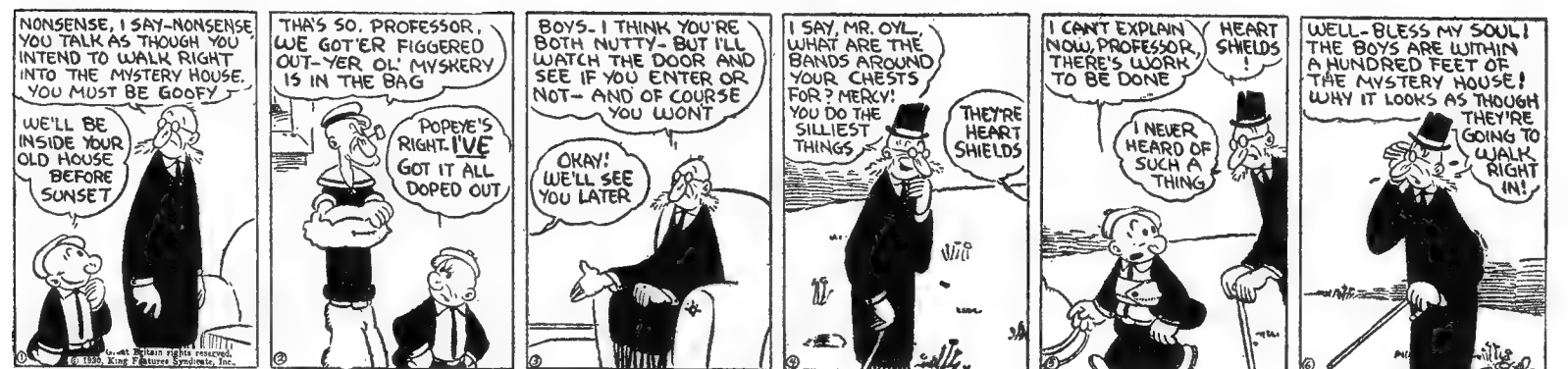
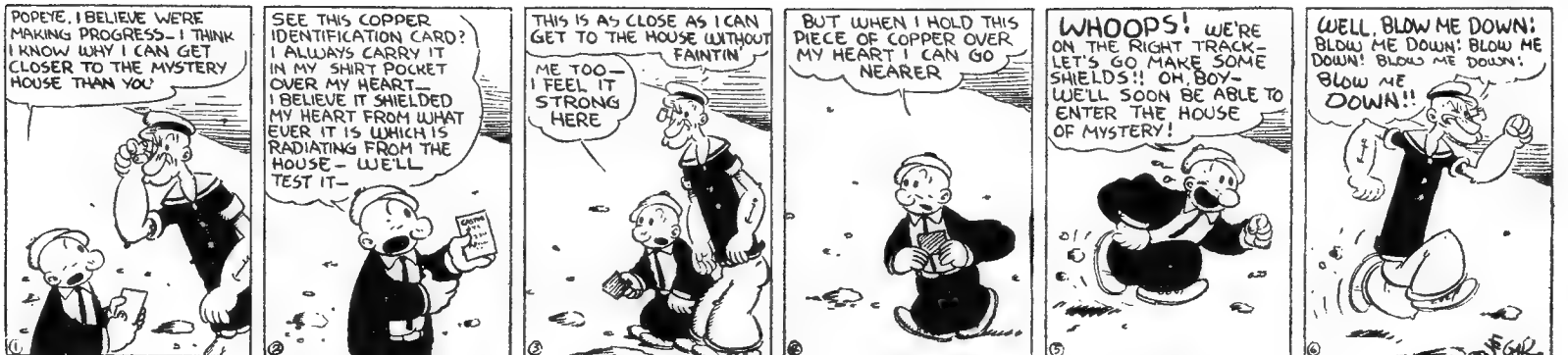




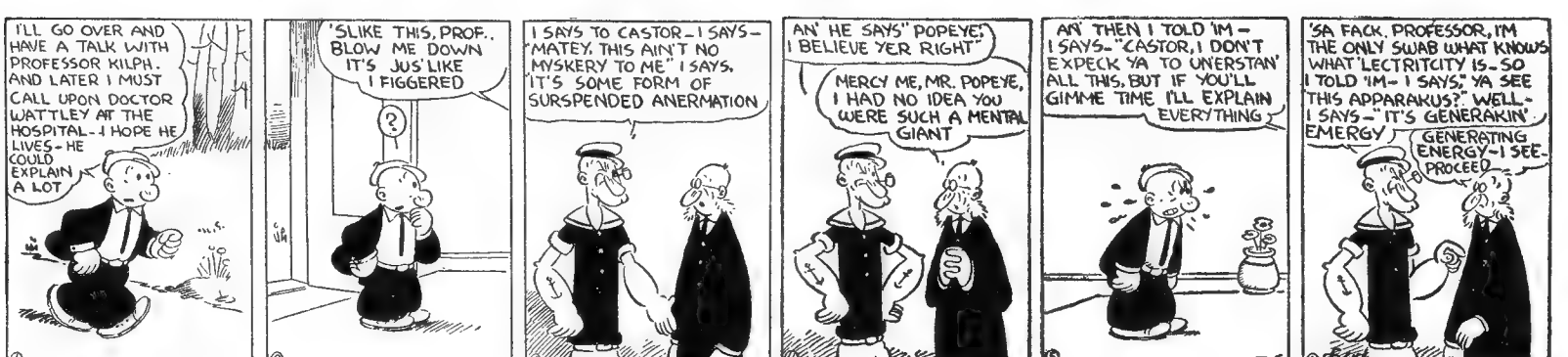
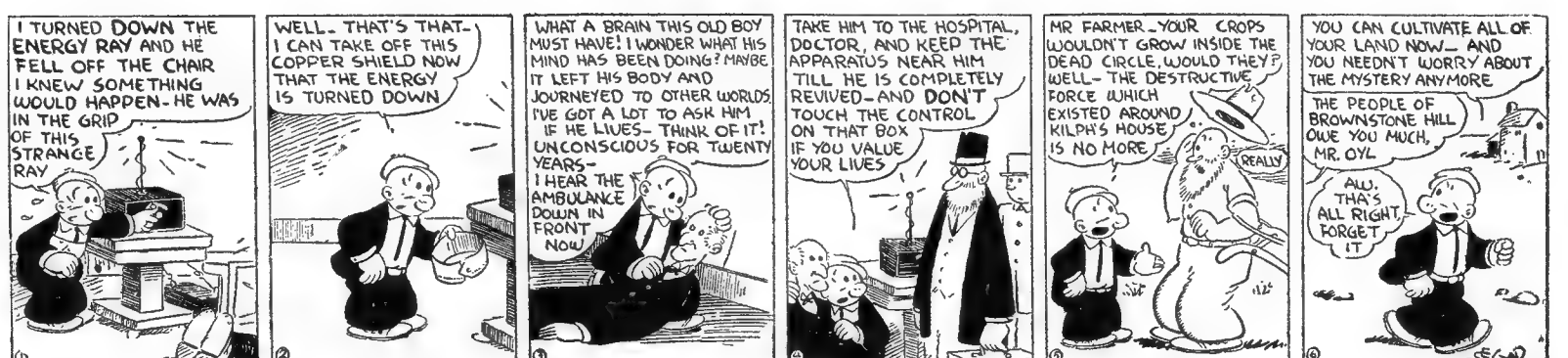
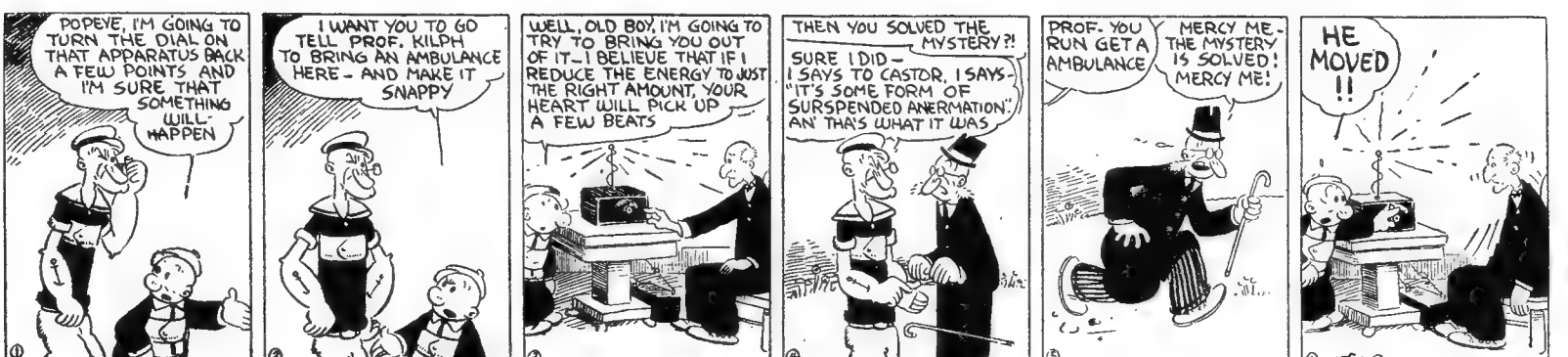
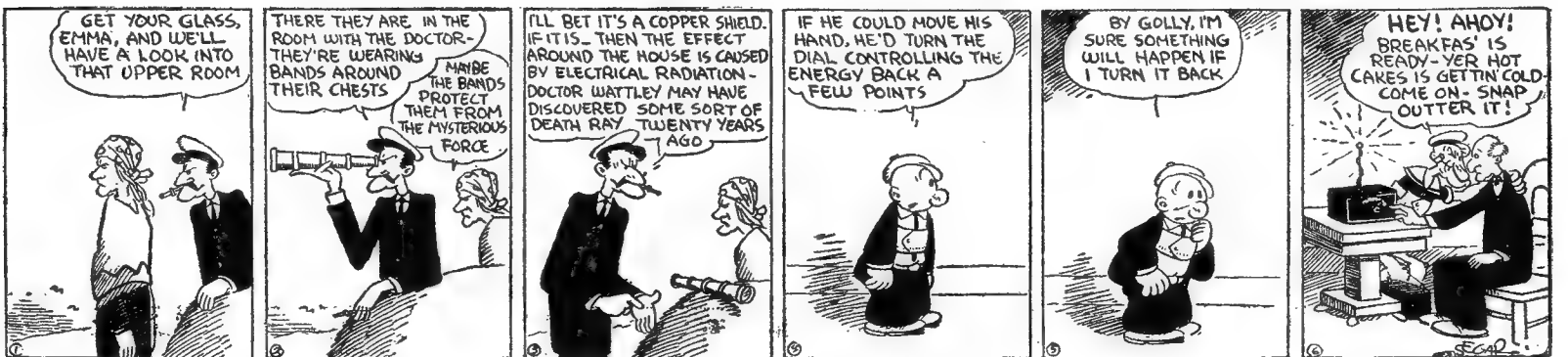
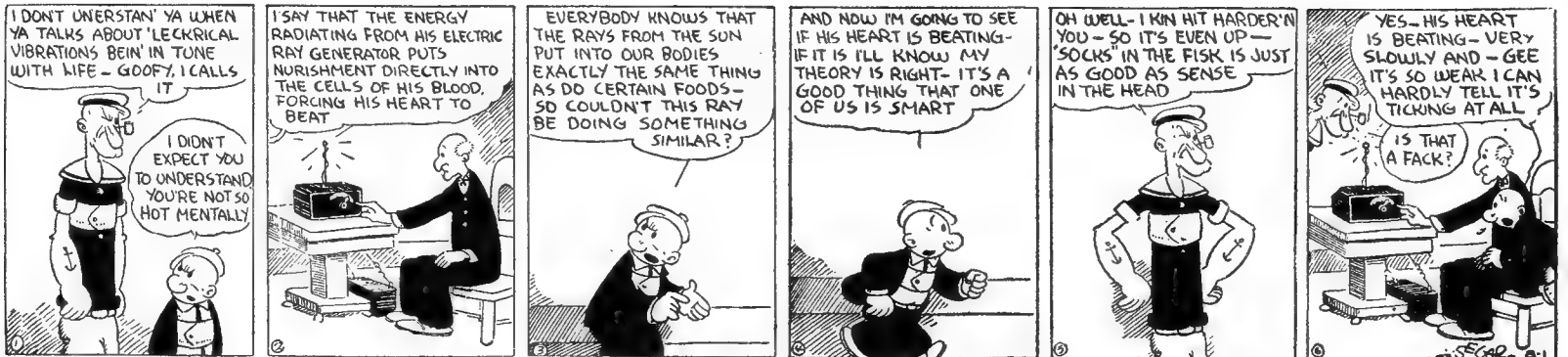
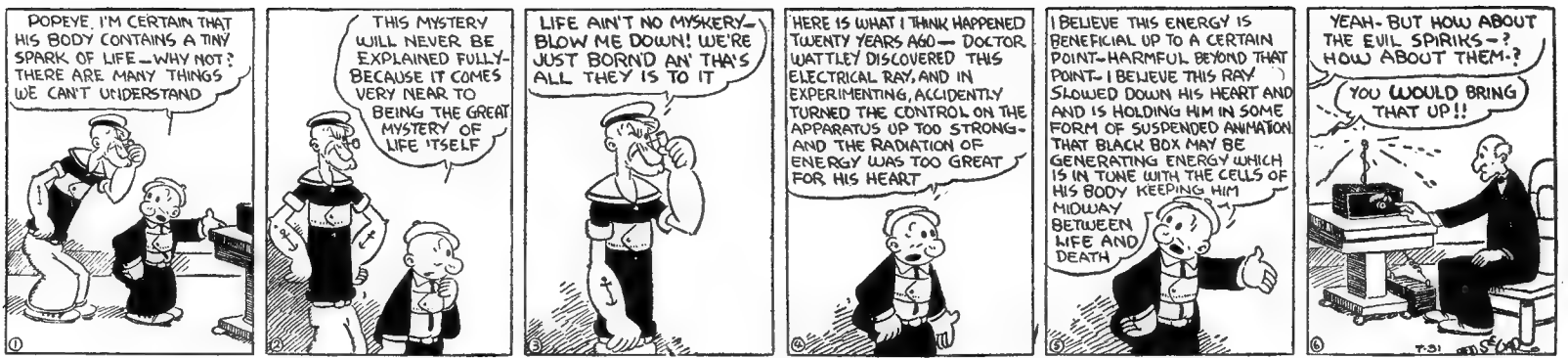




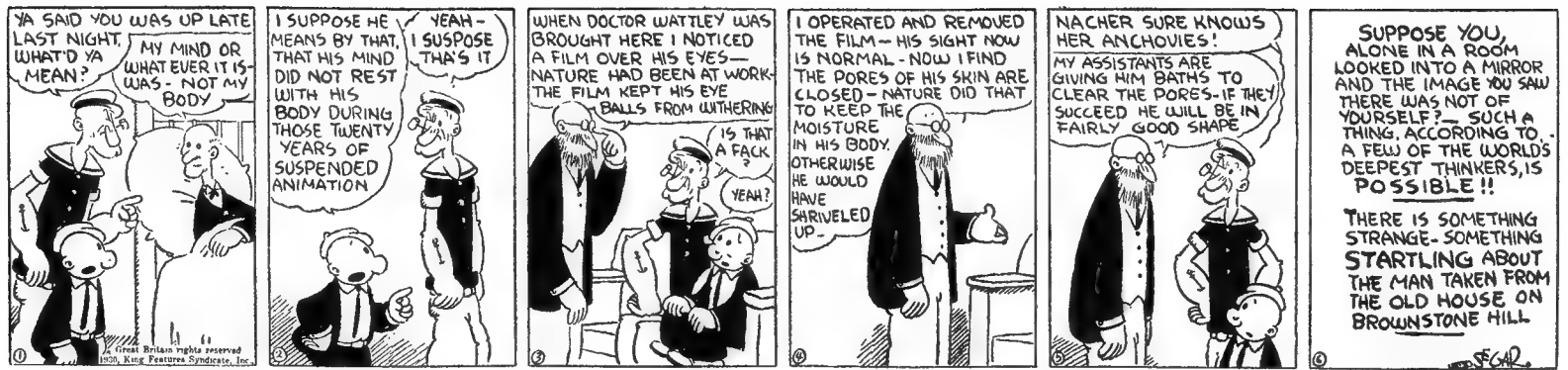






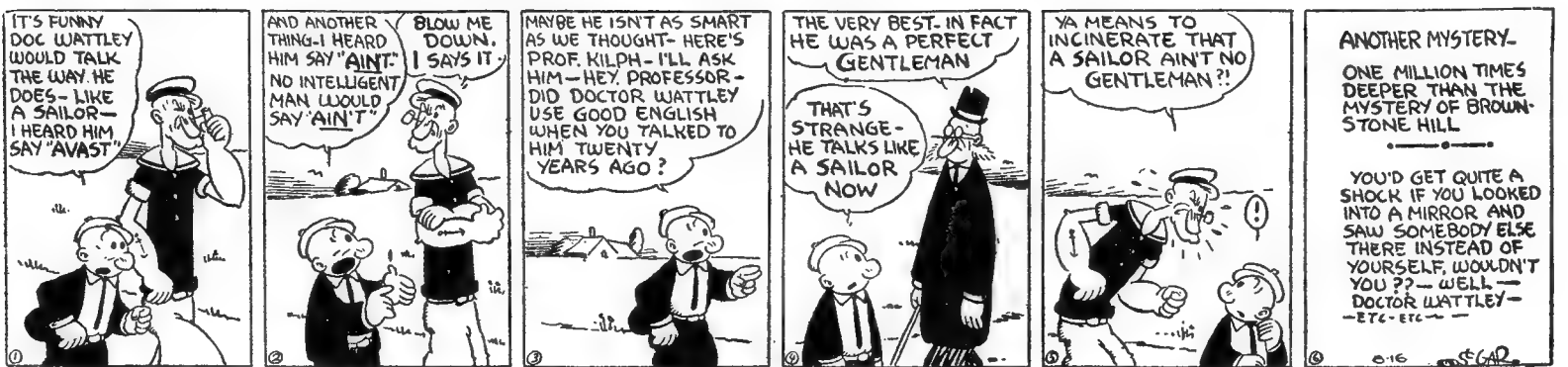






SUPPOSE YOU, ALONE IN A ROOM LOOKED INTO A MIRROR AND THE IMAGE YOU SAW THERE WAS NOT OF YOURSELF? - SUCH A THING, ACCORDING TO A FEW OF THE WORLD'S DEEPEST THINKERS, IS POSSIBLE!!

THERE IS SOMETHING STRANGE - SOMETHING STARTLING ABOUT THE MAN TAKEN FROM THE OLD HOUSE ON BROWNSTONE HILL

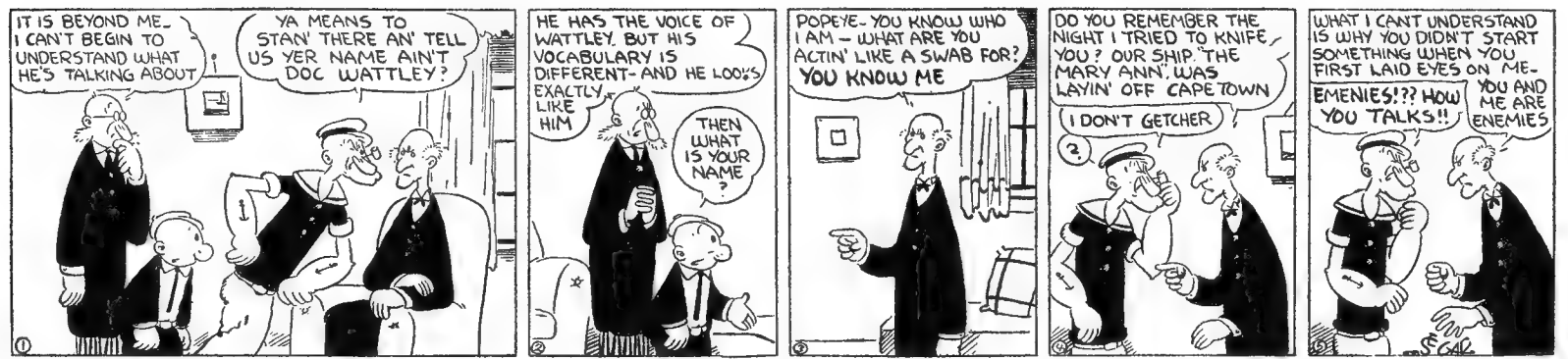


ANOTHER MYSTERY - ONE MILLION TIMES DEEPER THAN THE MYSTERY OF BROWNSTONE HILL

YOU'D GET QUITE A SHOCK IF YOU LOOKED INTO A MIRROR AND SAW SOMEBODY ELSE THERE INSTEAD OF YOURSELF, WOULDN'T YOU ?? - WELL - DOCTOR WATLEY - ETC - ETC -

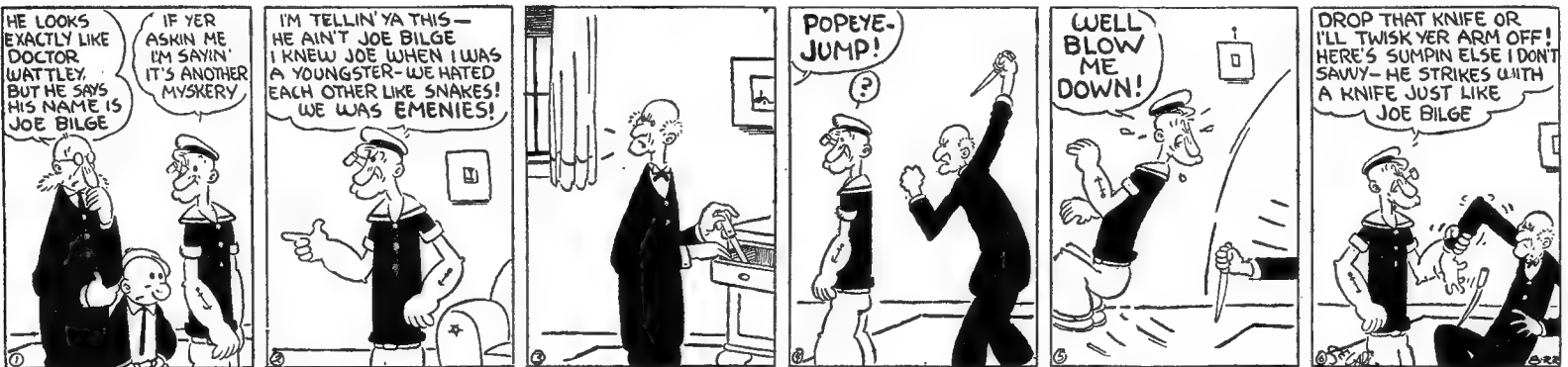


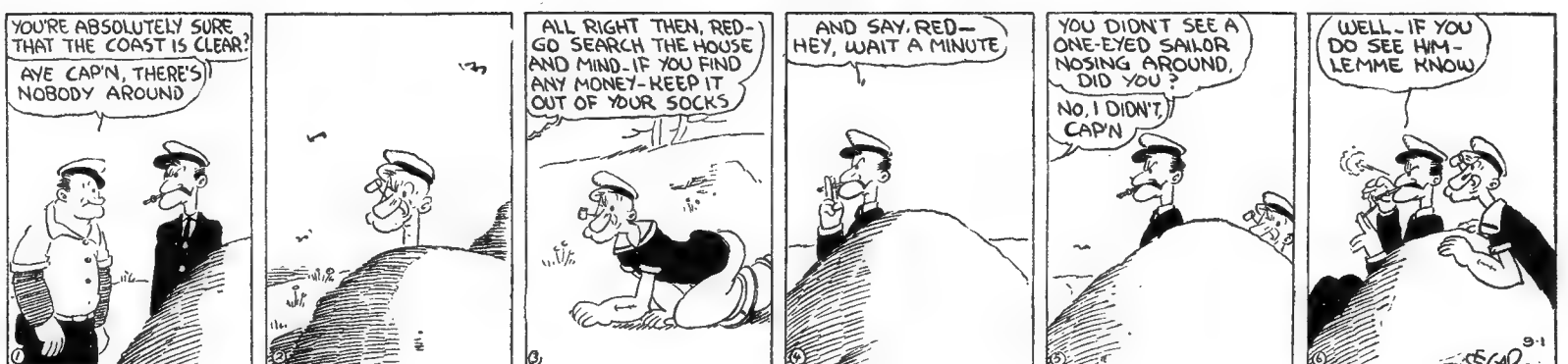
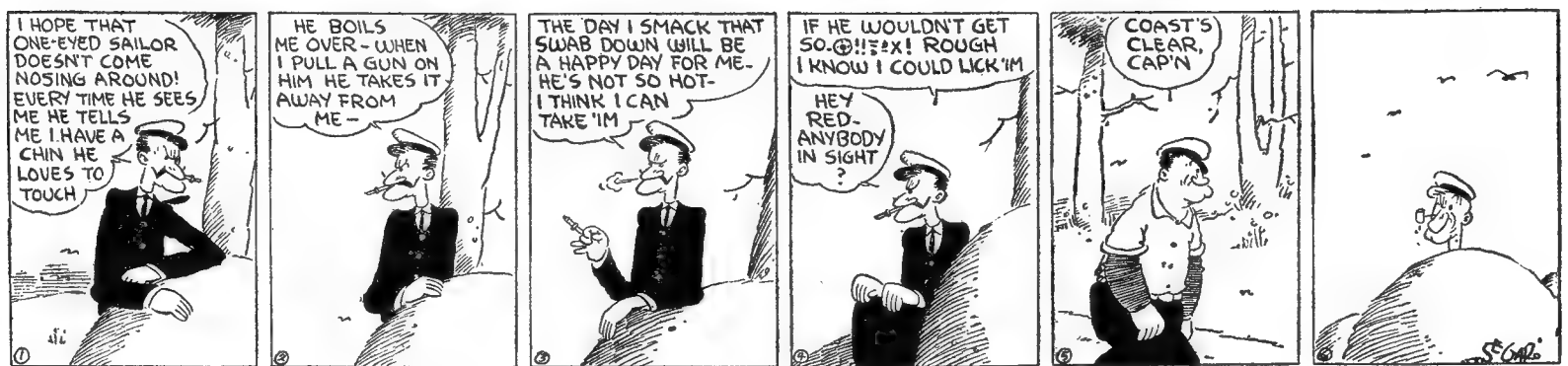
MY NAME IS NOT DOCTOR WATLEY

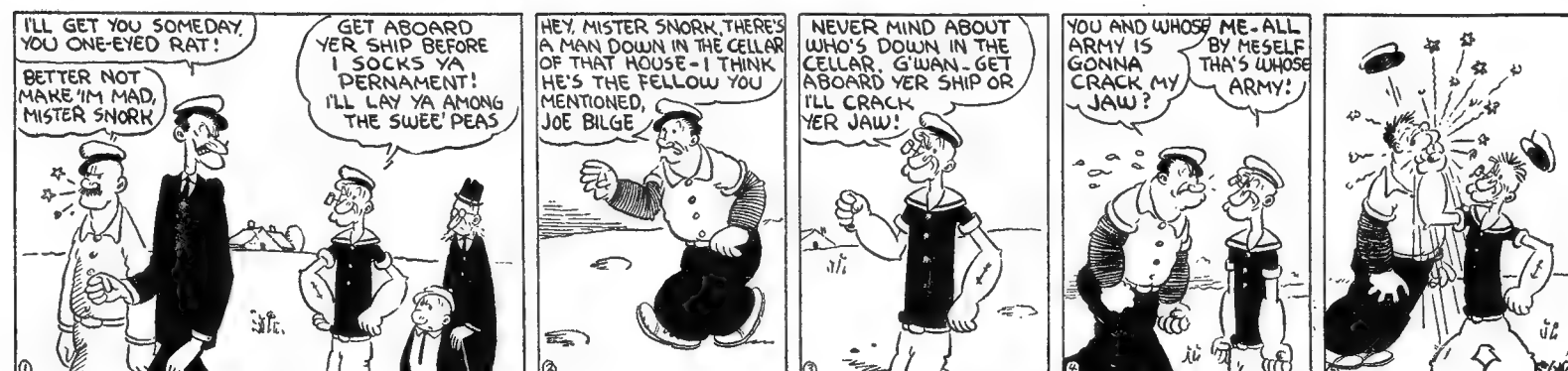
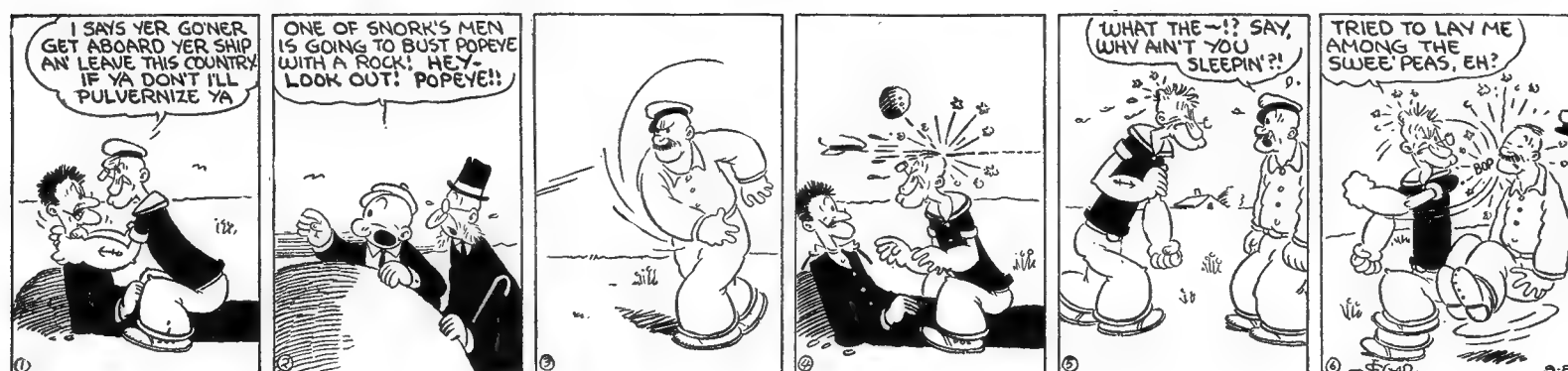
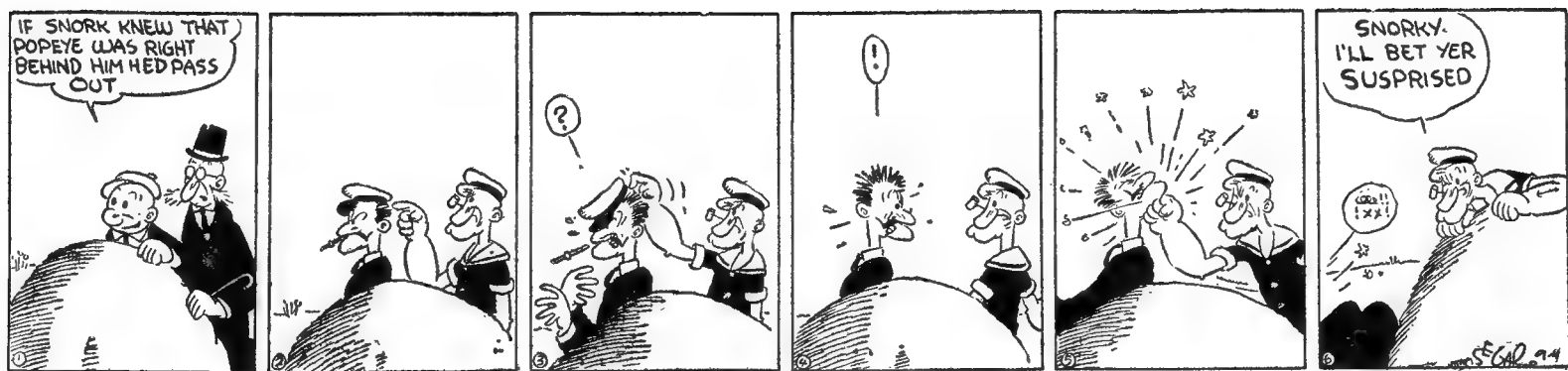


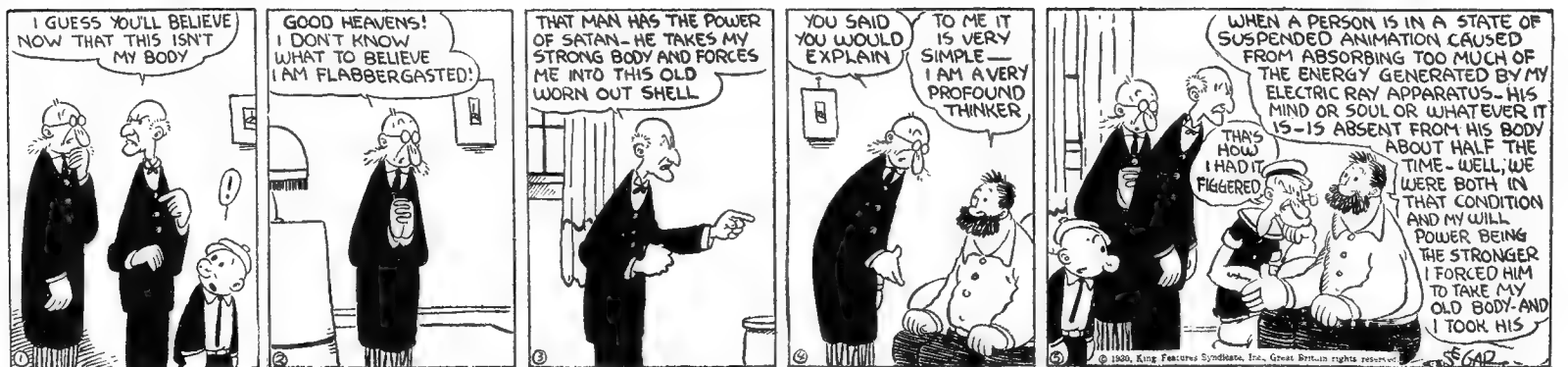
WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IS WHY YOU DIDN'T START SOMETHING WHEN YOU FIRST LAID EYES ON ME - ENEMIES??? HOW YOU TALKS!! YOU AND ME ARE ENEMIES

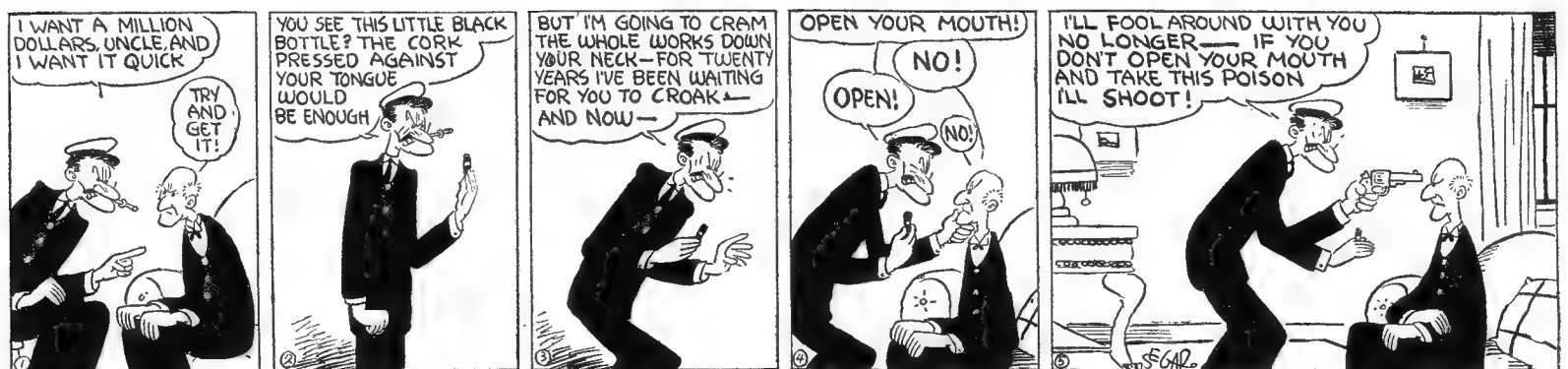
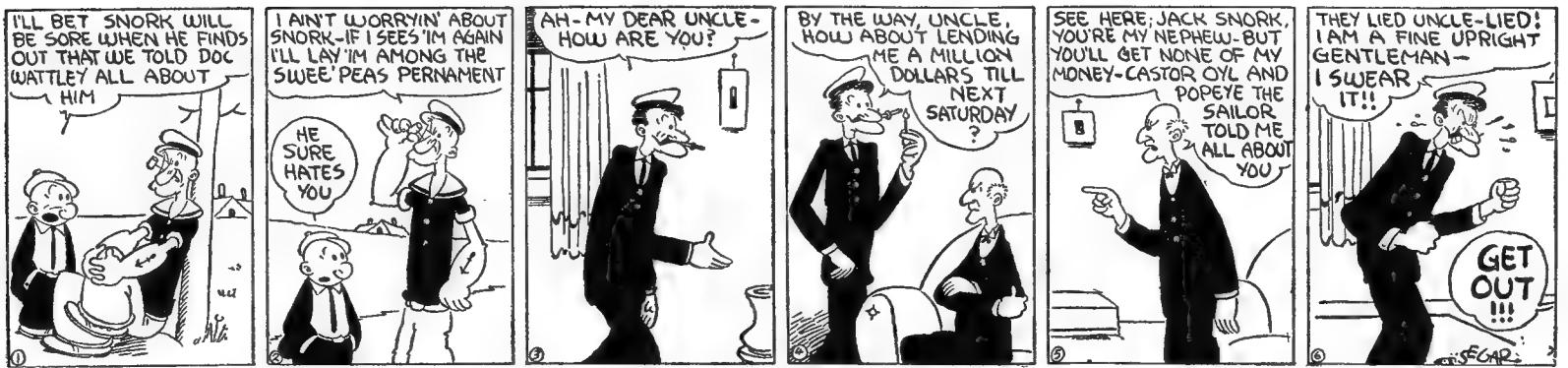
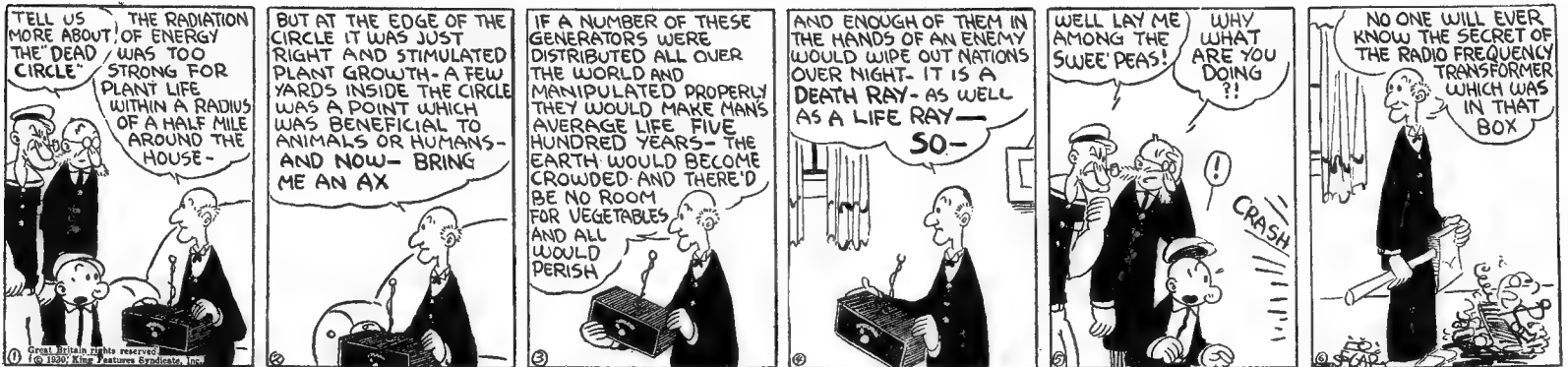
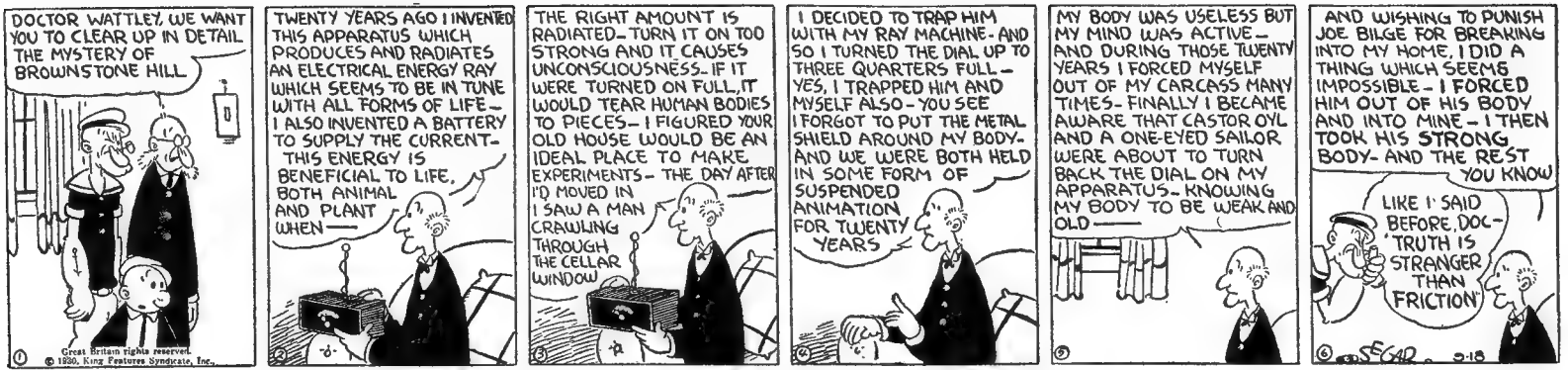


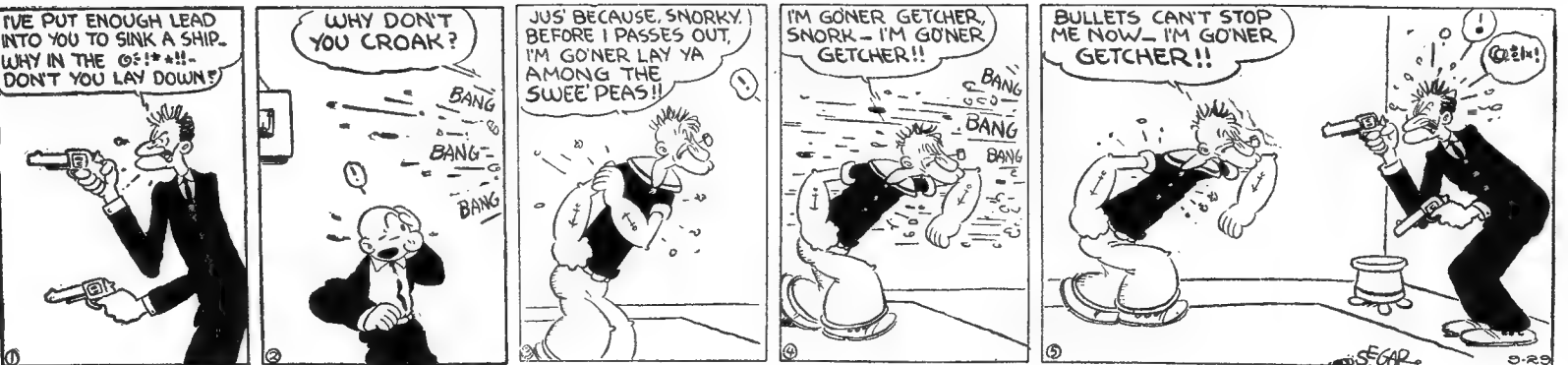
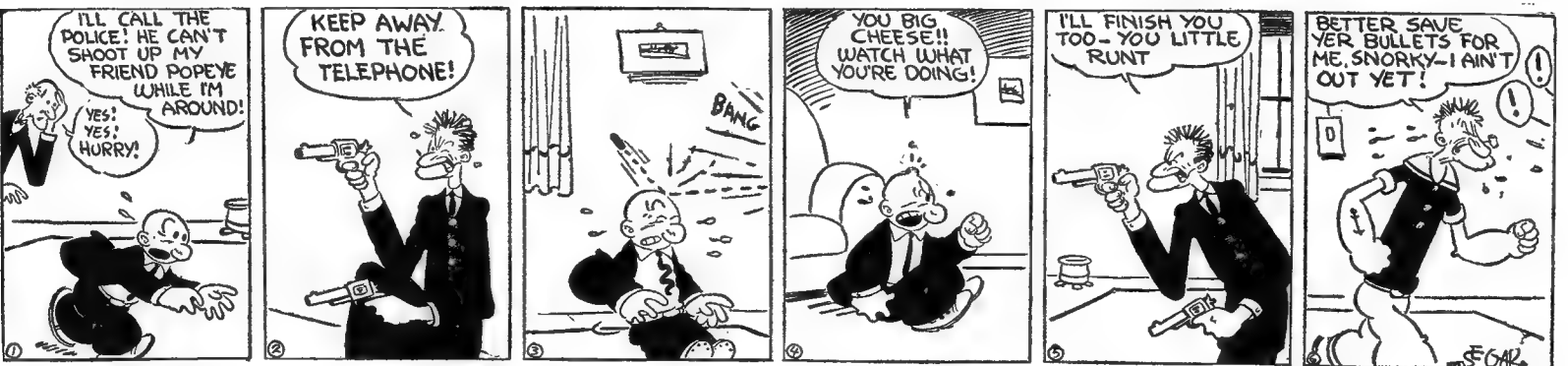
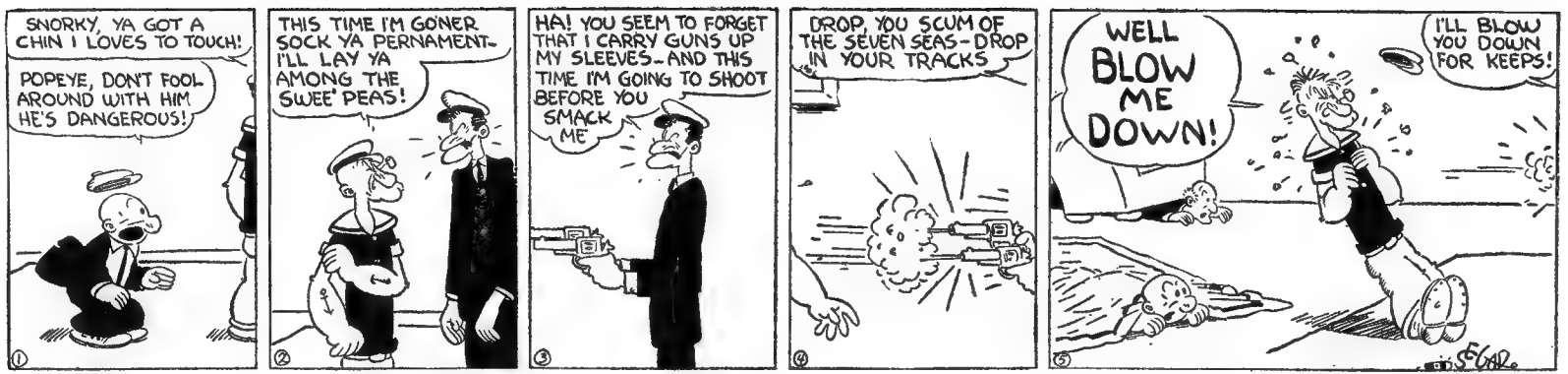


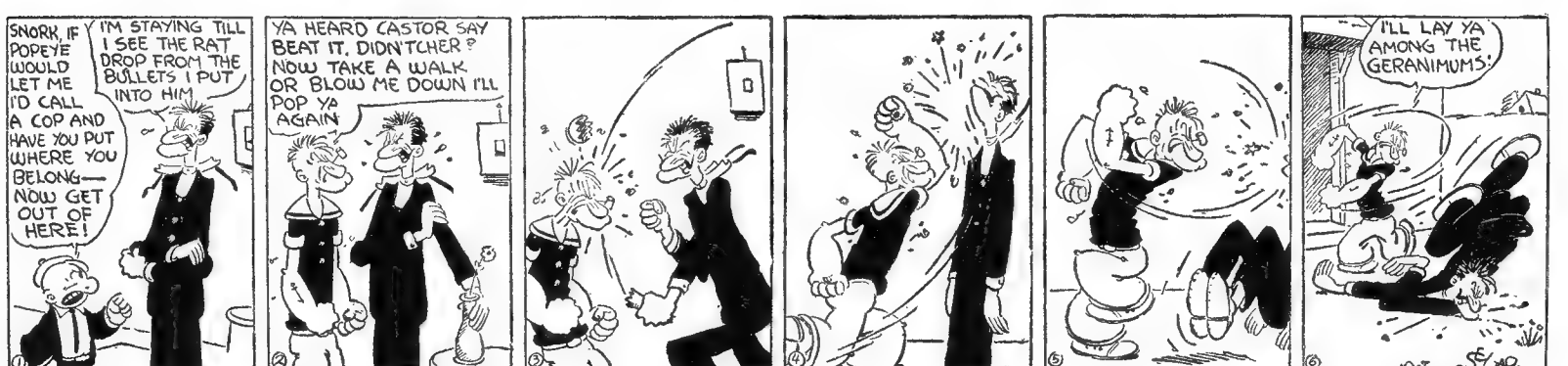
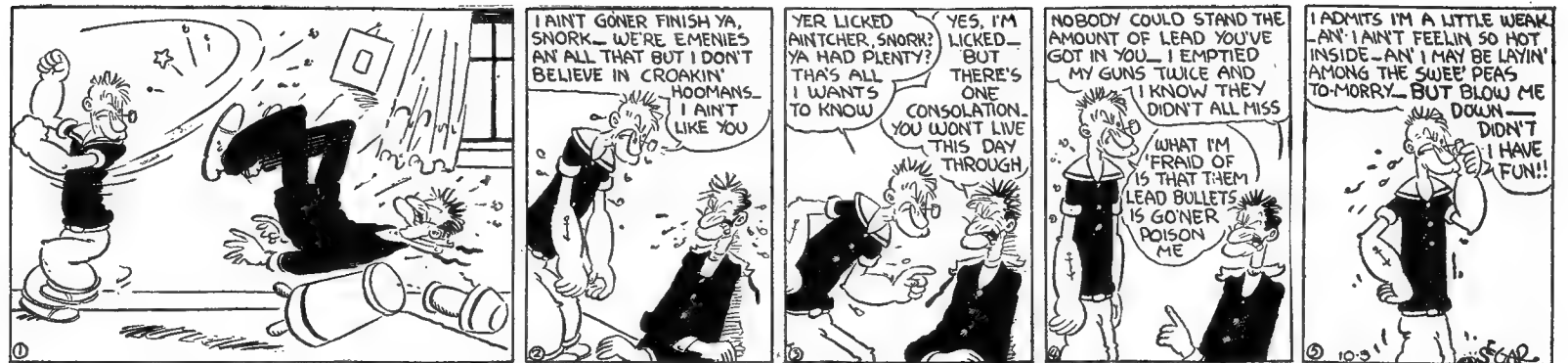
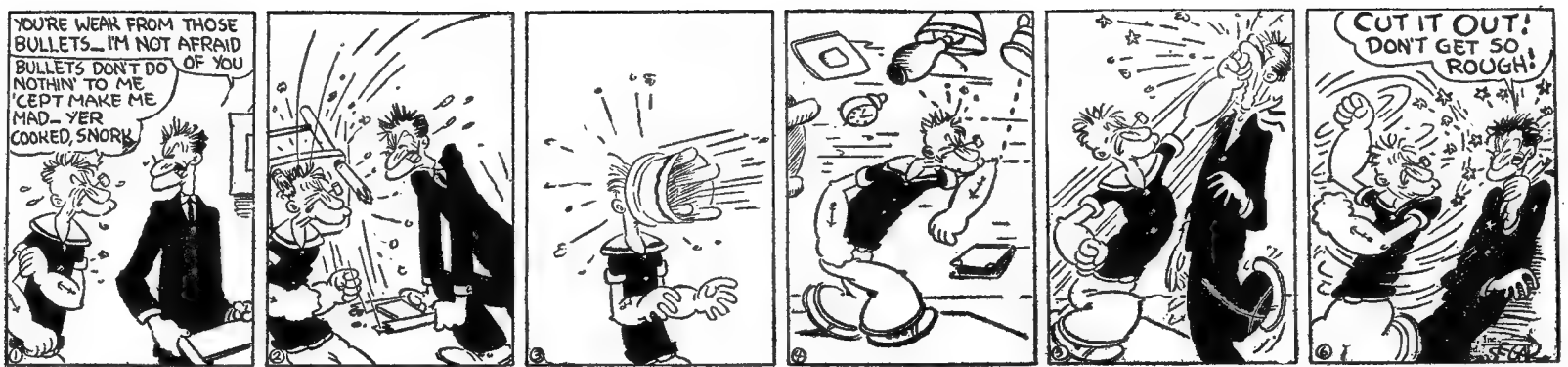


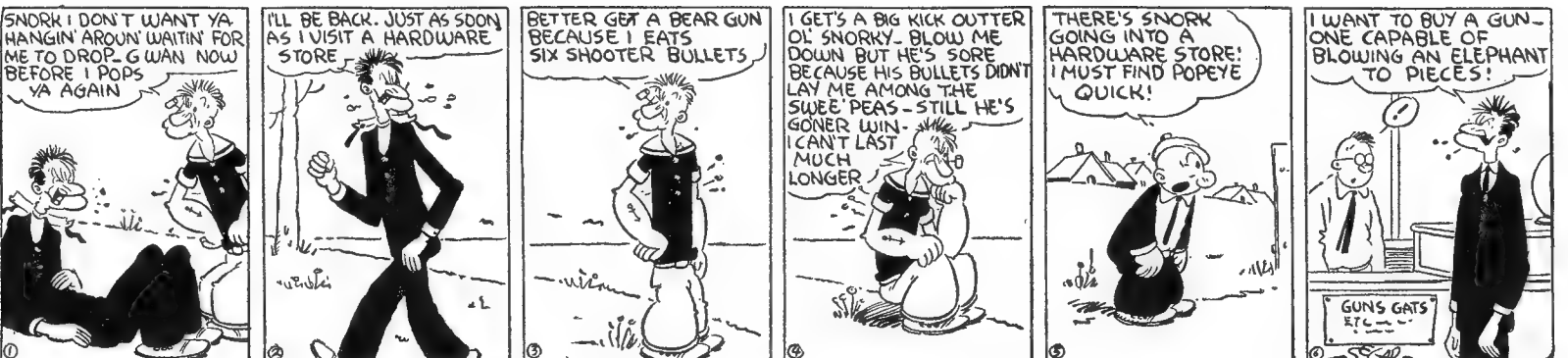
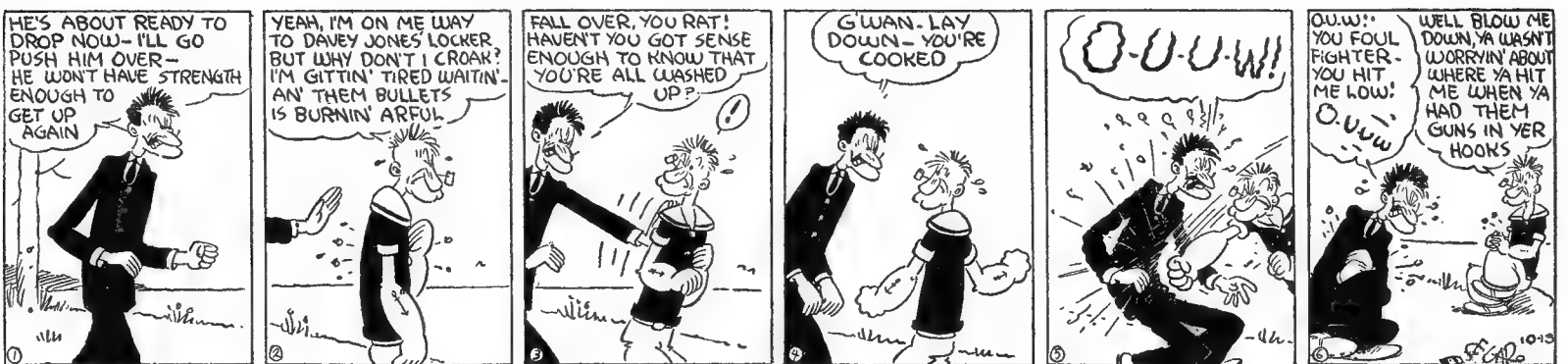
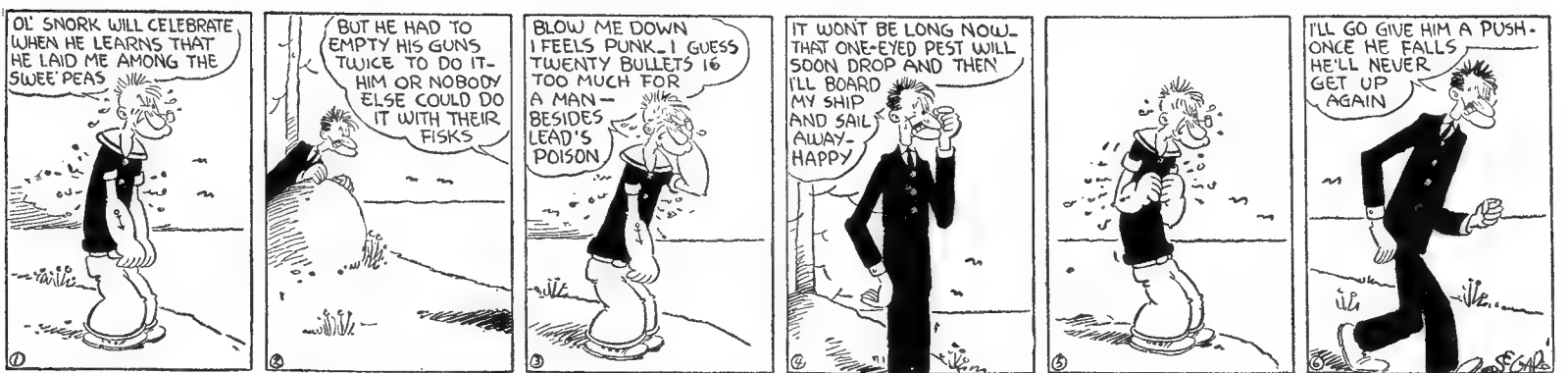
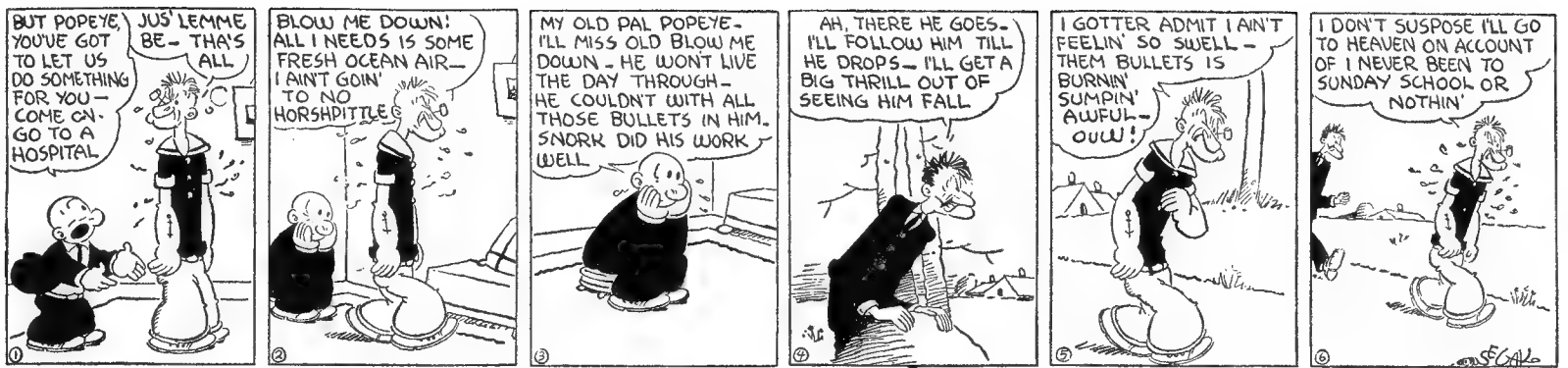




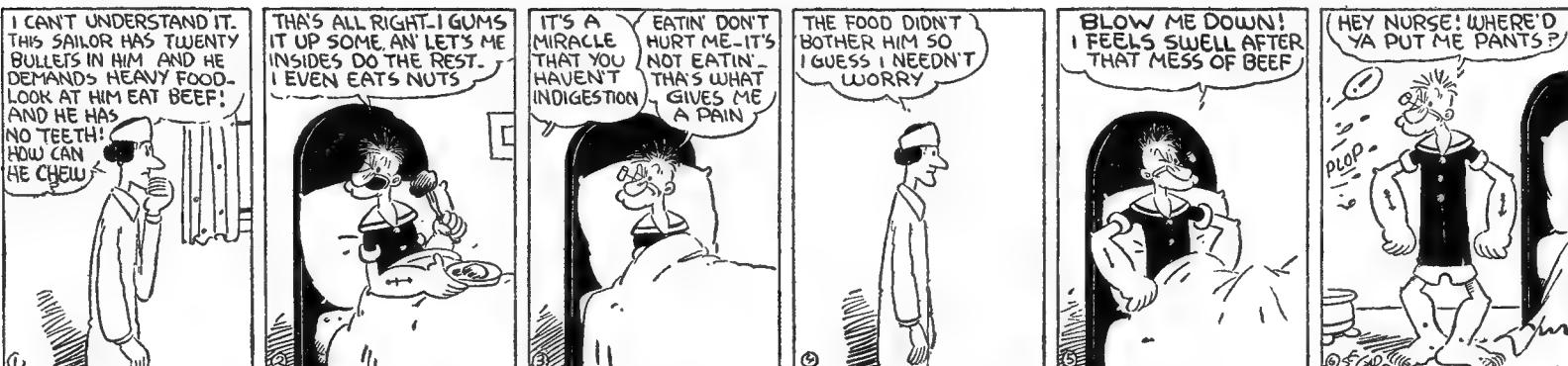
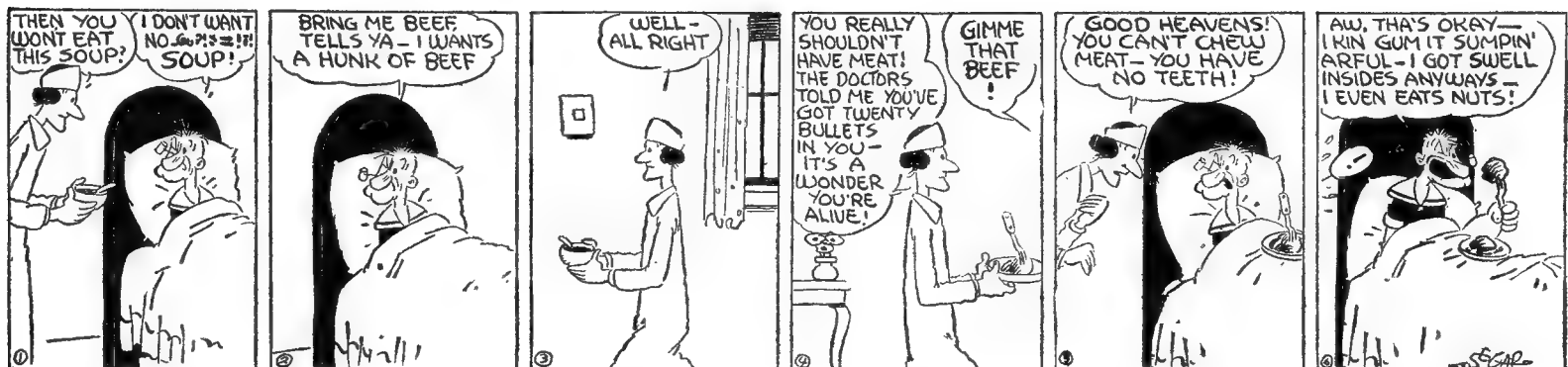
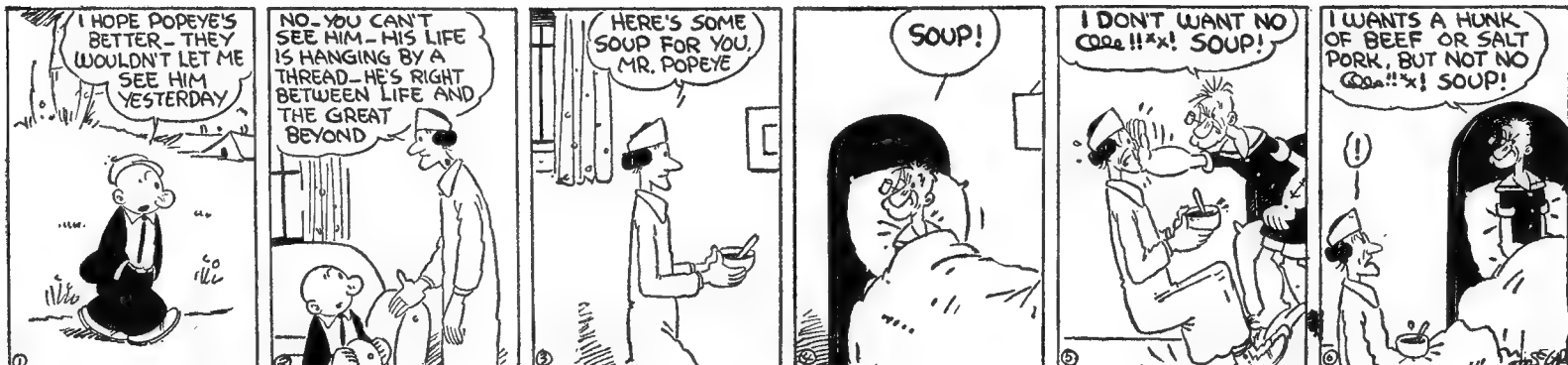
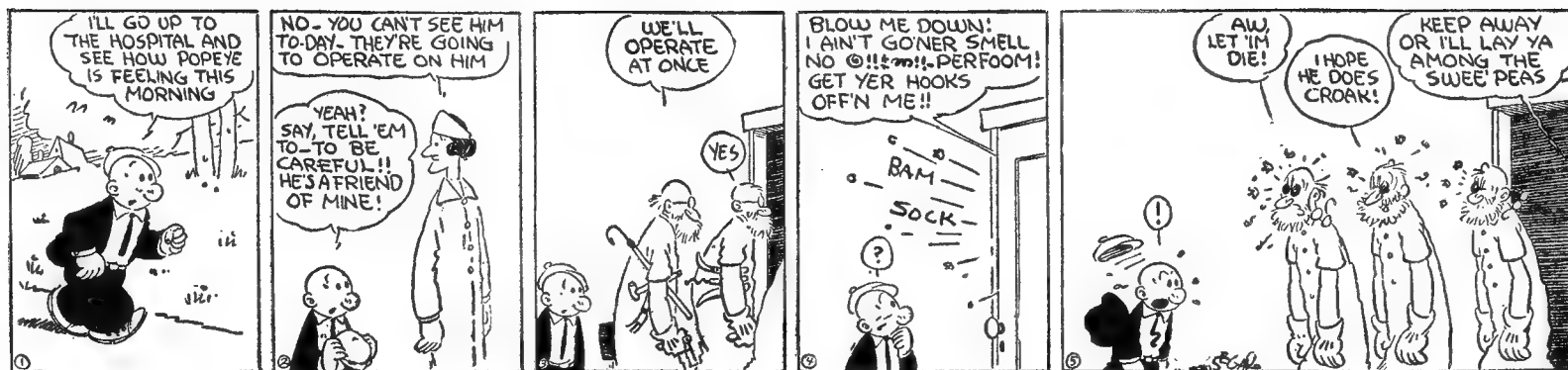


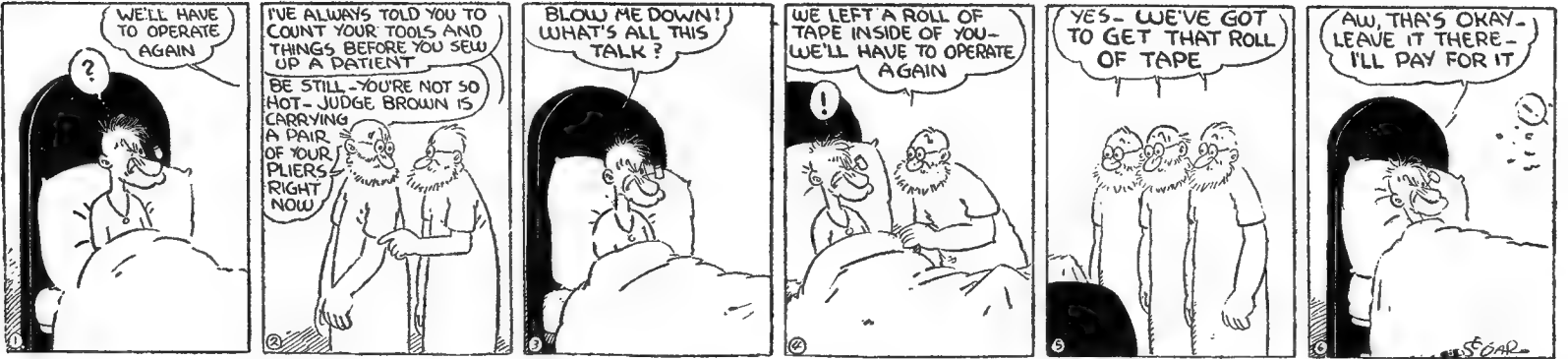


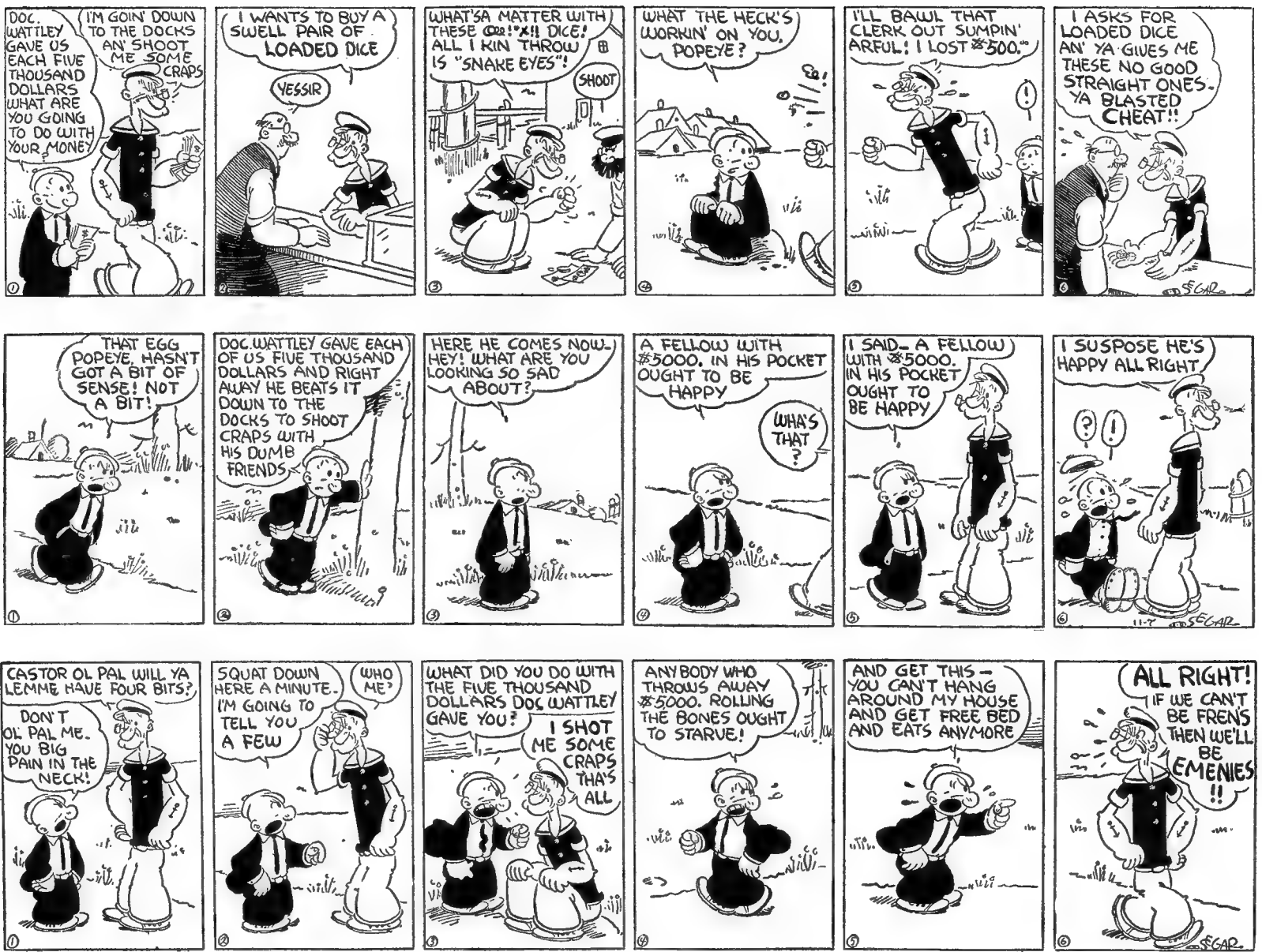






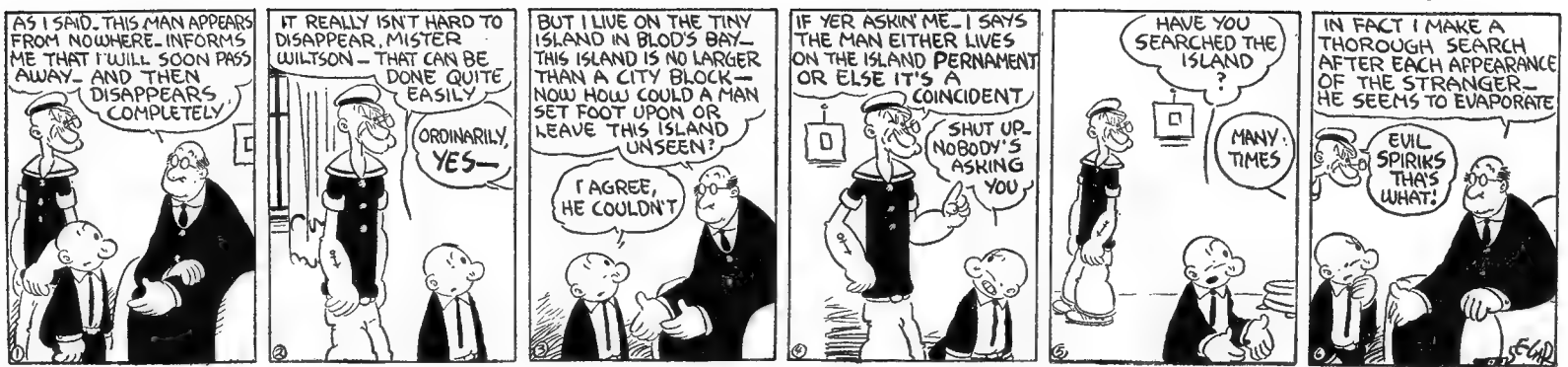


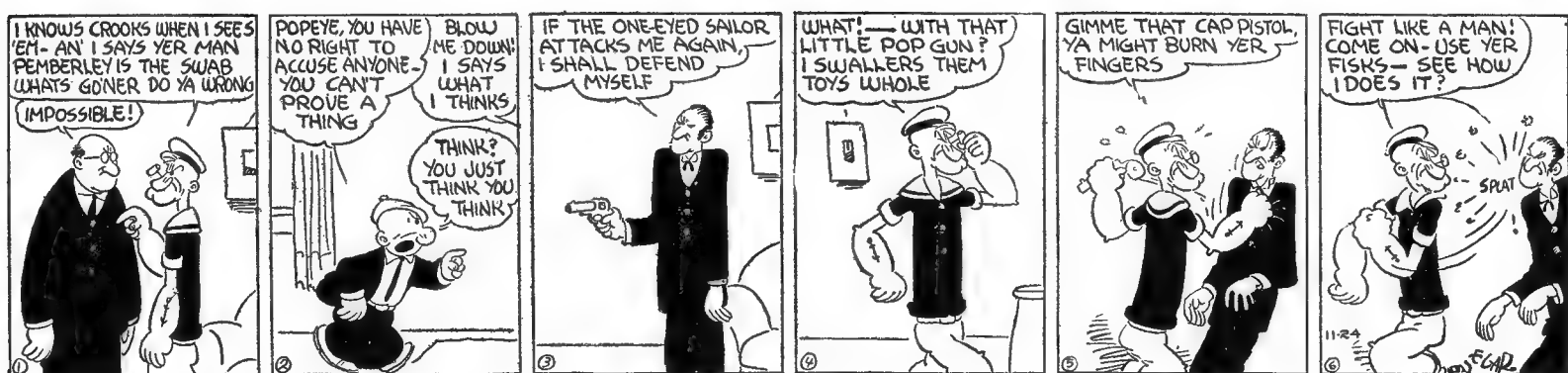
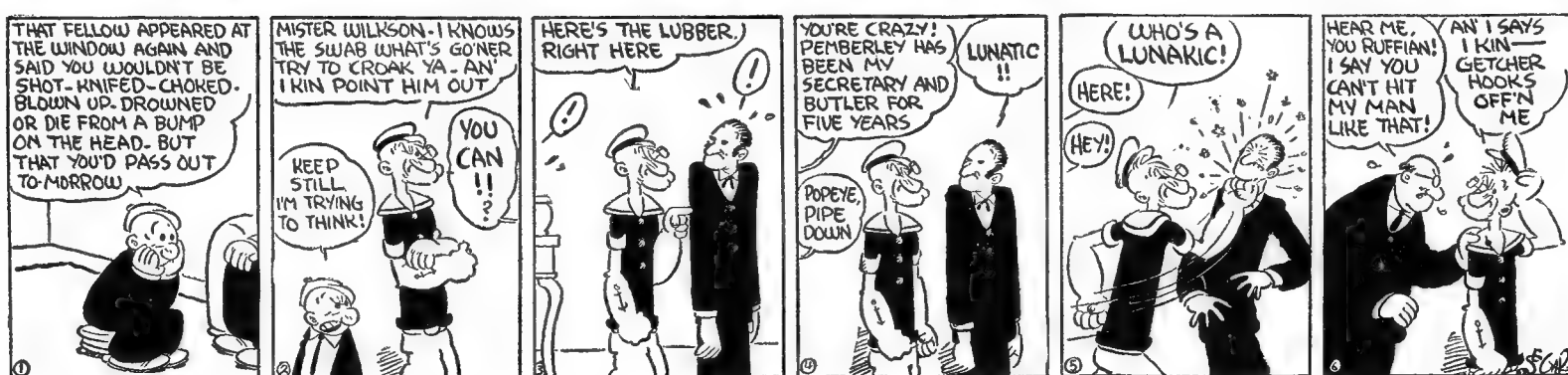
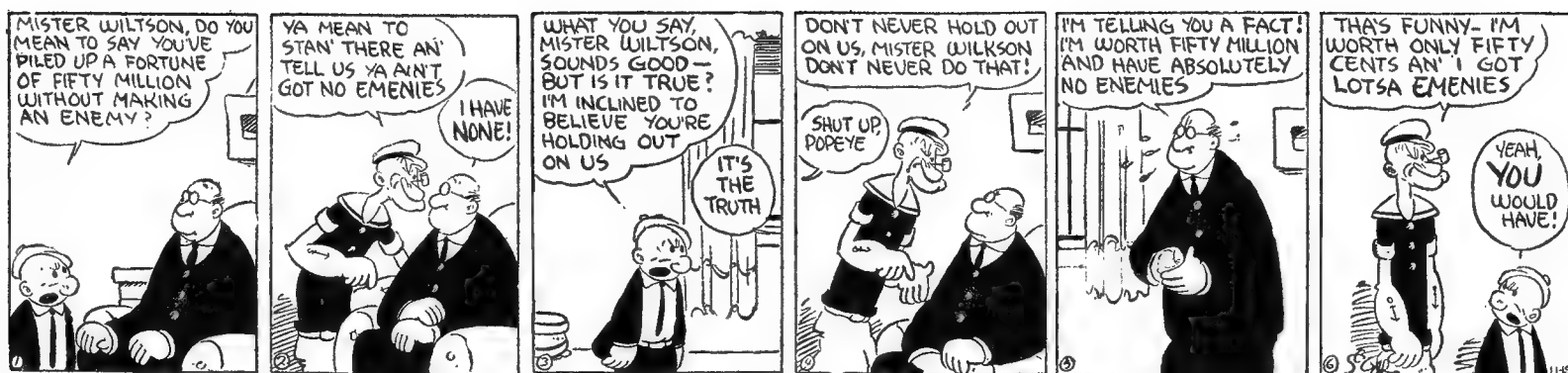


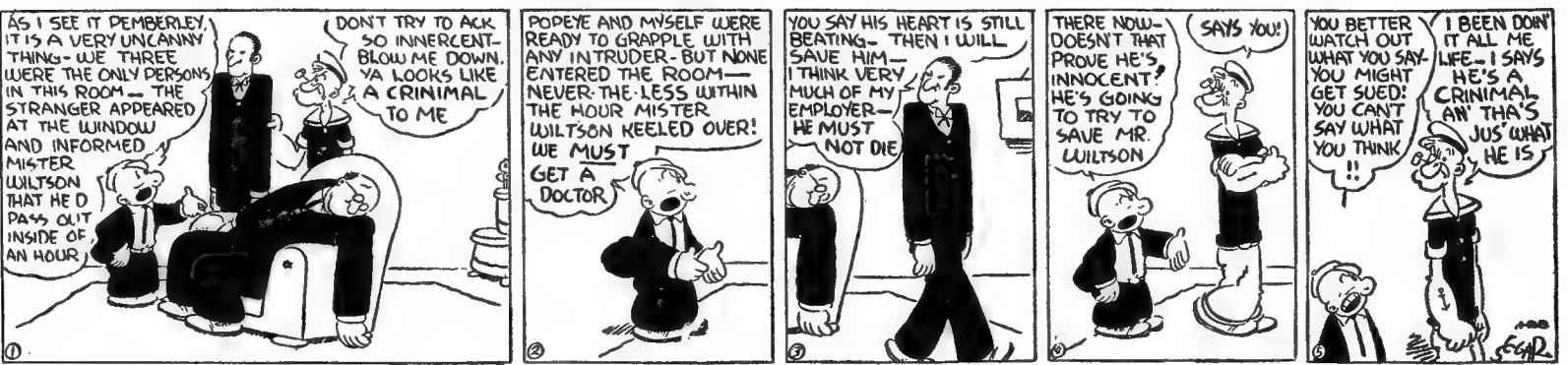


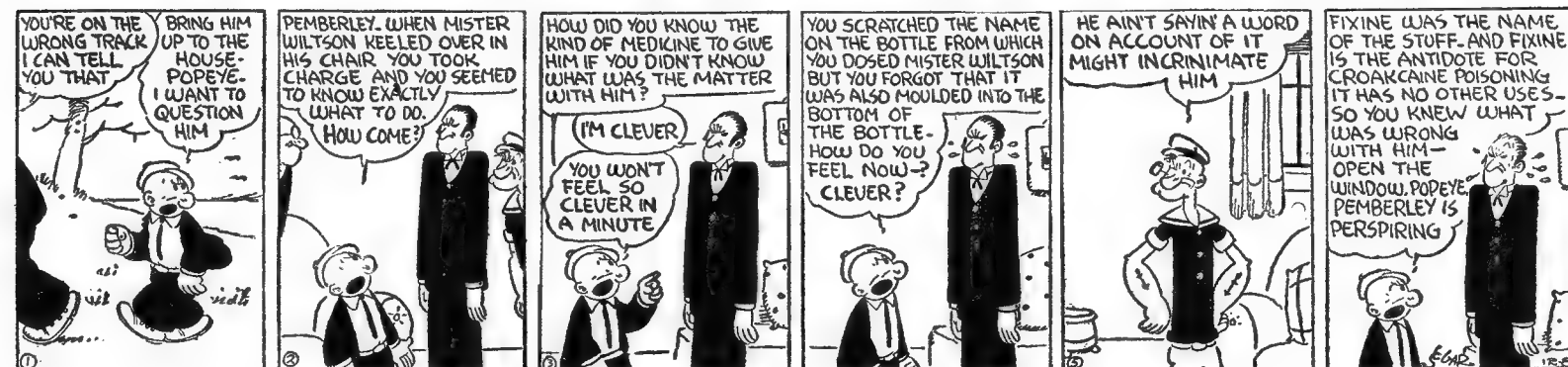
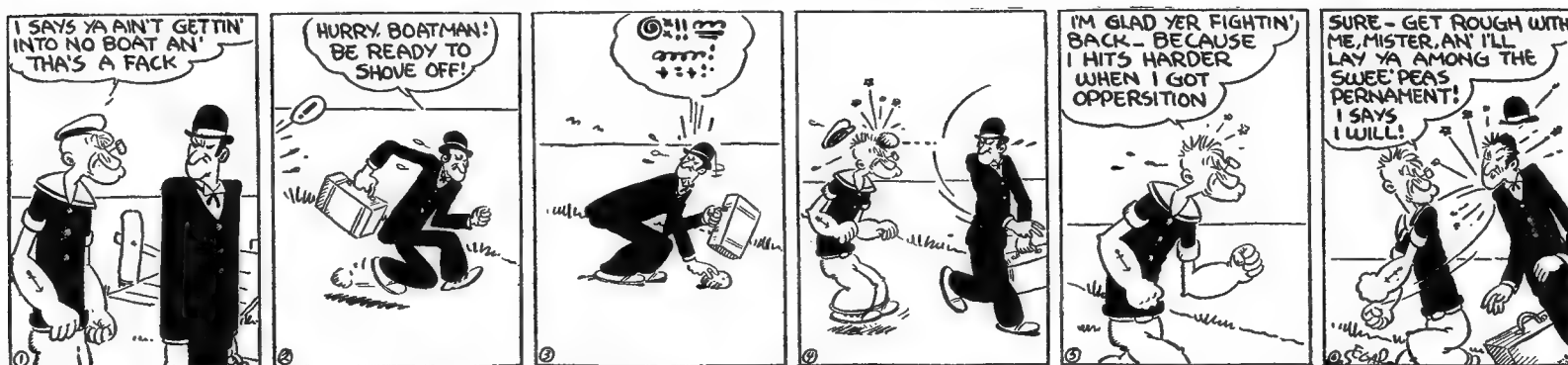
CHAPTER X: THE WILTSON MYSTERY

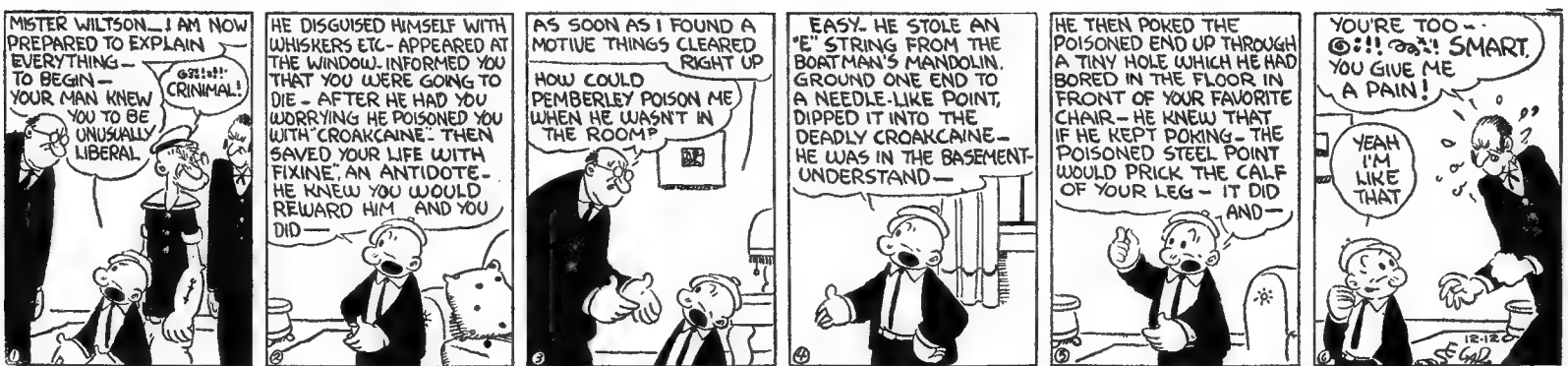


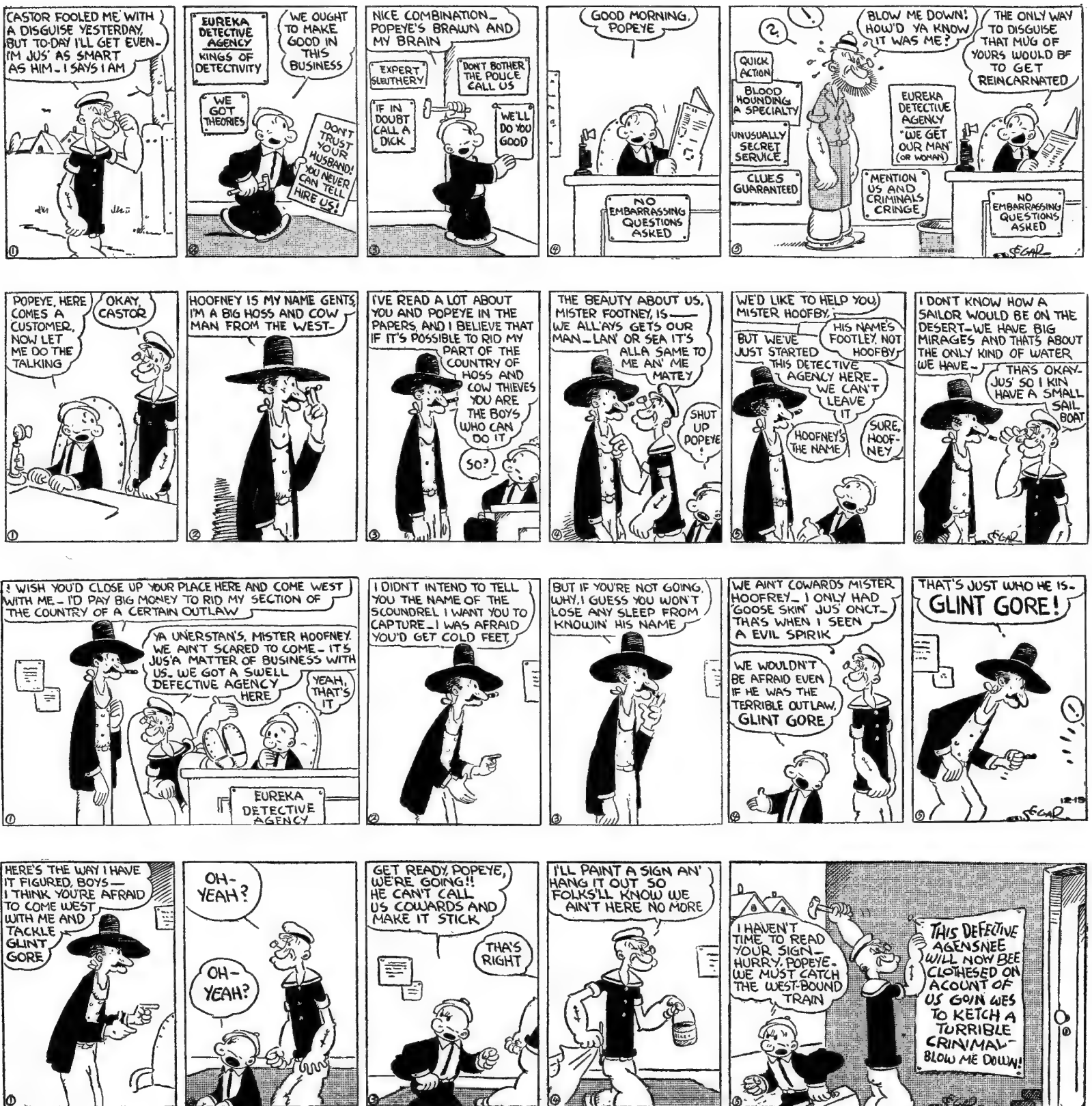












IN OUR NEXT VOLUME

AVAILABLE FALL 2007



The conclusion of Popeye and Castor's quest for Clint Gore — if Popeye can avoid being "scalped" by the Indians!



In our expanded Sunday section, Popeye's career as a pugilist continues apace!

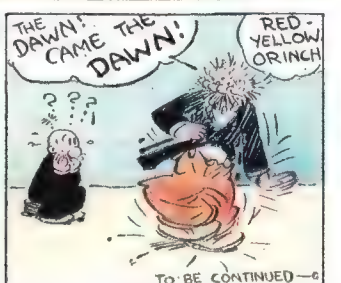
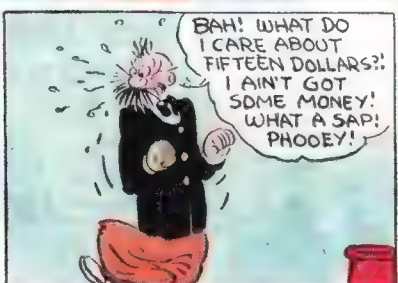
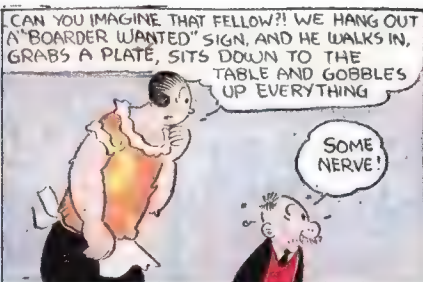
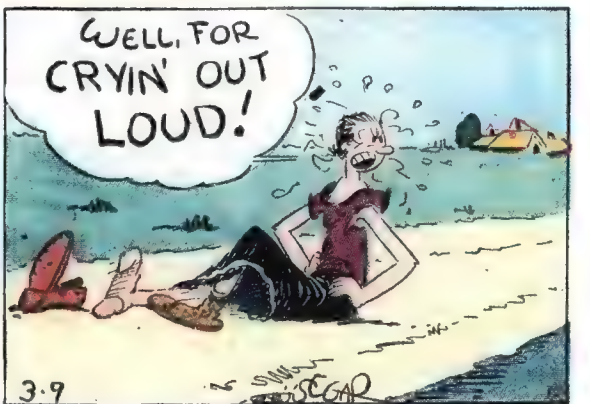
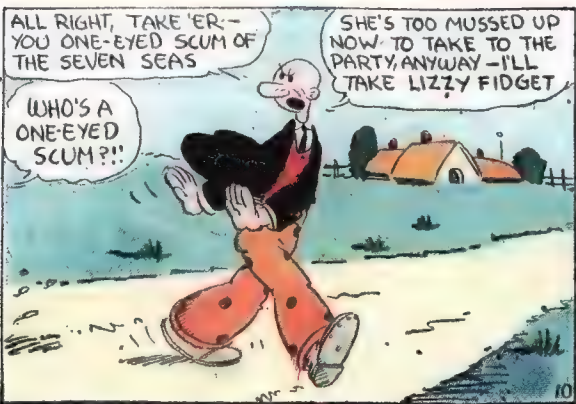
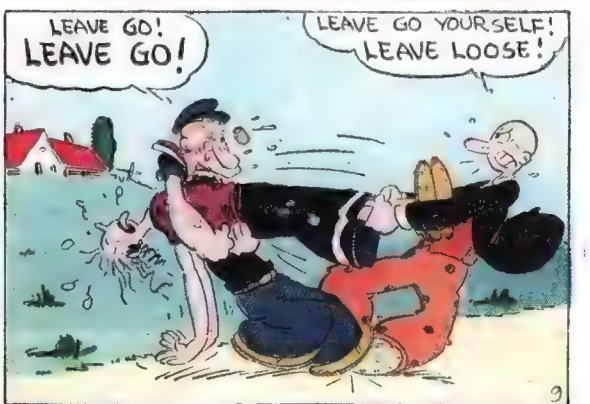
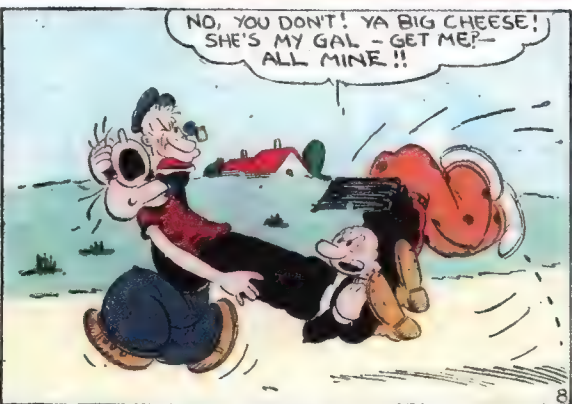
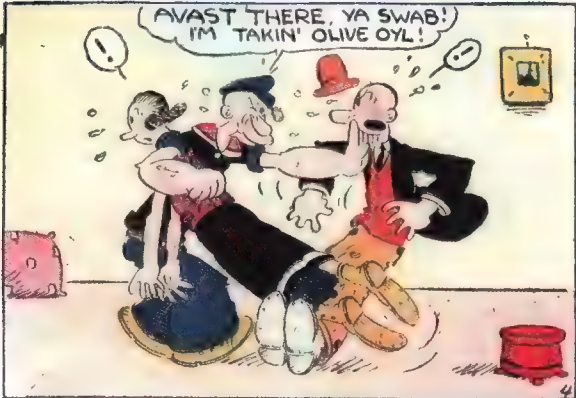
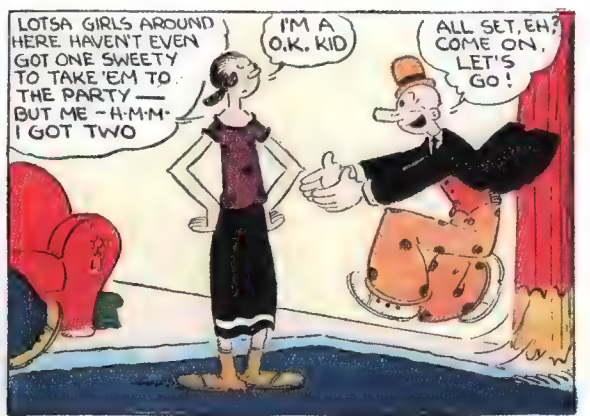
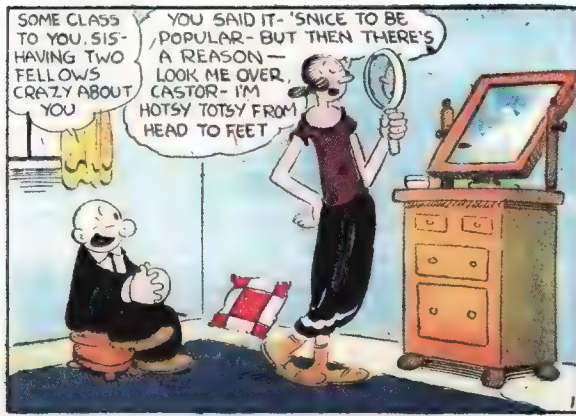


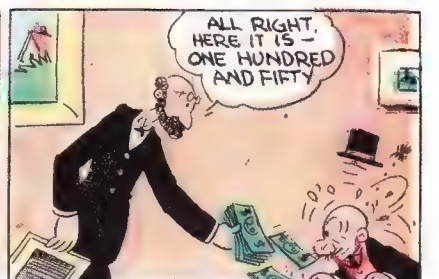
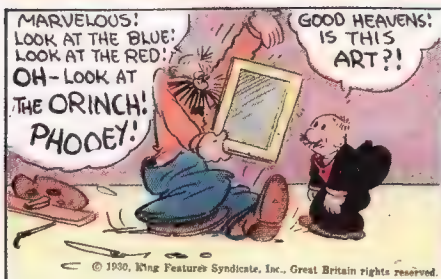
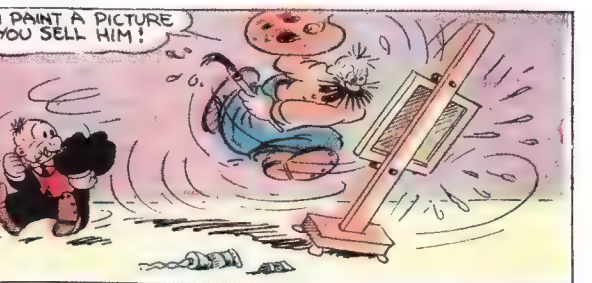
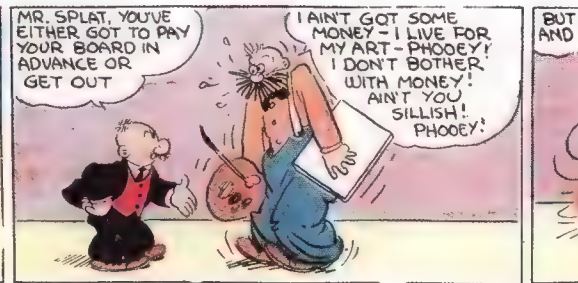
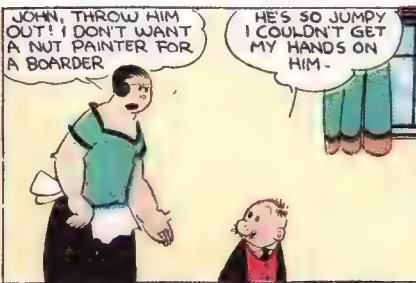
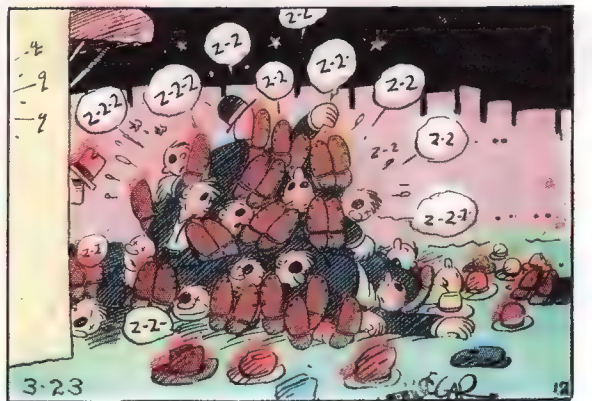
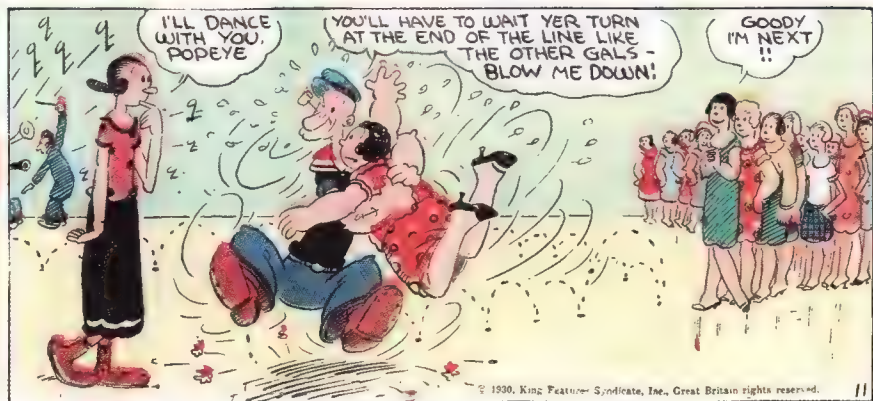
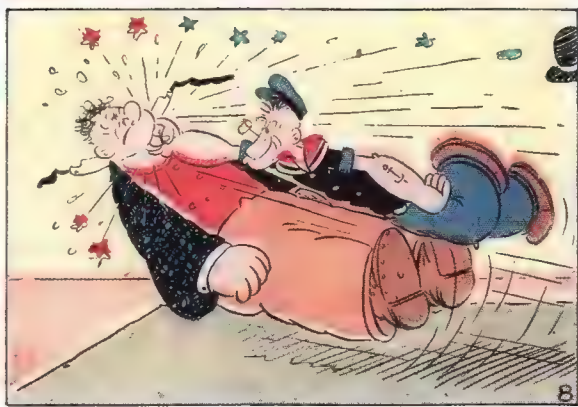
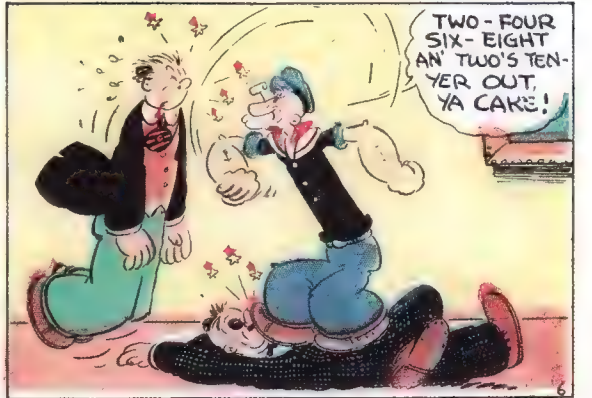
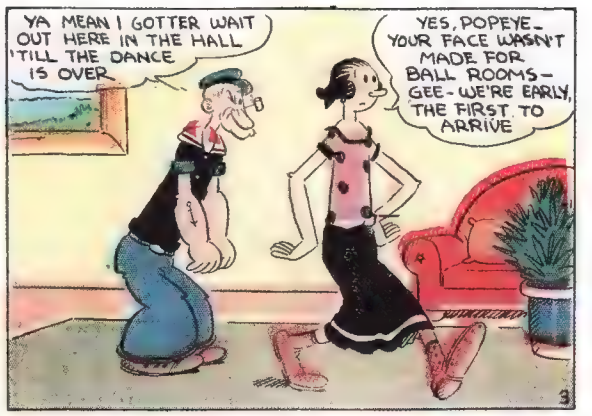
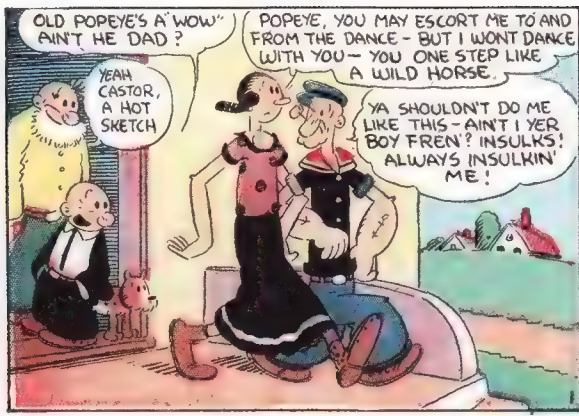
Acting as a "substitoot king" in Nazilia, Popeye does his best to "blow the emeny down"!

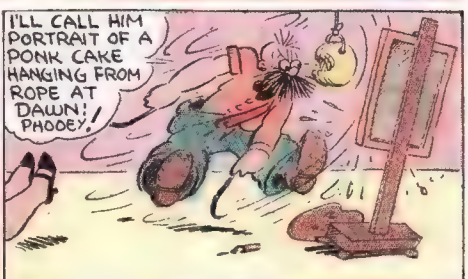
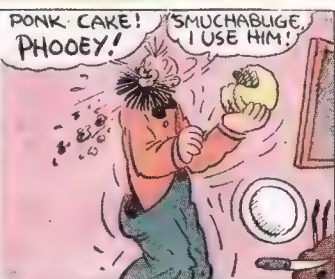
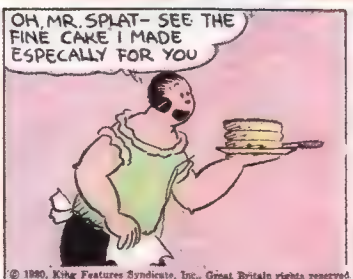
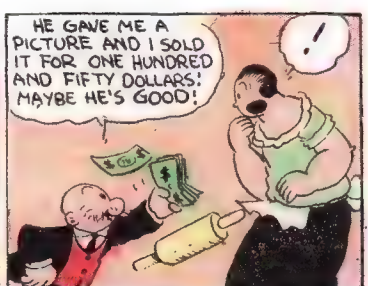
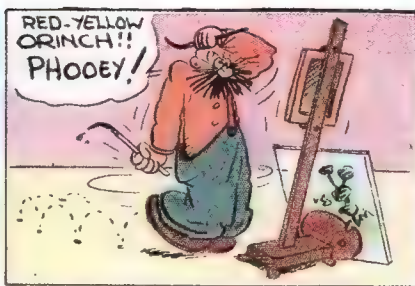
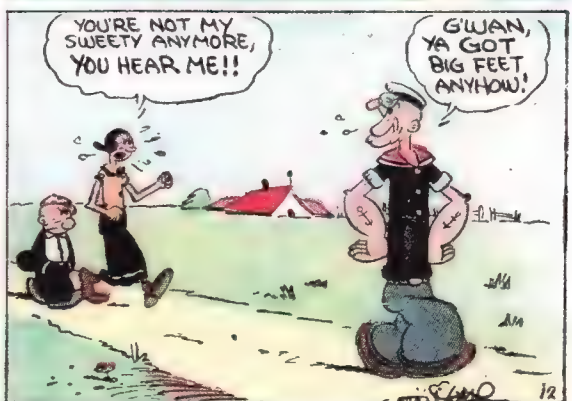
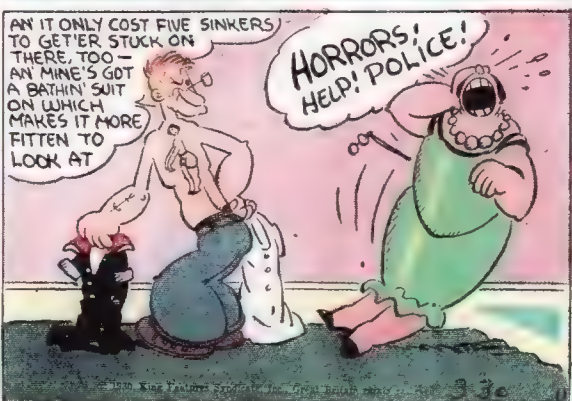
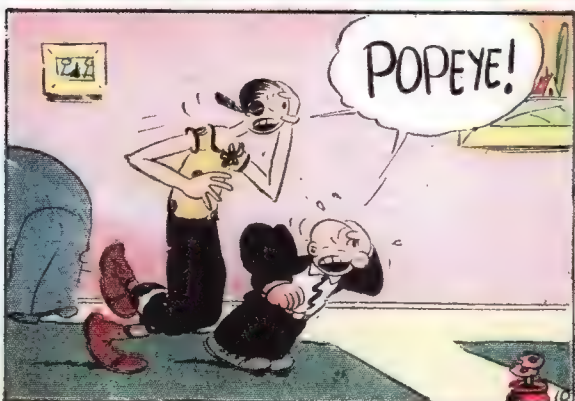
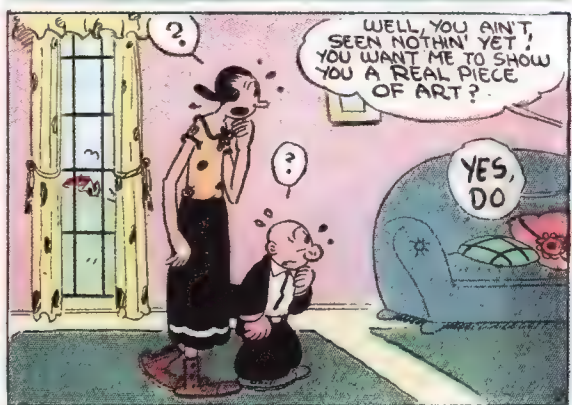
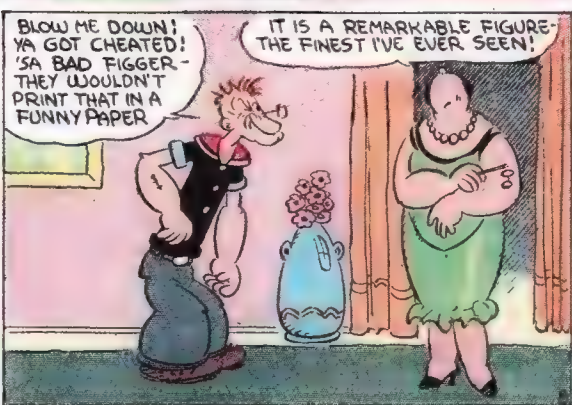
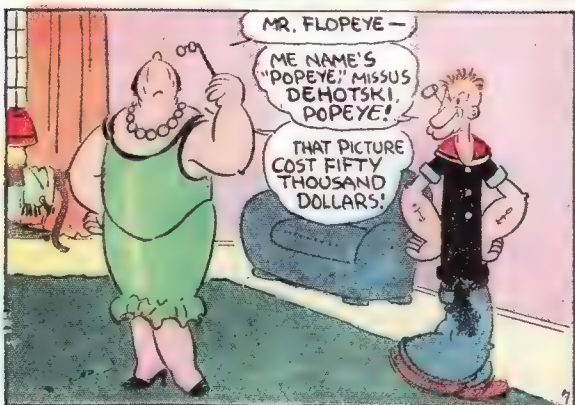
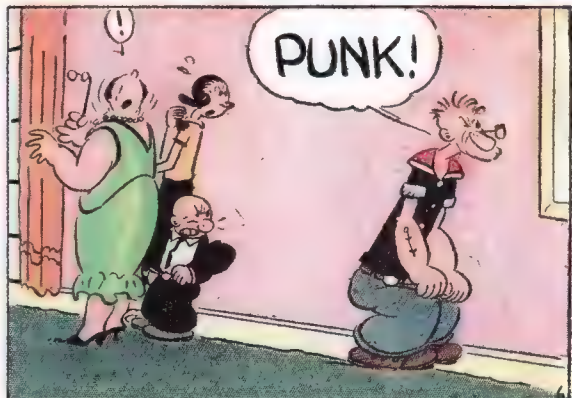
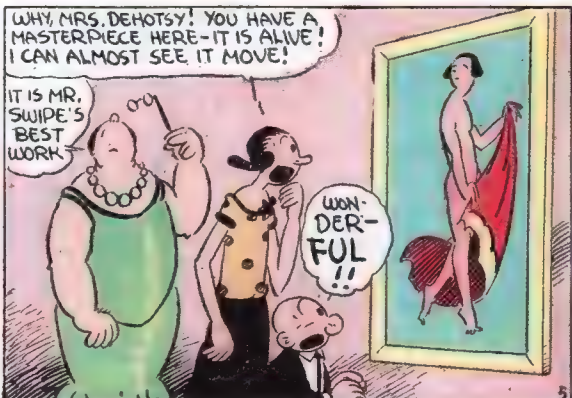
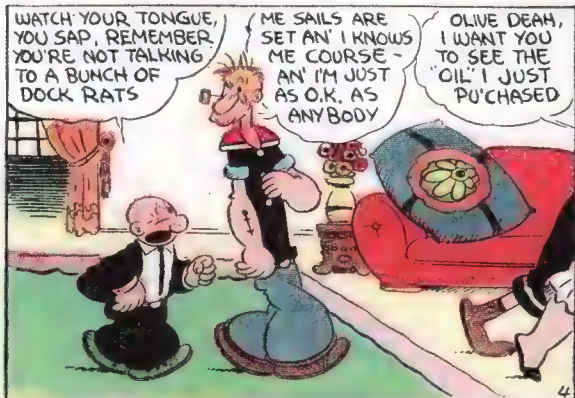
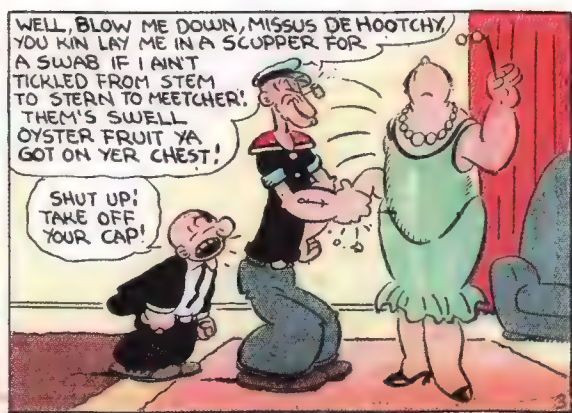
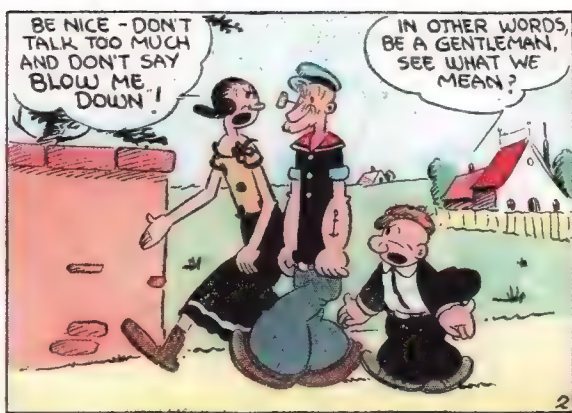


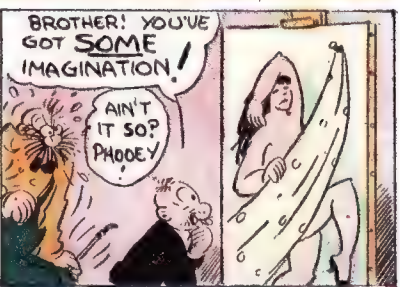
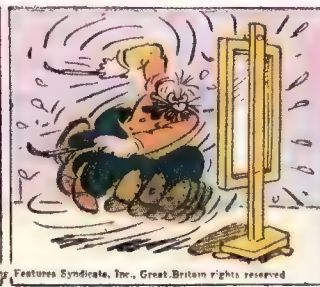
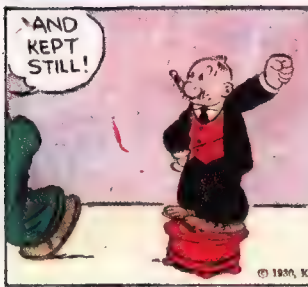
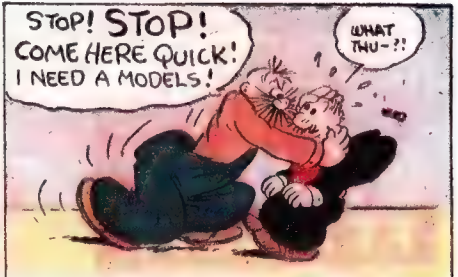
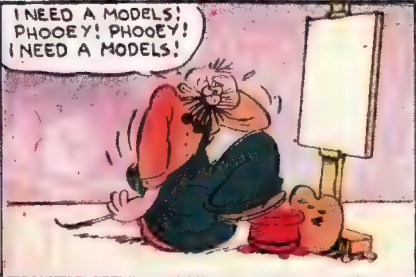
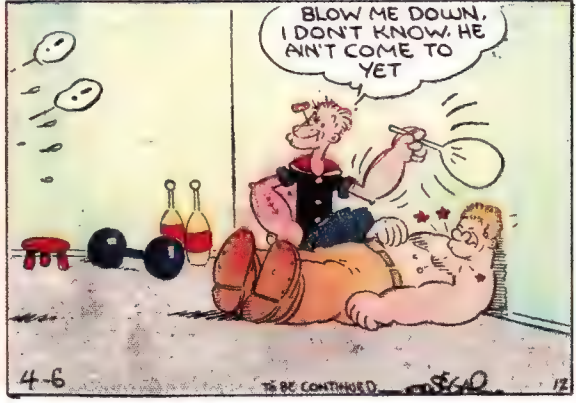
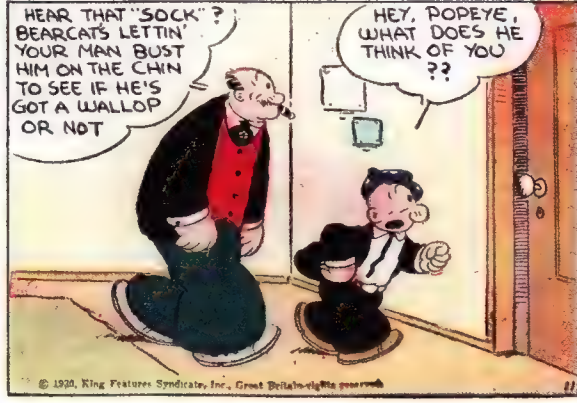
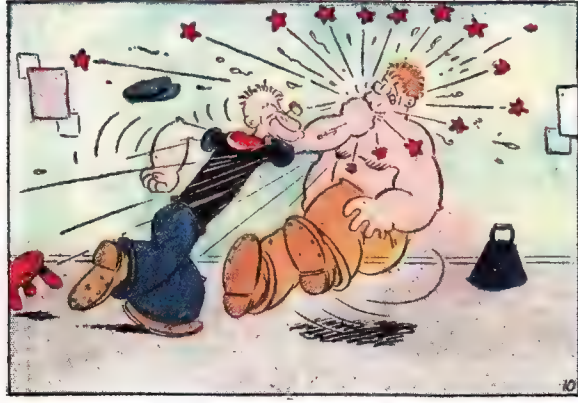
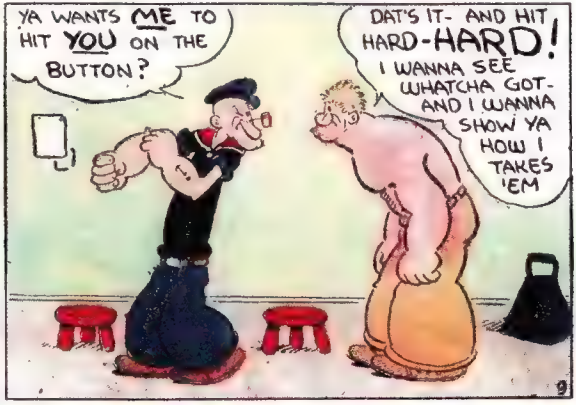
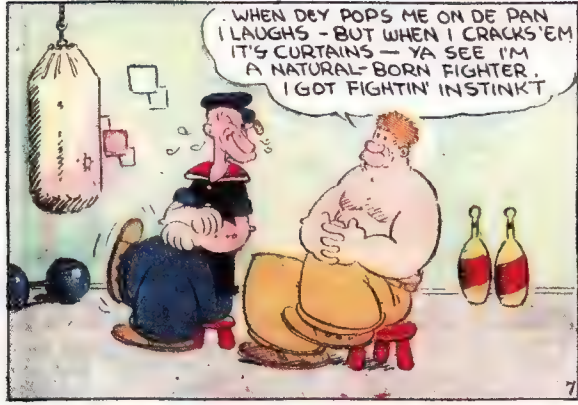
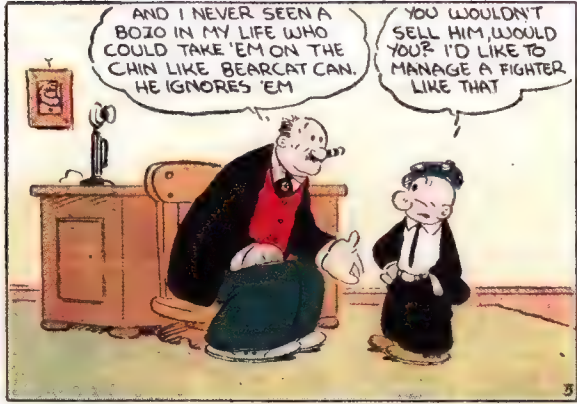
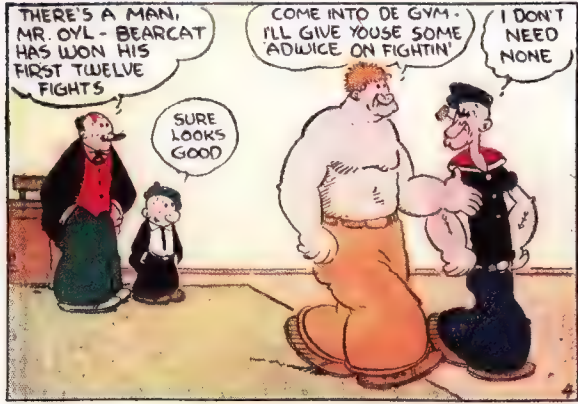
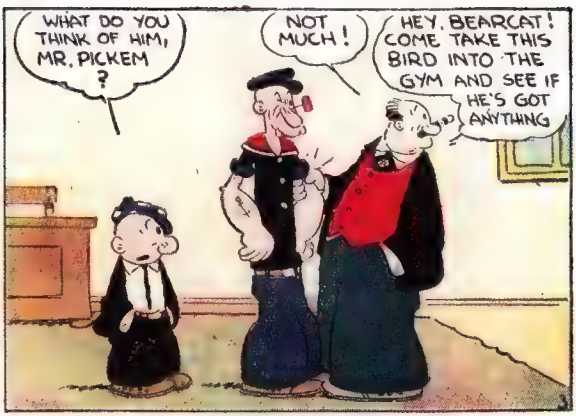
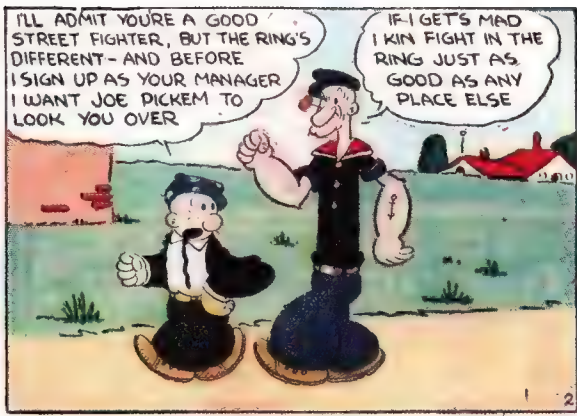
Popeye journeys to Skullville, "the toughest town in the world"!

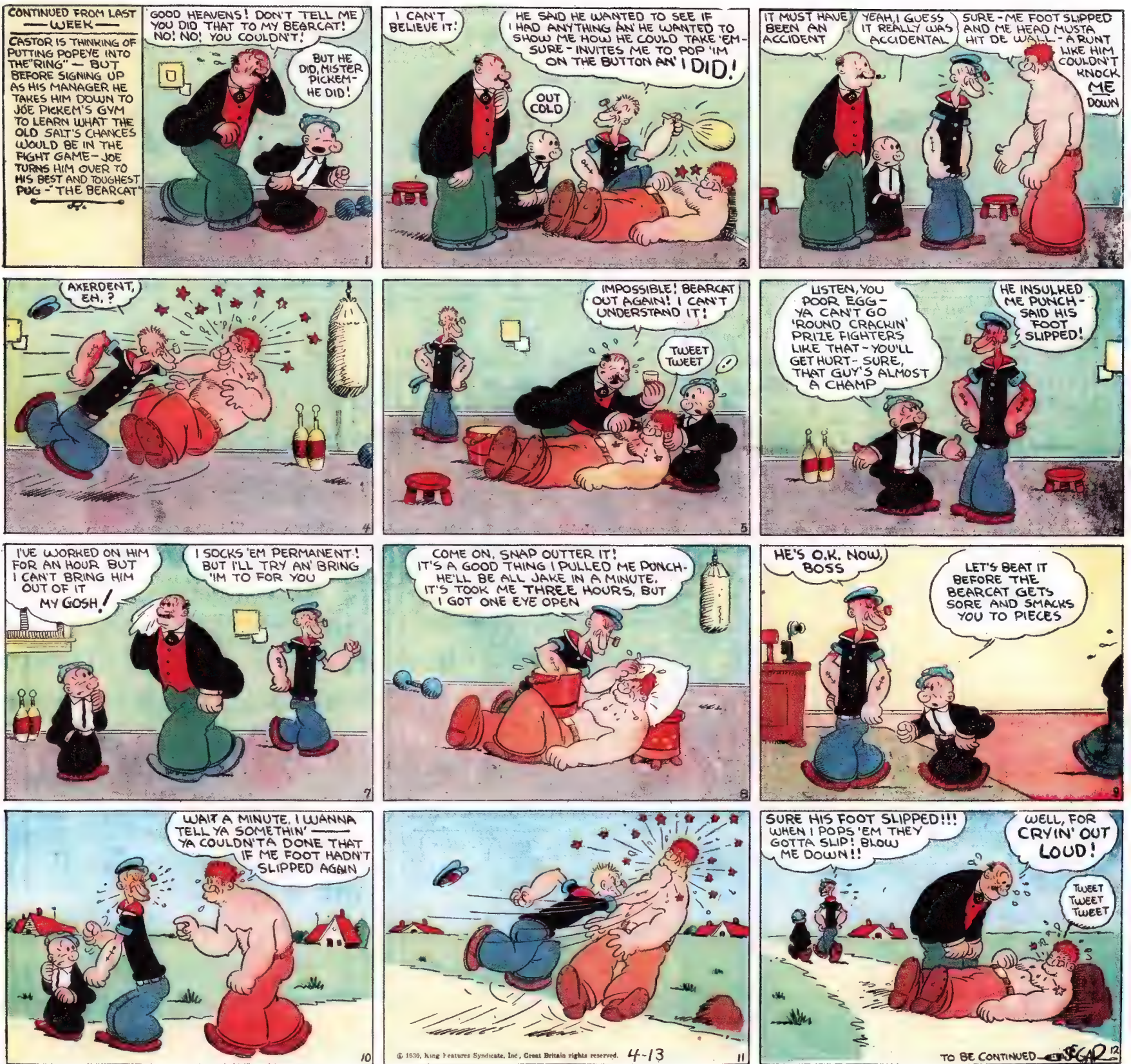
AND, BEST OF ALL: J. WELLINGTON WIMPY!



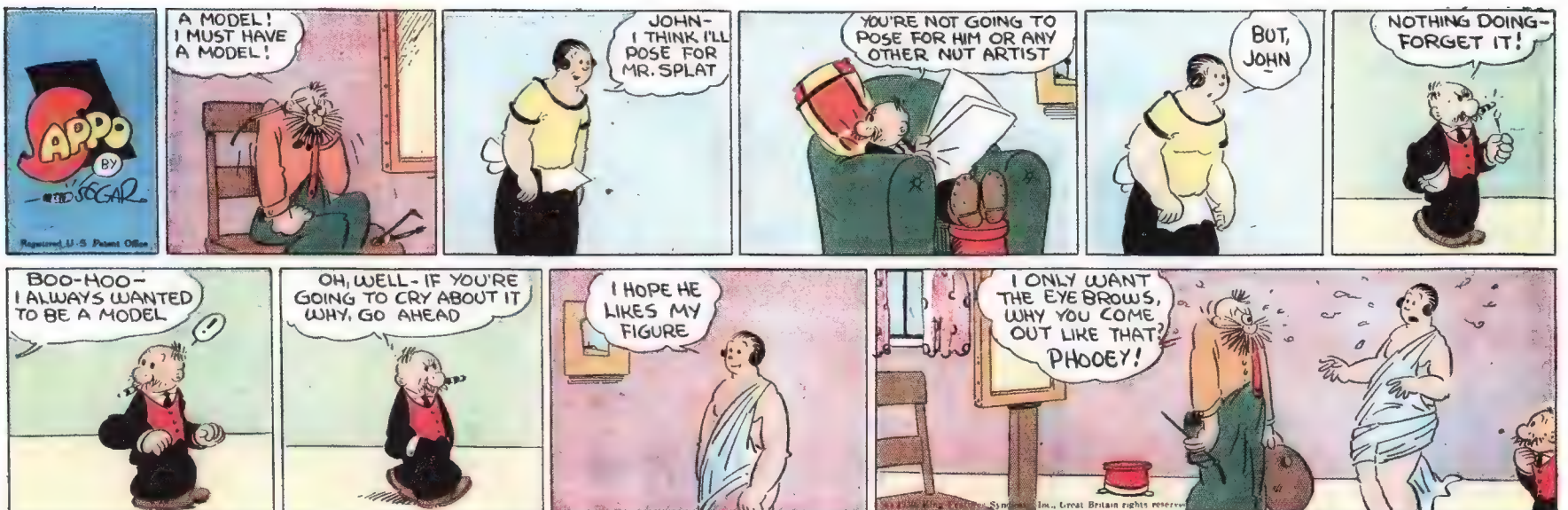
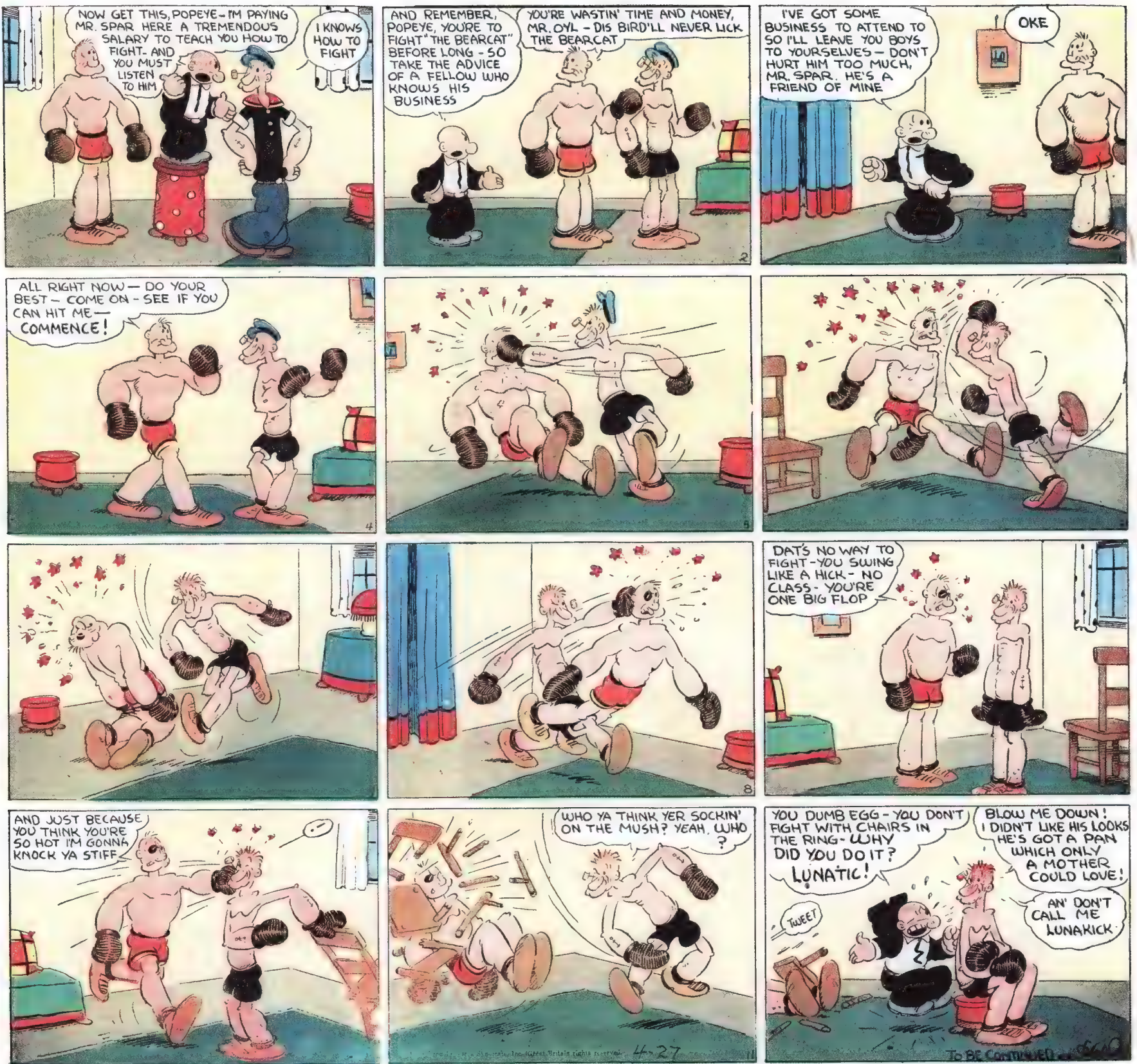


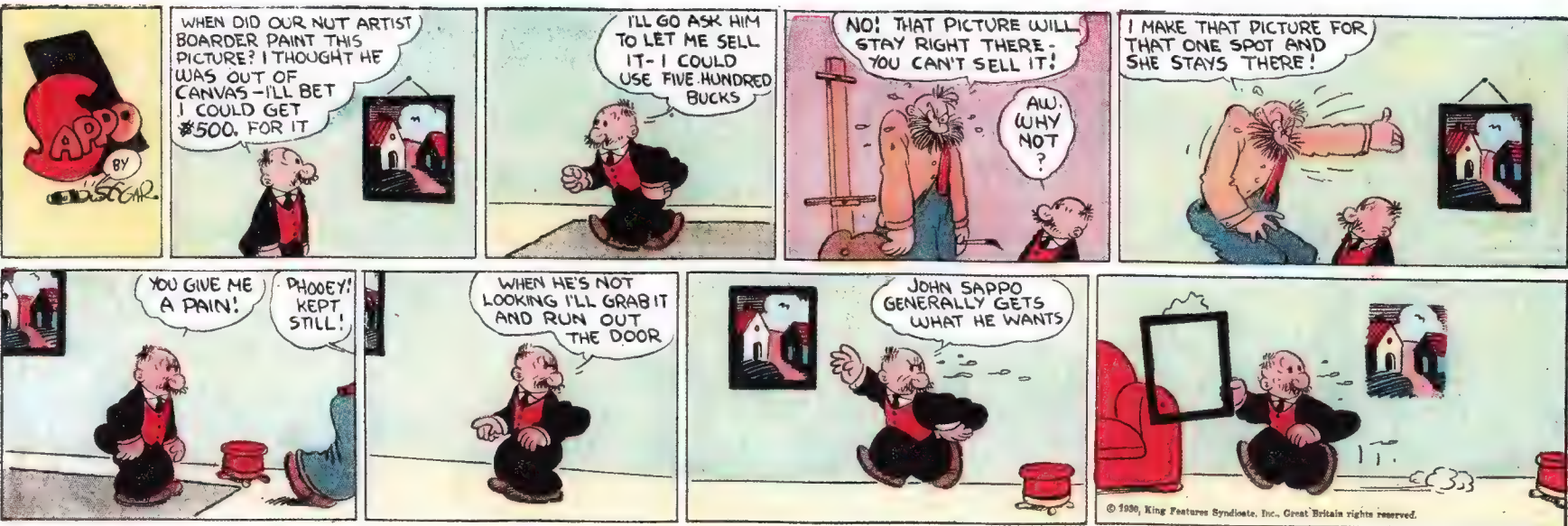
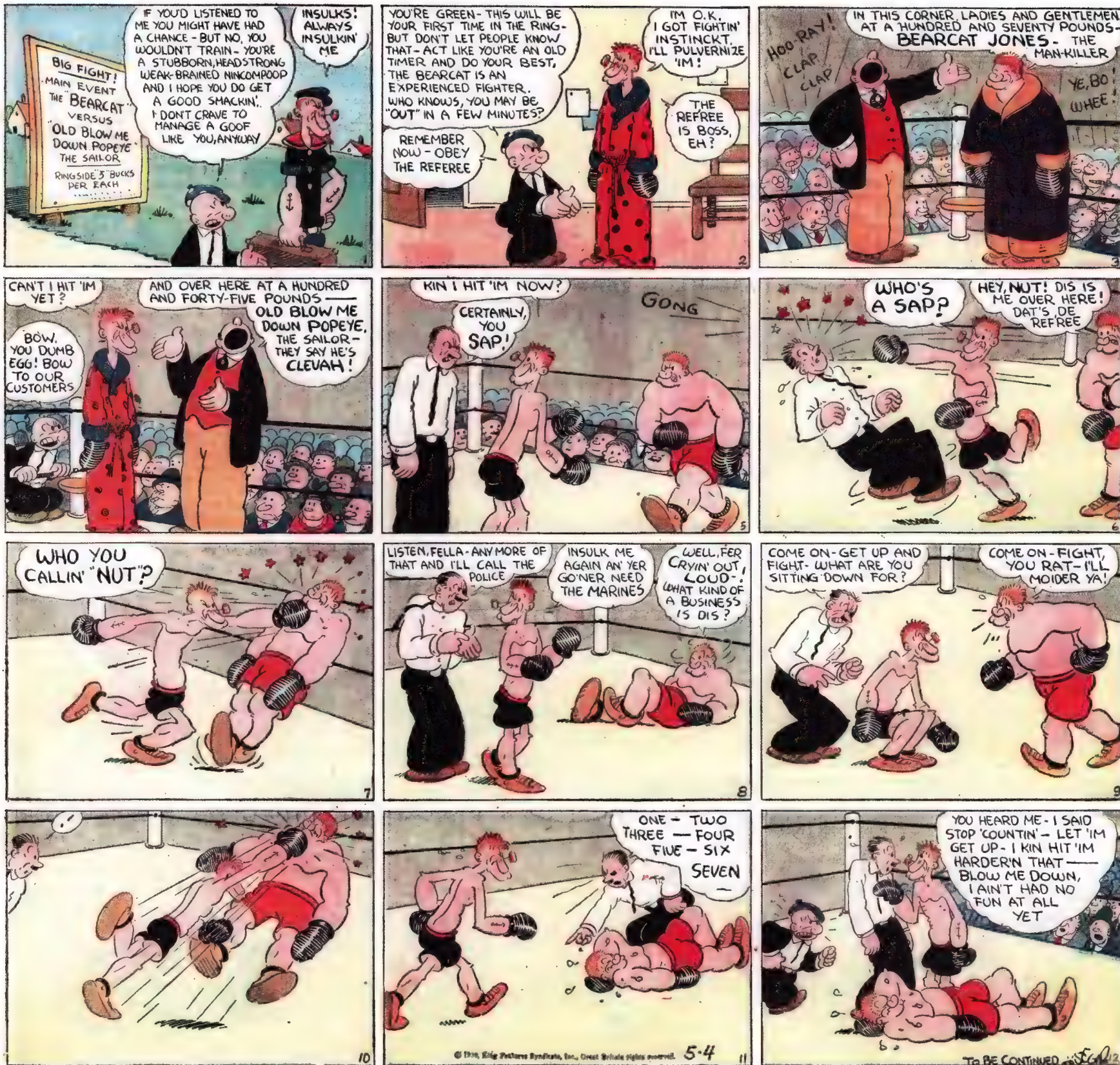


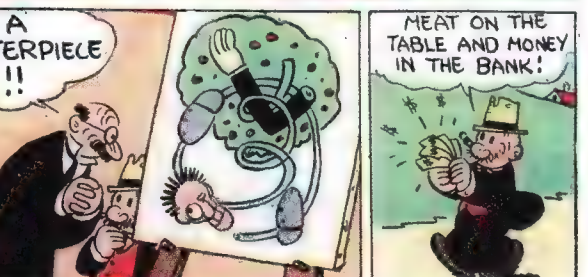
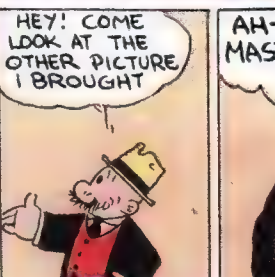
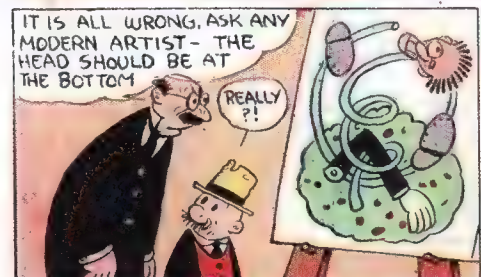
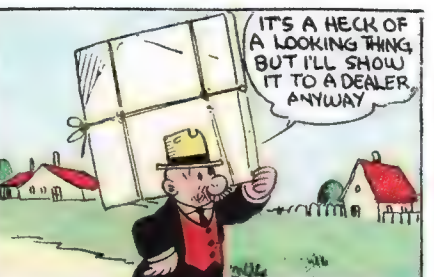
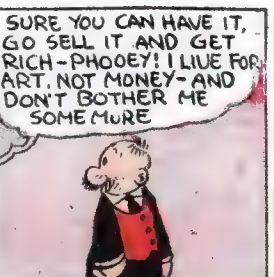
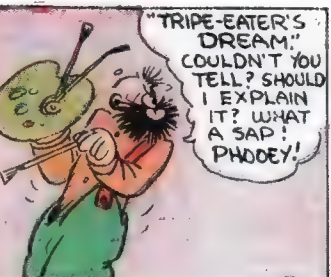
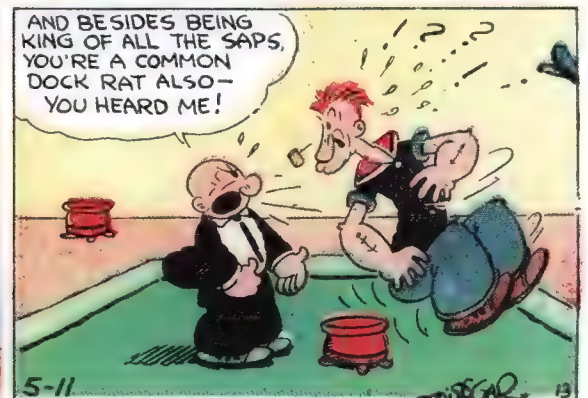
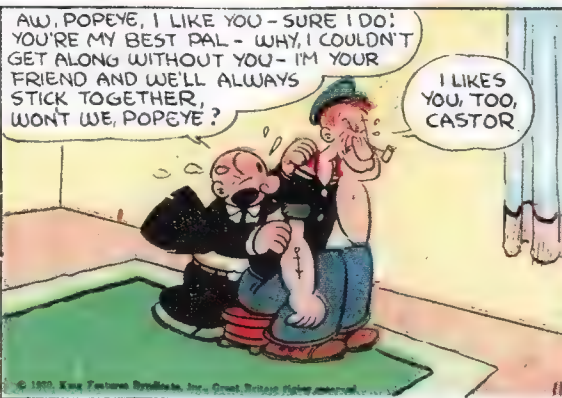
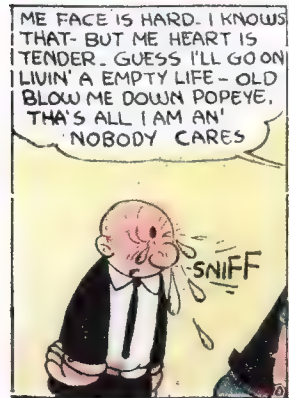
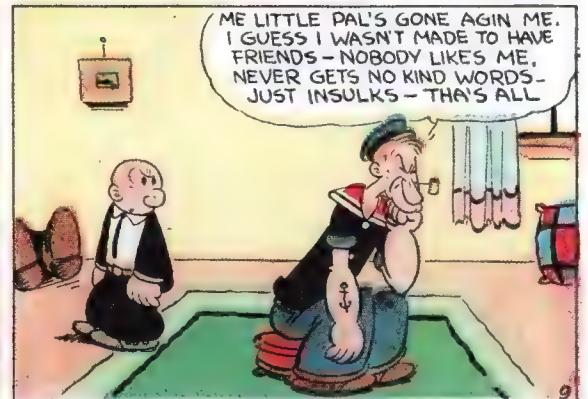
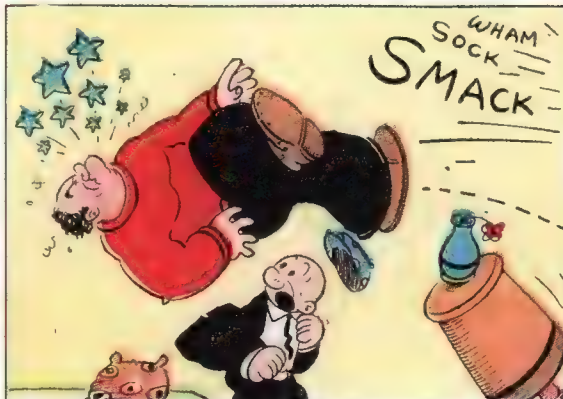
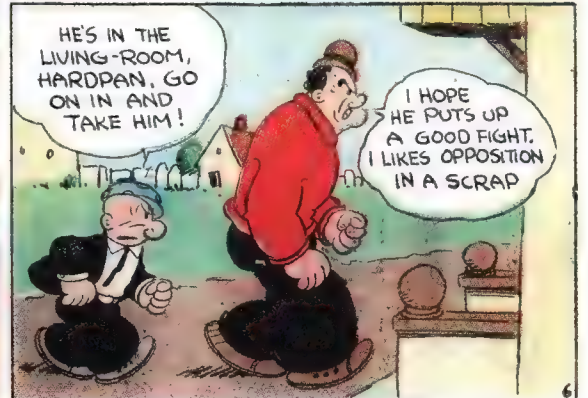
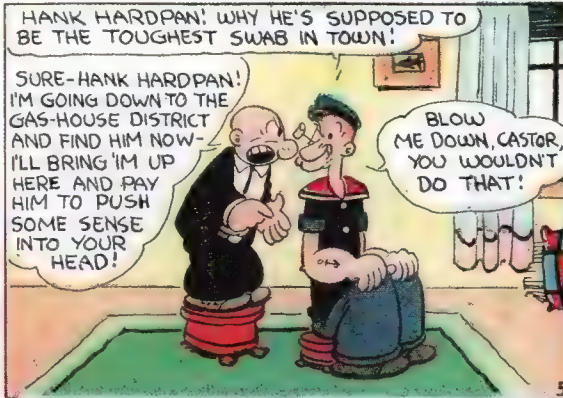
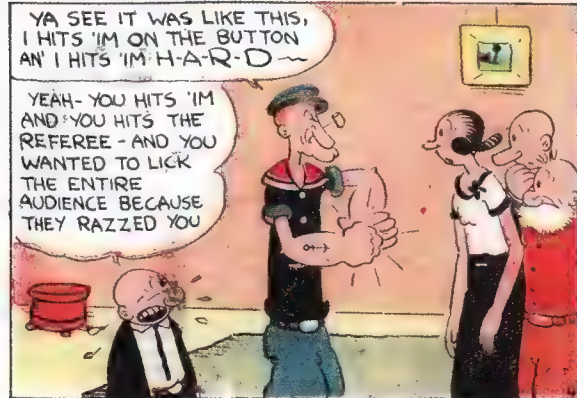
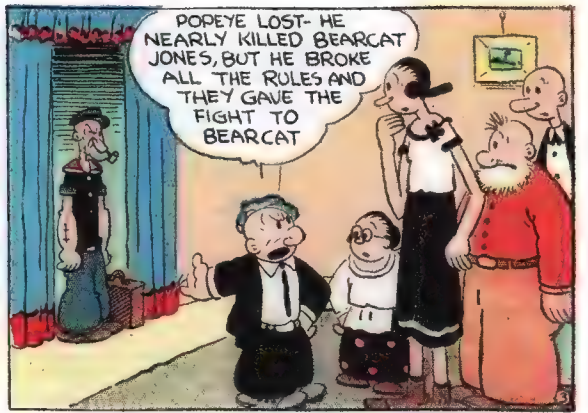
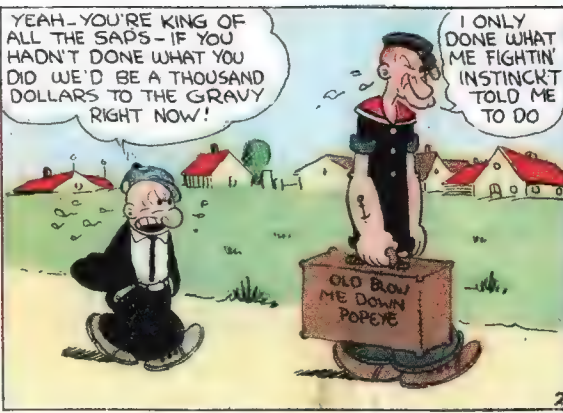
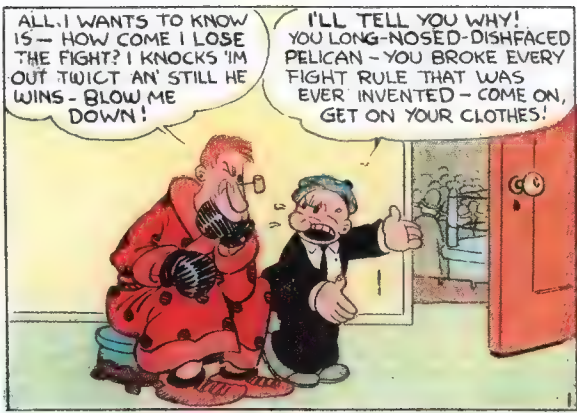




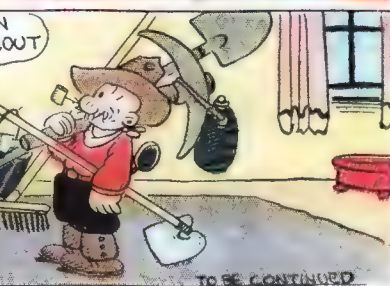
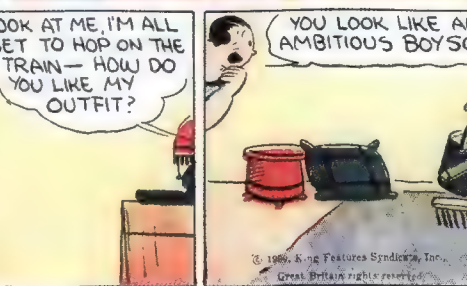
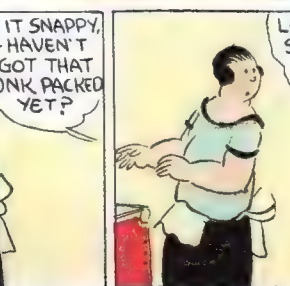
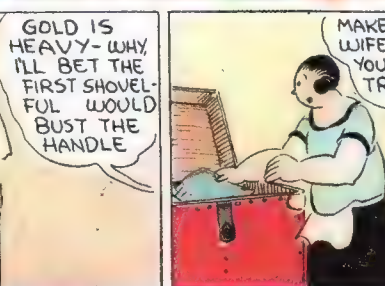
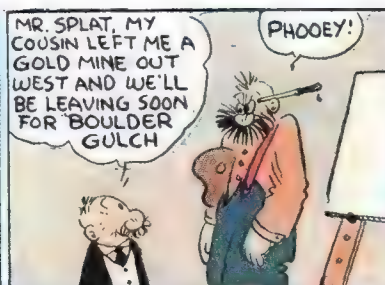
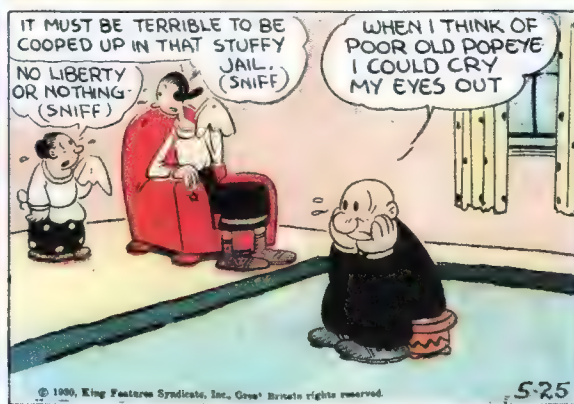
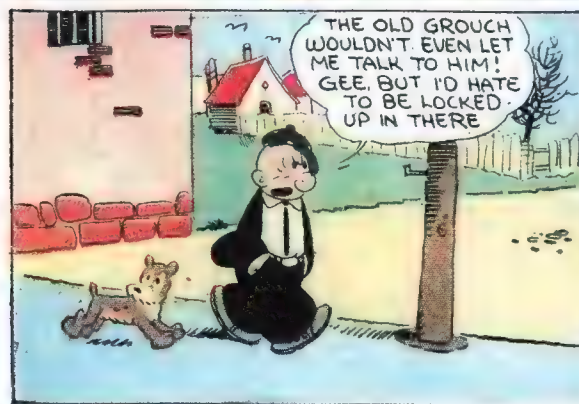
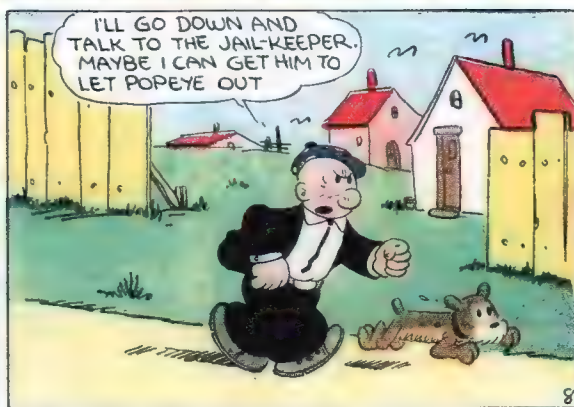
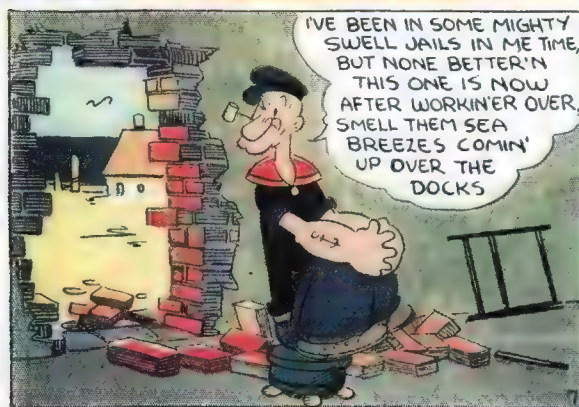
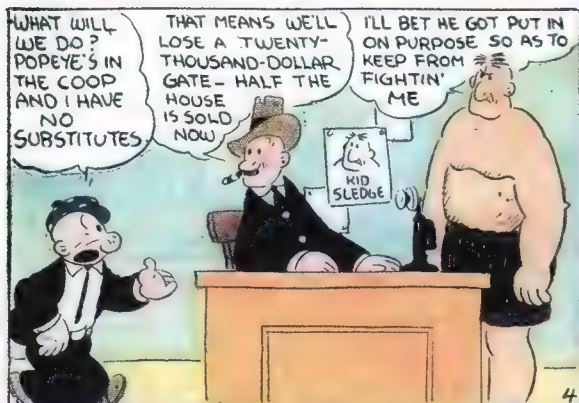
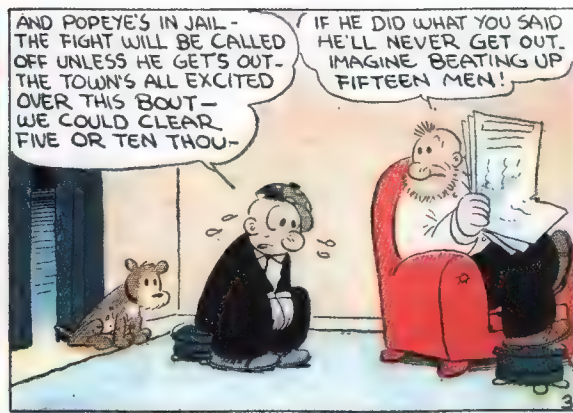
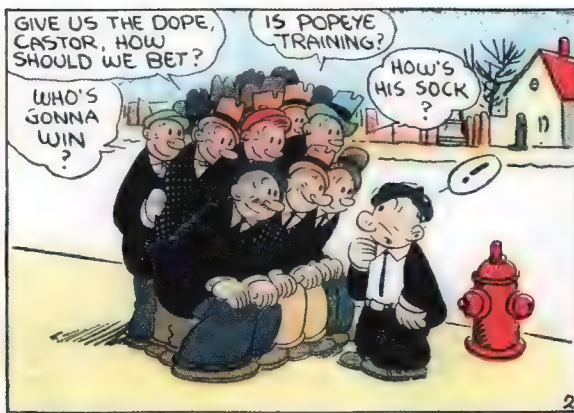
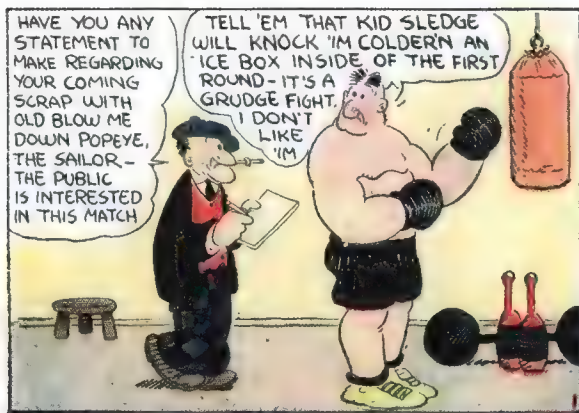




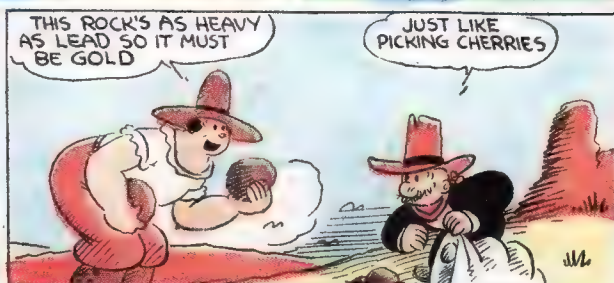
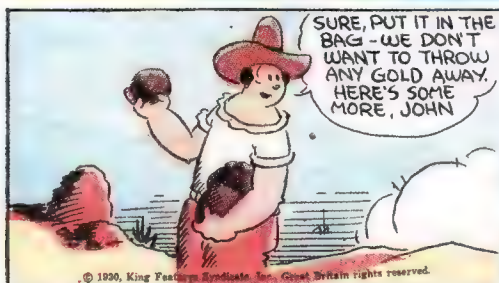
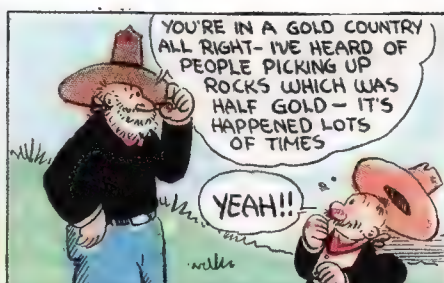
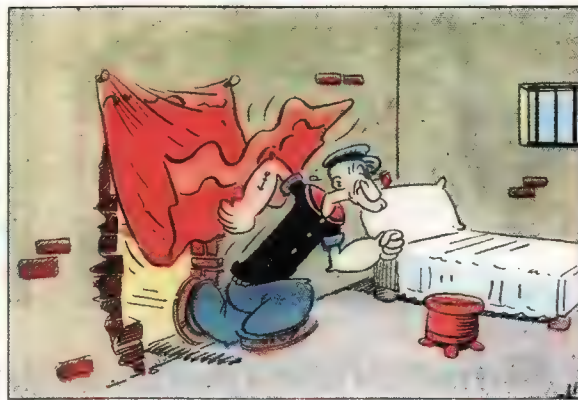
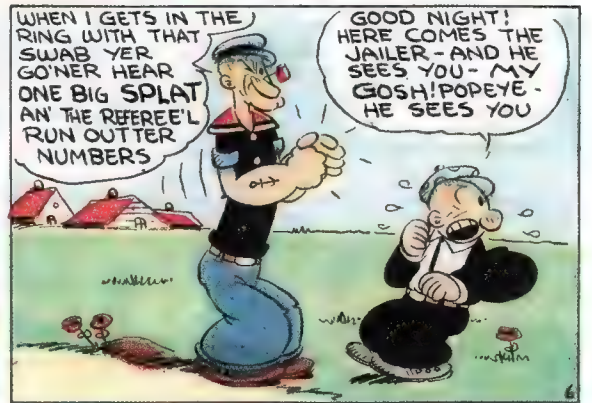
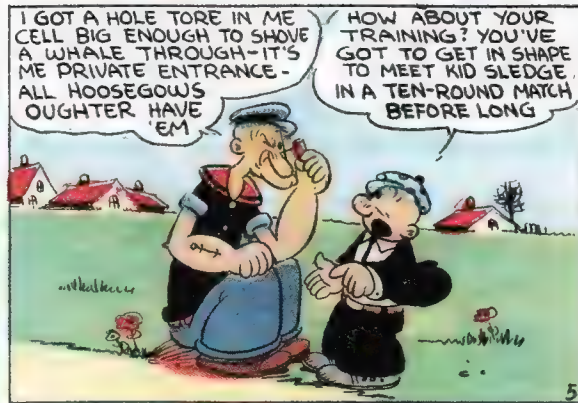
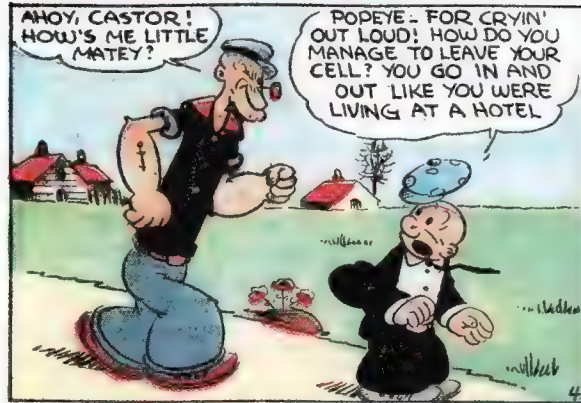
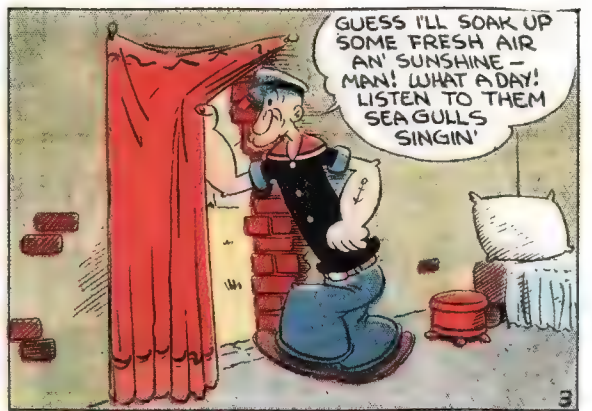
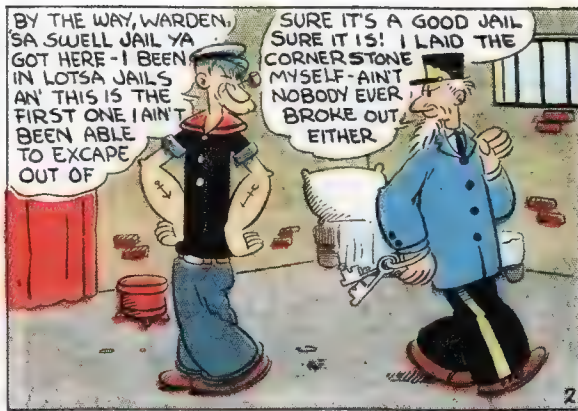
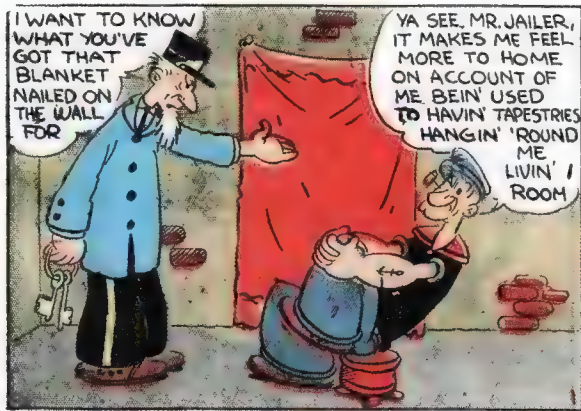


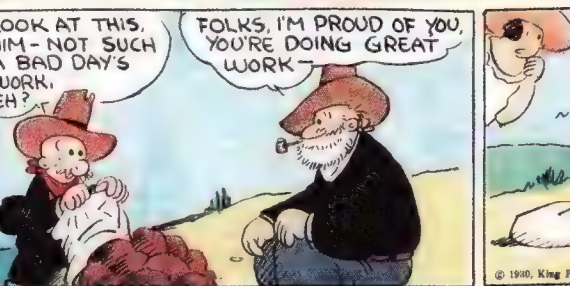
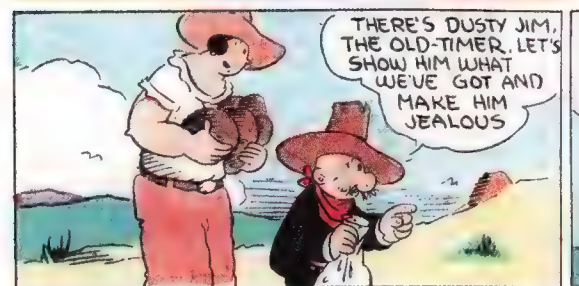
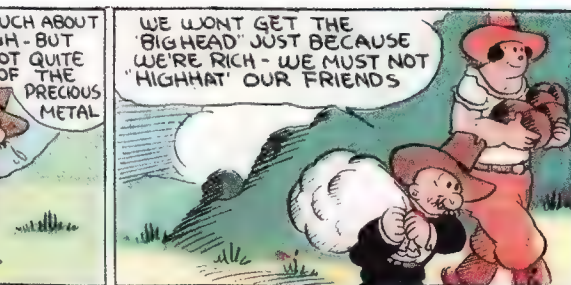
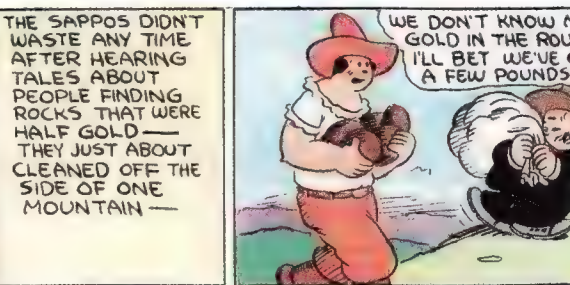
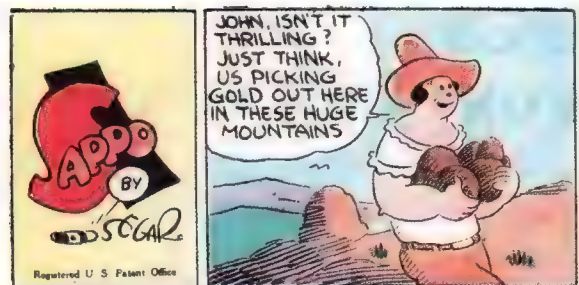
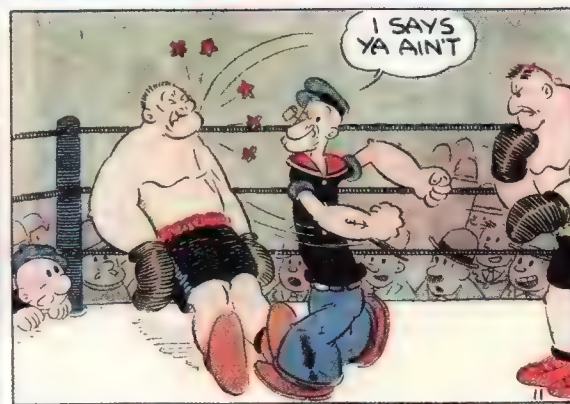
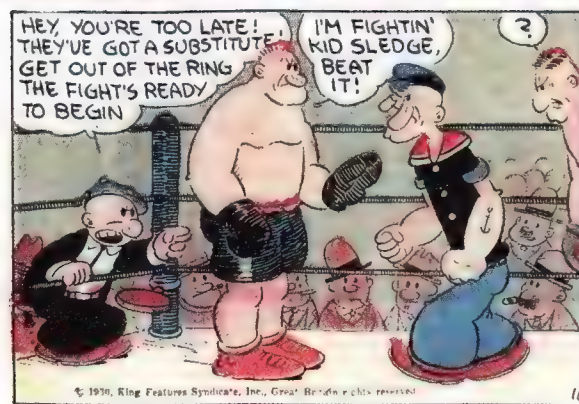
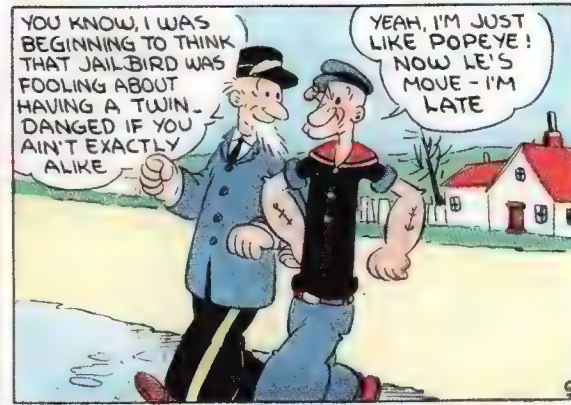
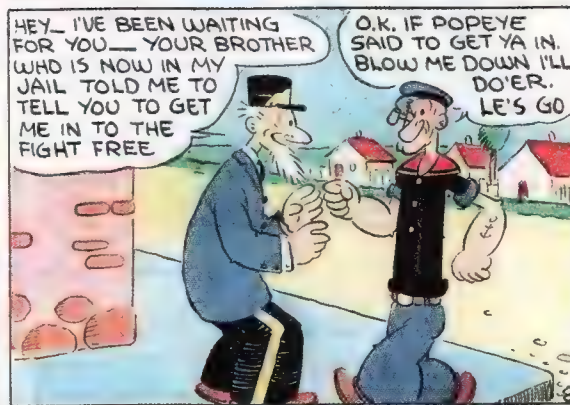
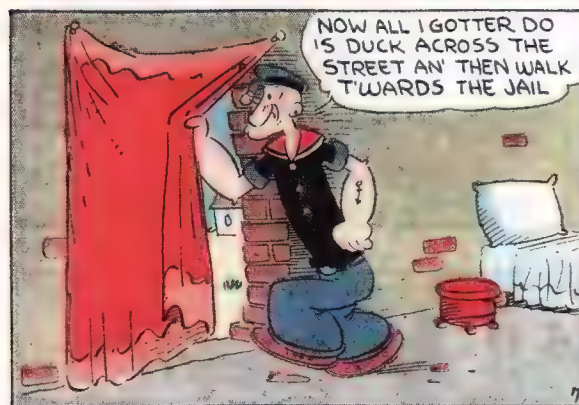
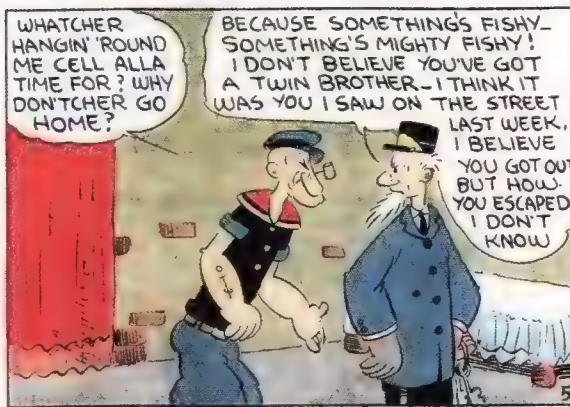
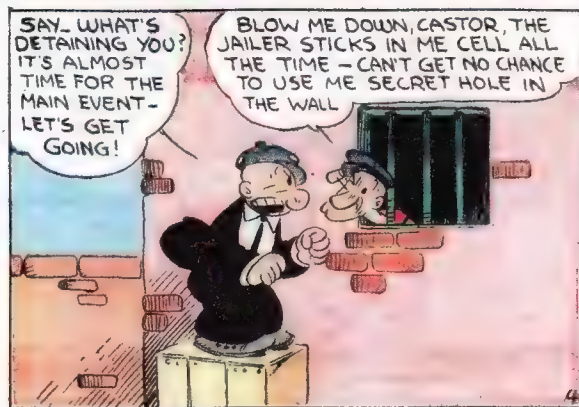
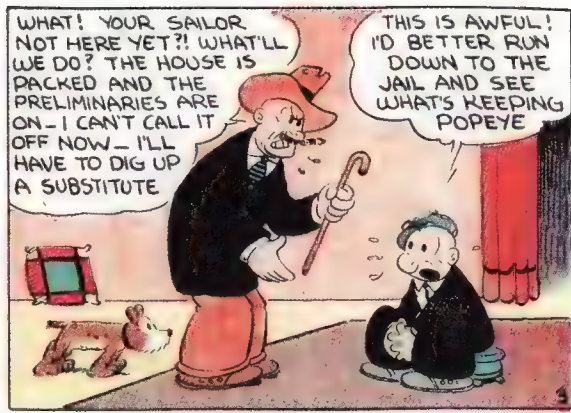
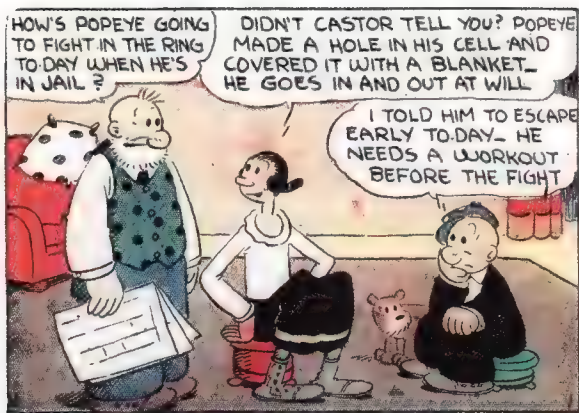


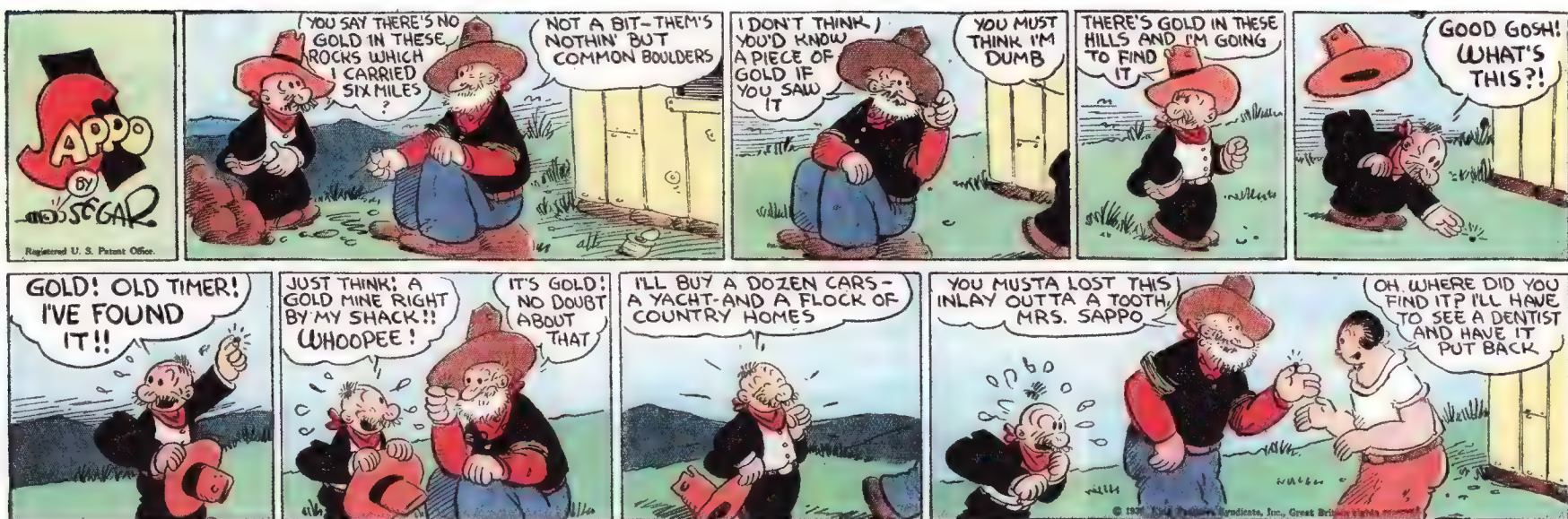
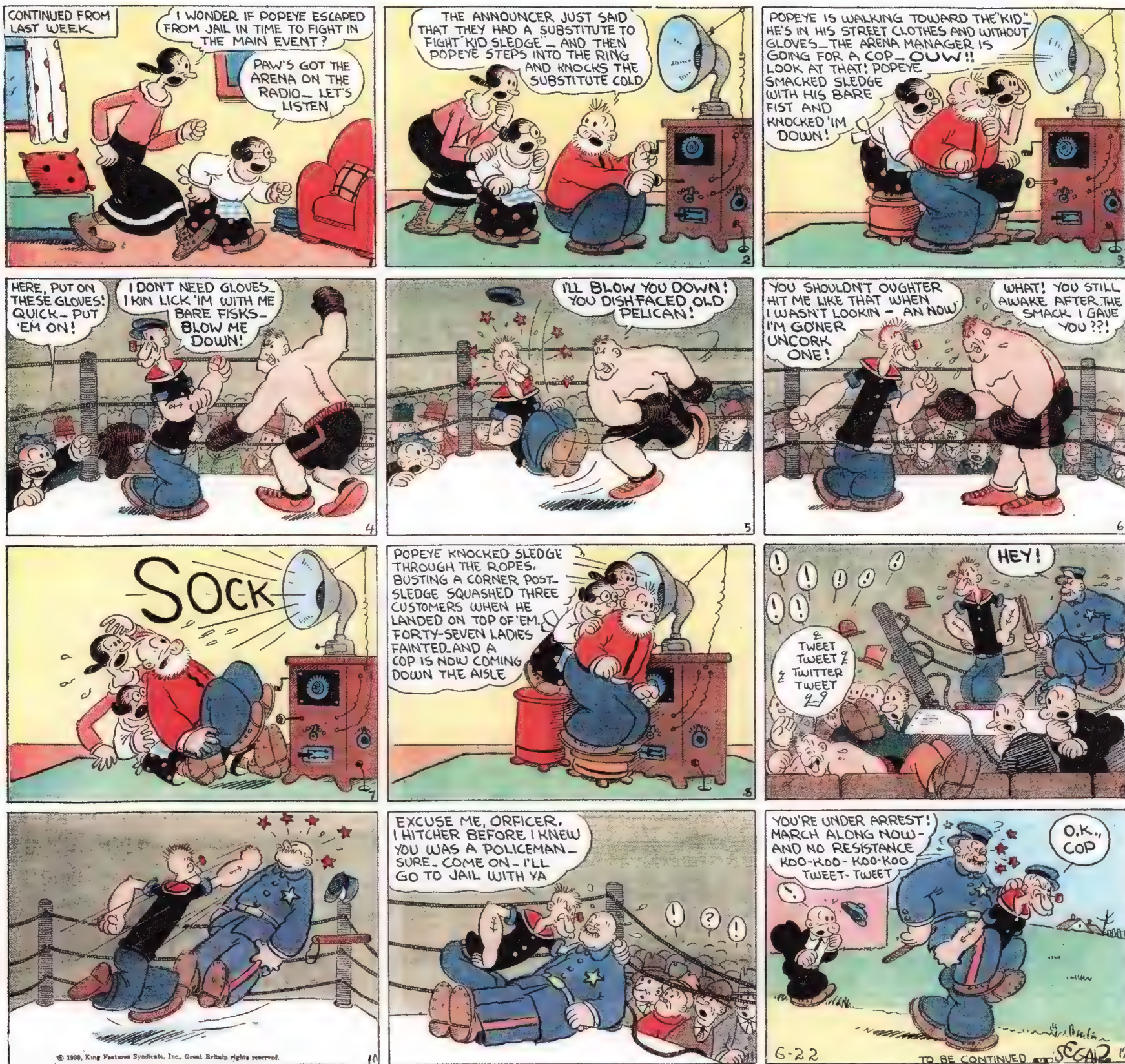


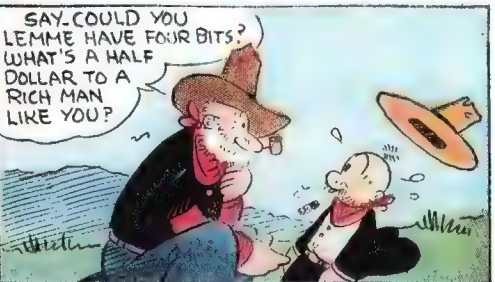
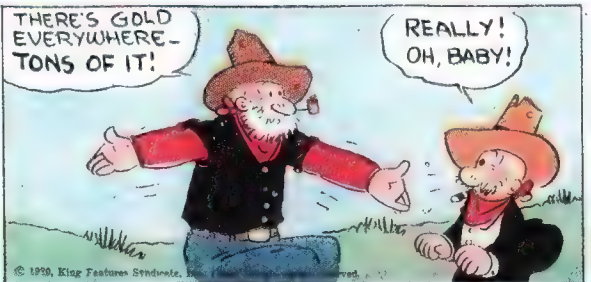
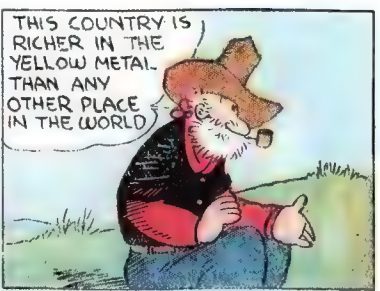
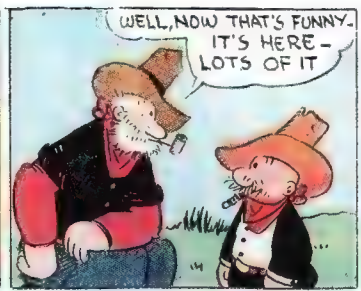
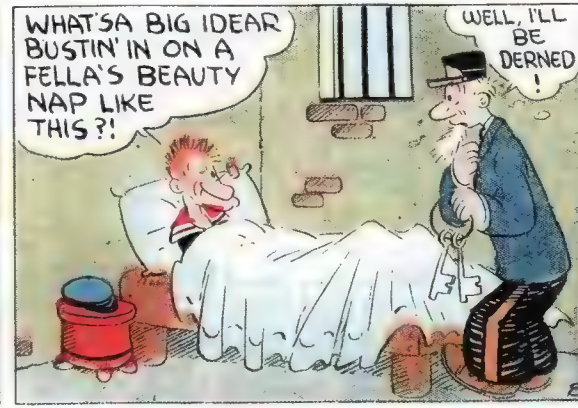
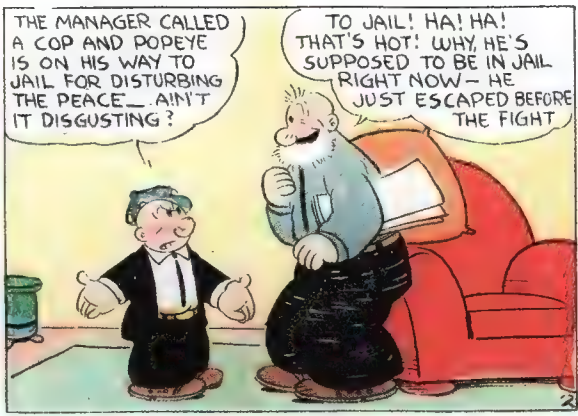
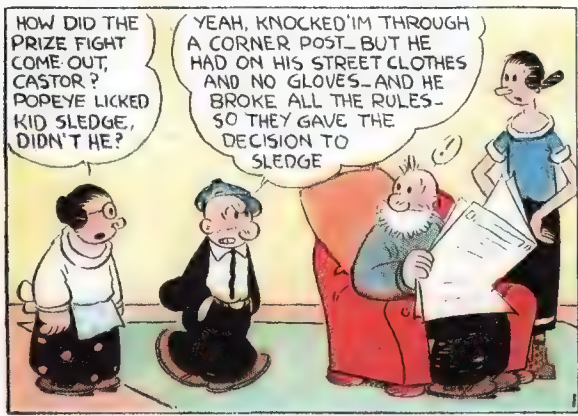


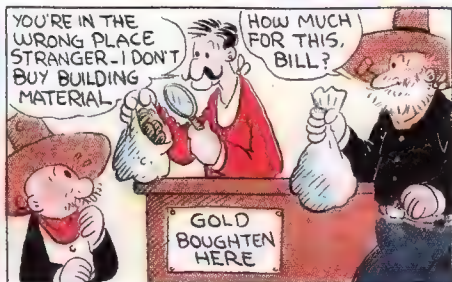
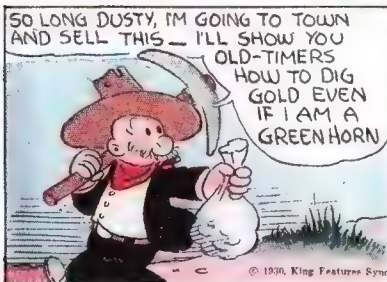
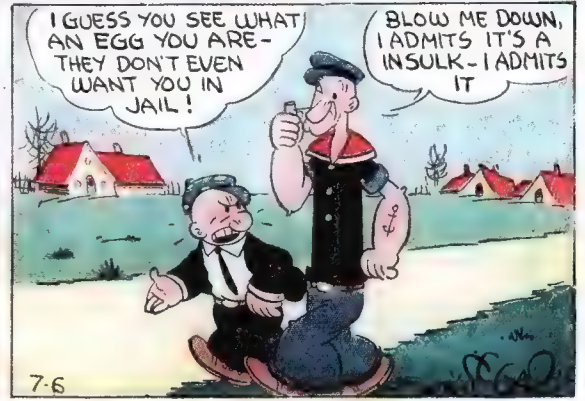
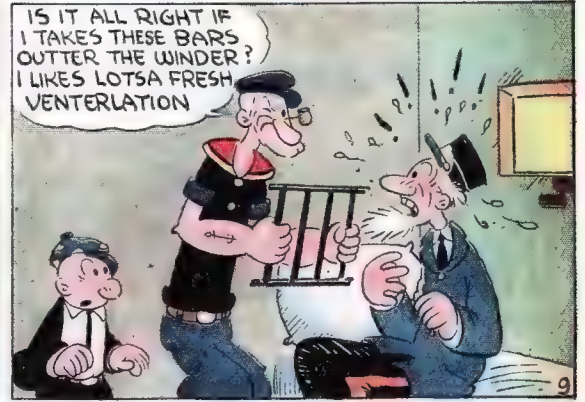
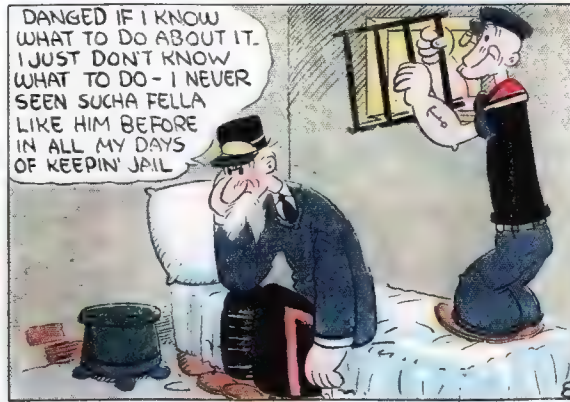
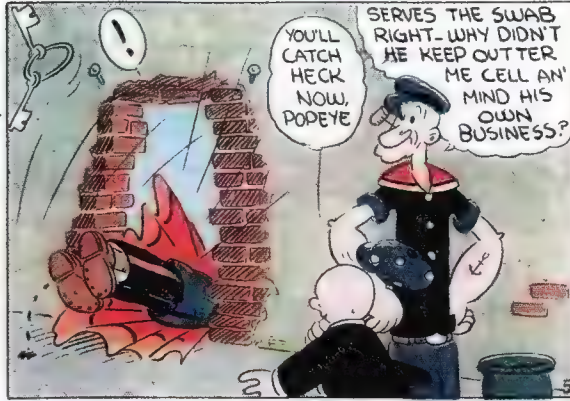
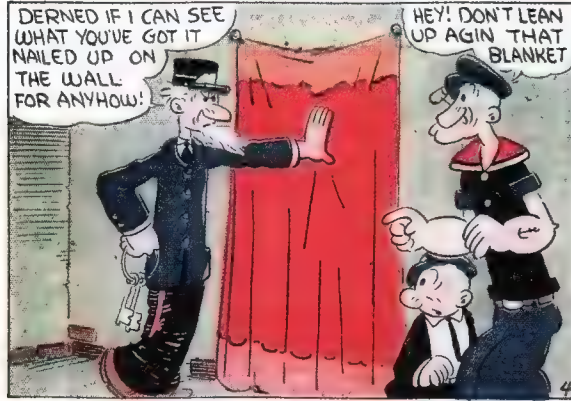
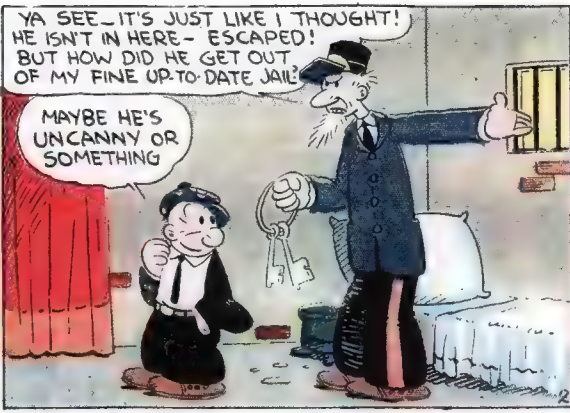


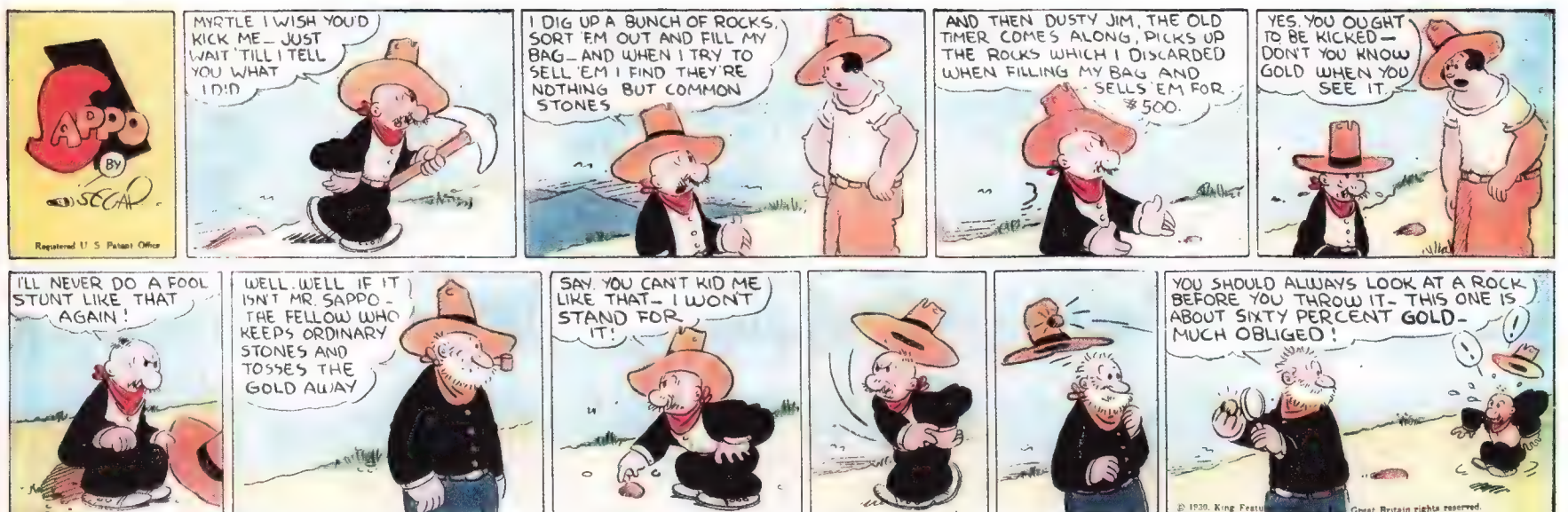


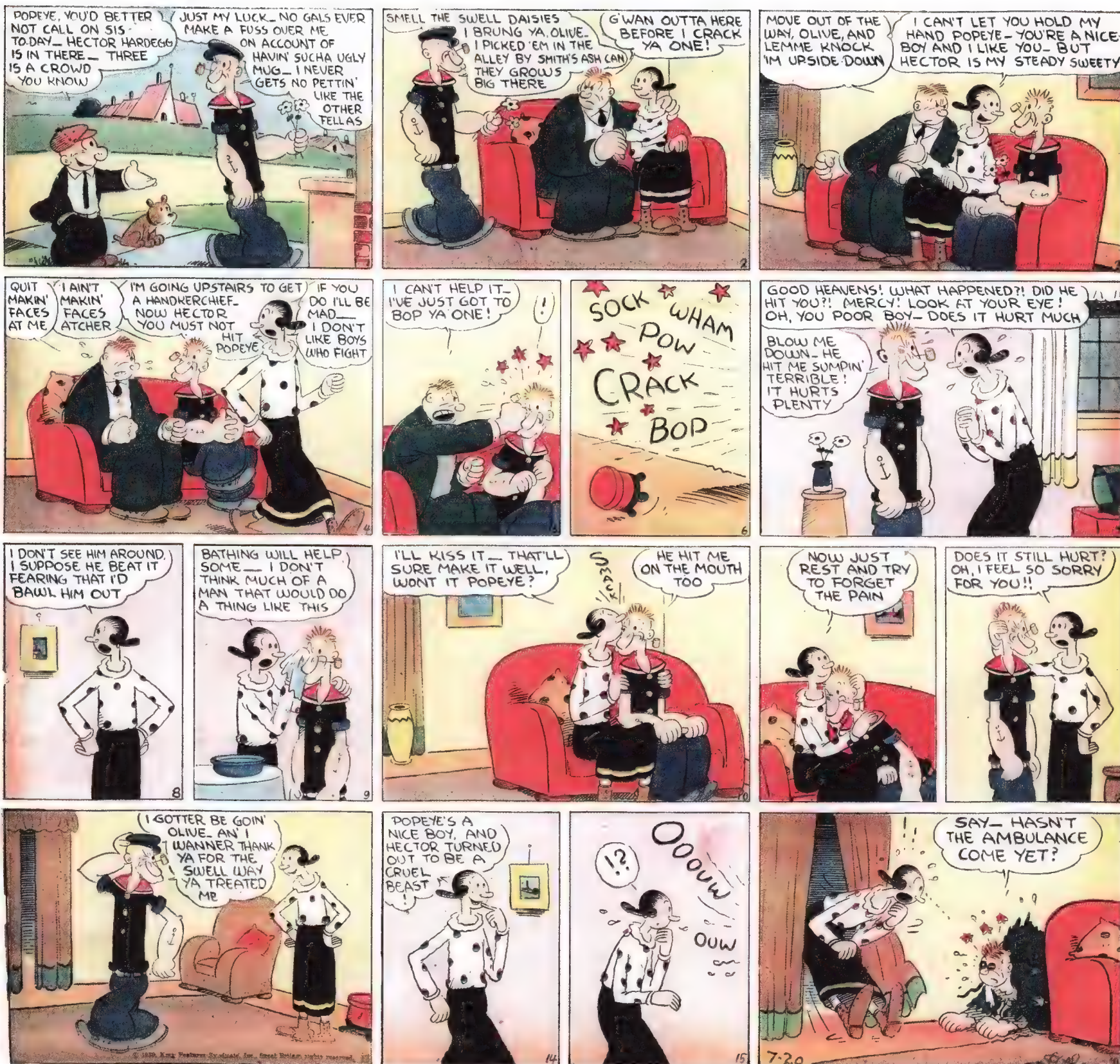






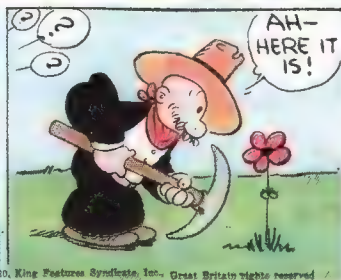
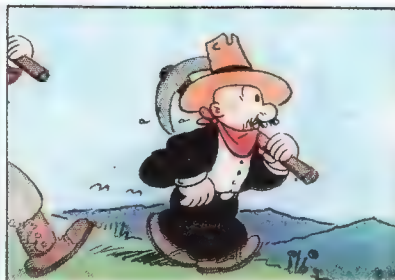
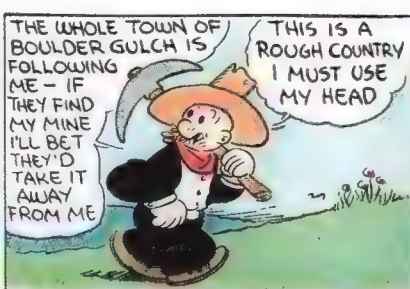
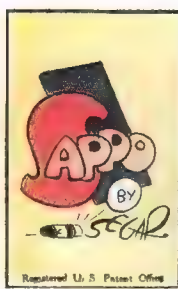
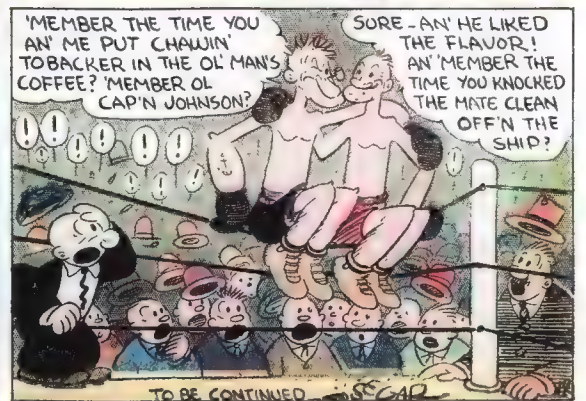
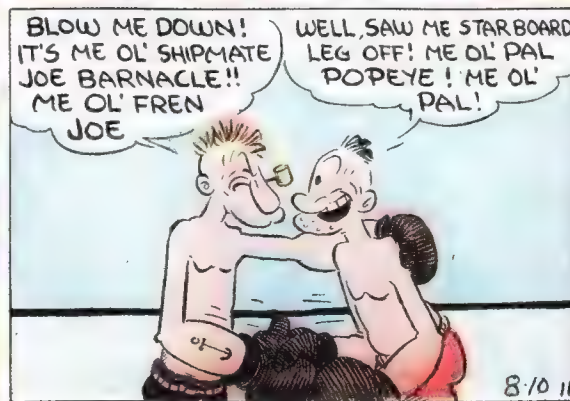
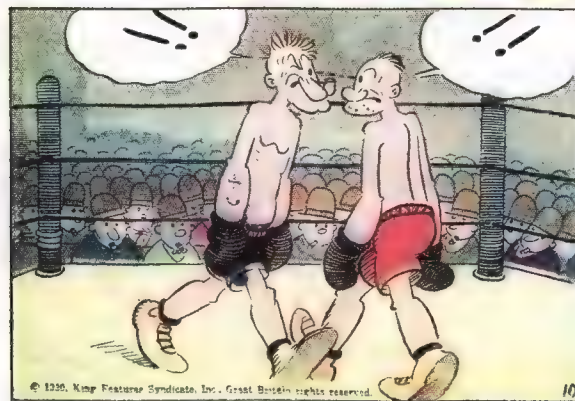
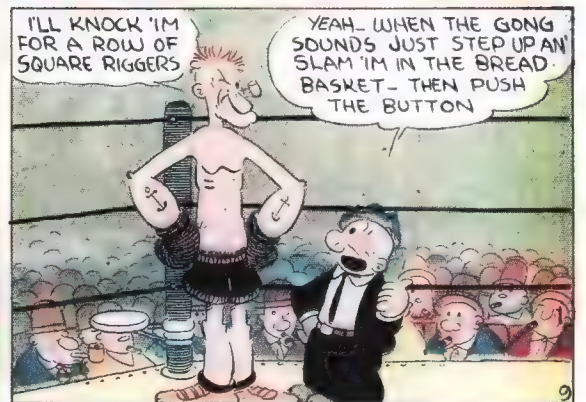
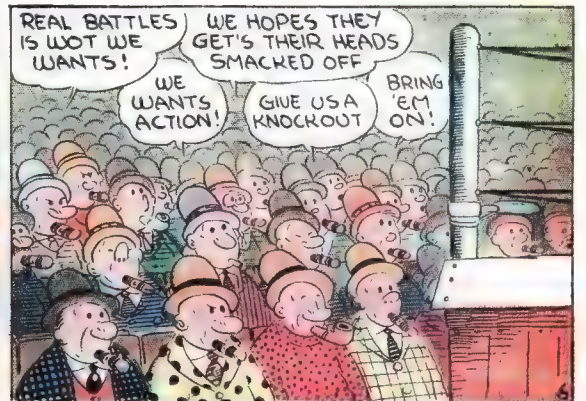
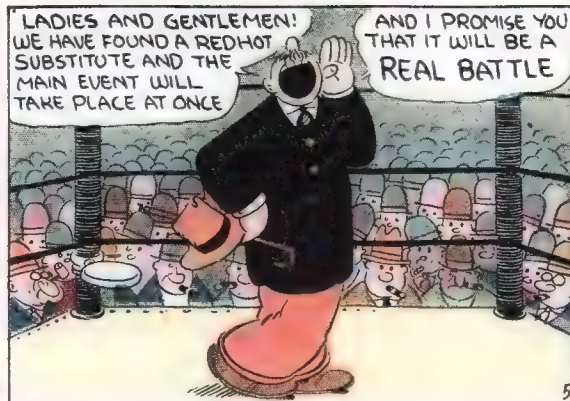
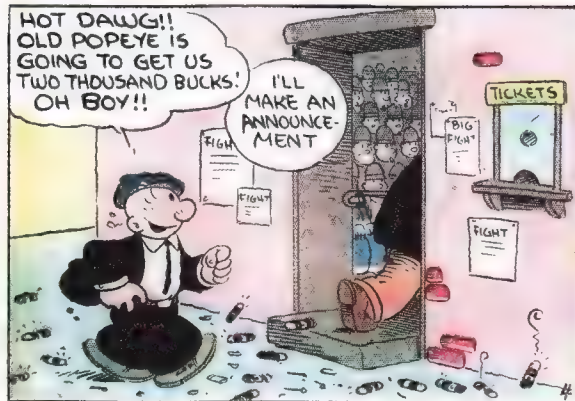
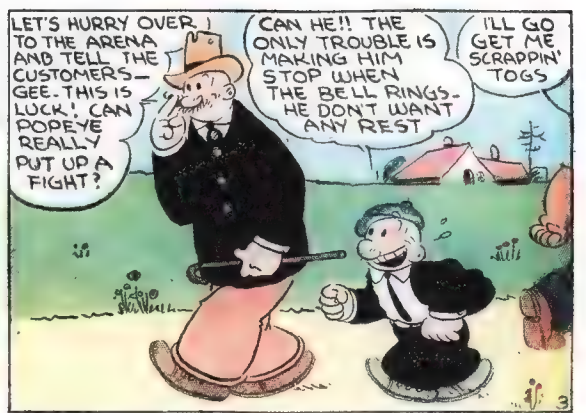
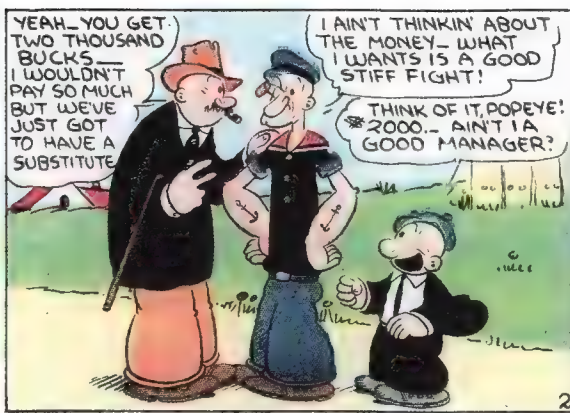
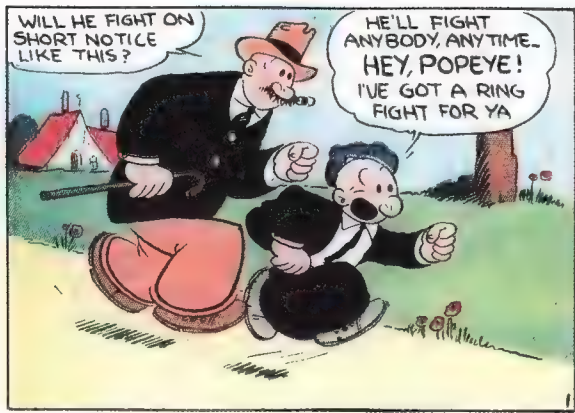


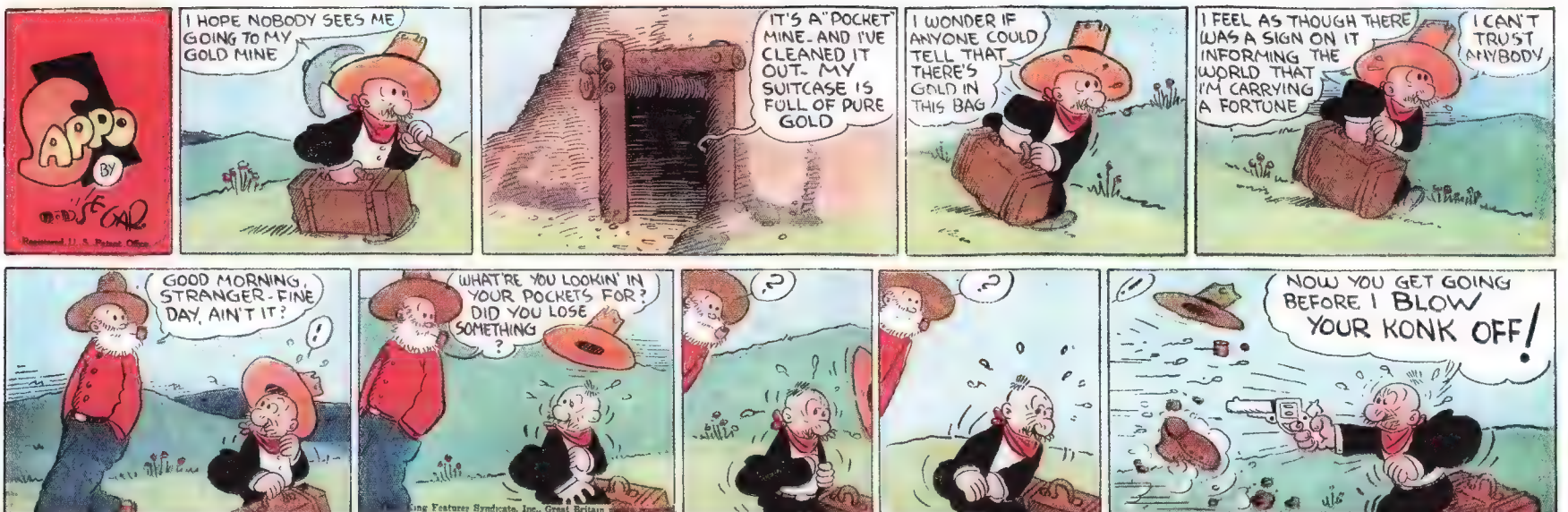
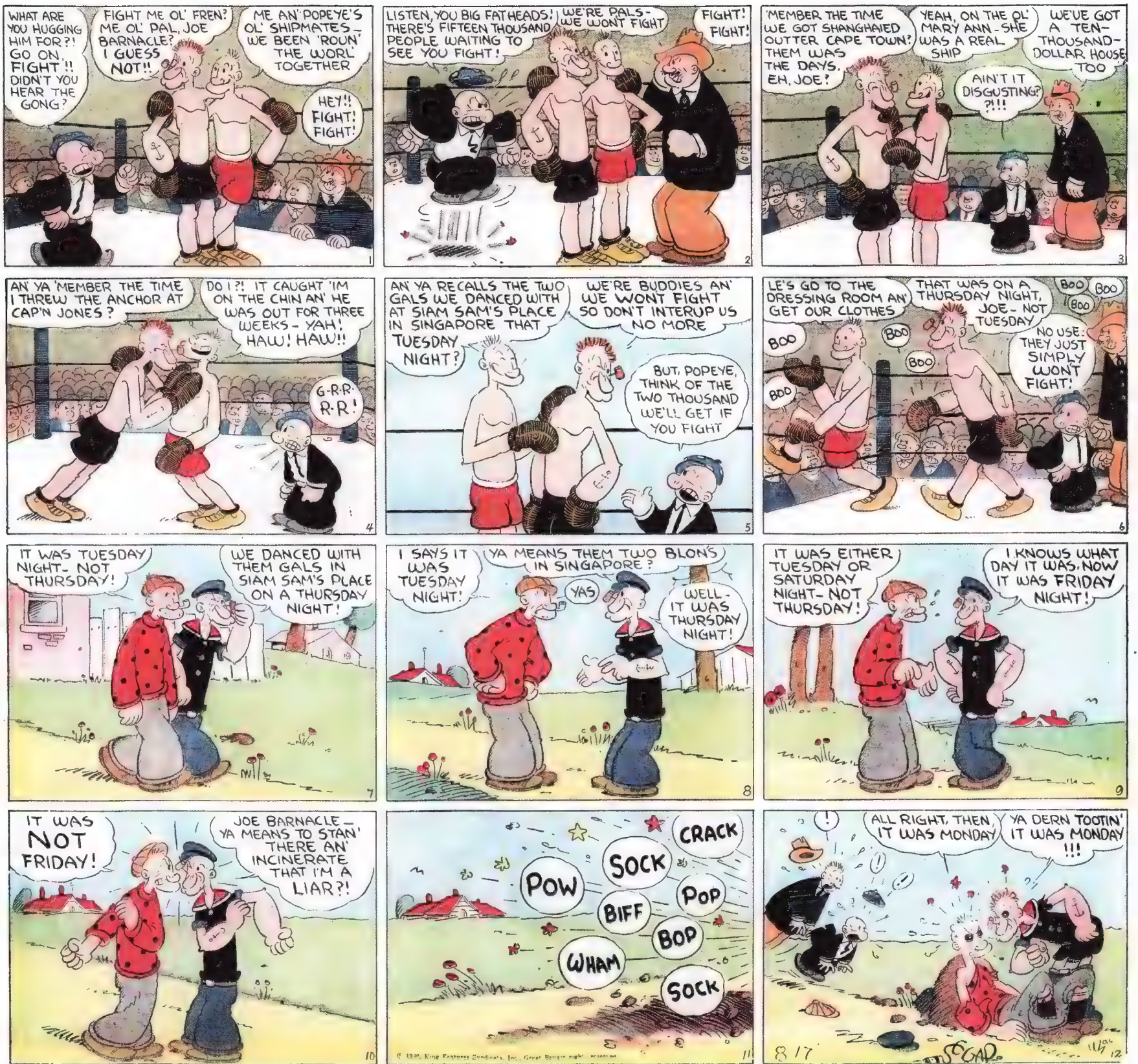


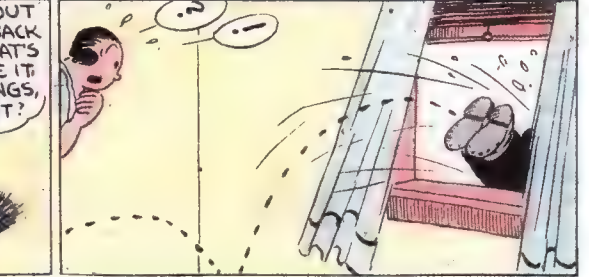
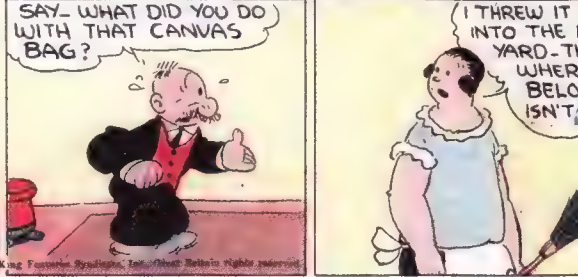
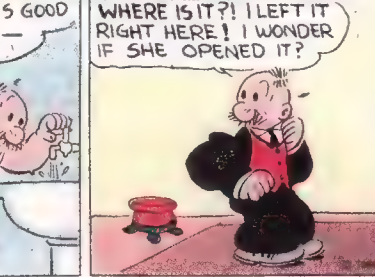
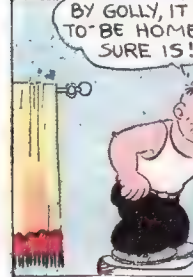
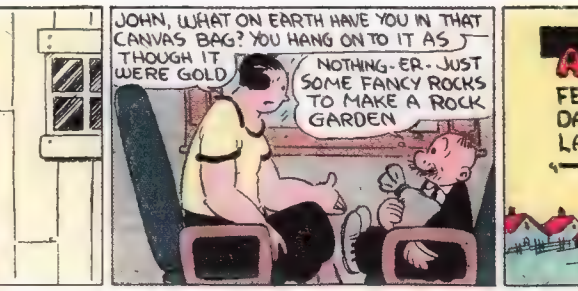
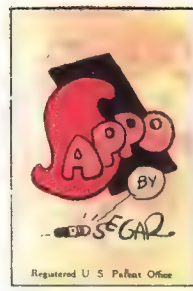
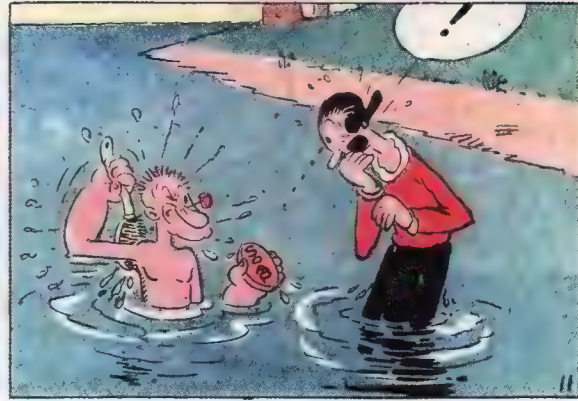
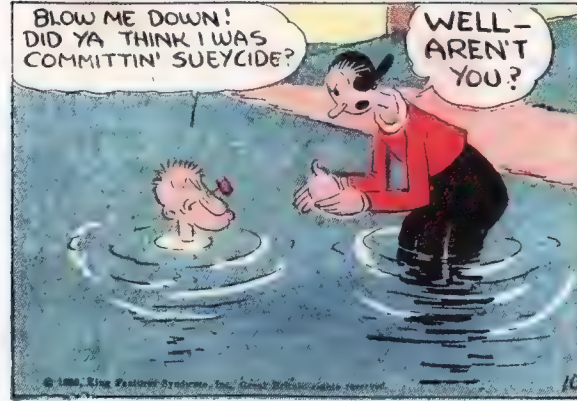
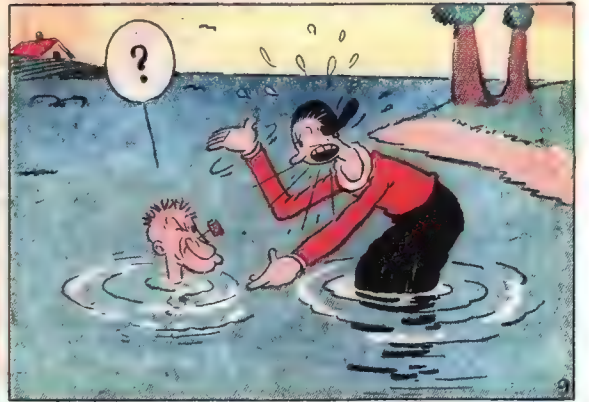
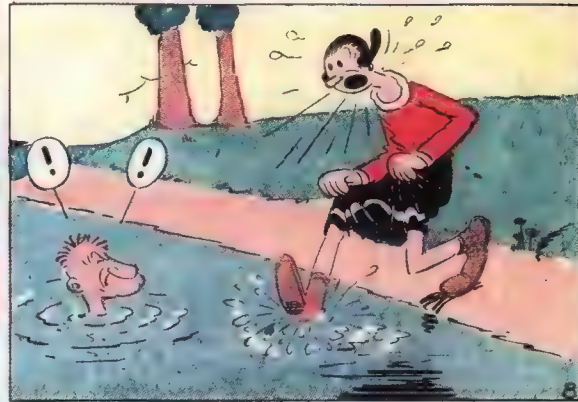
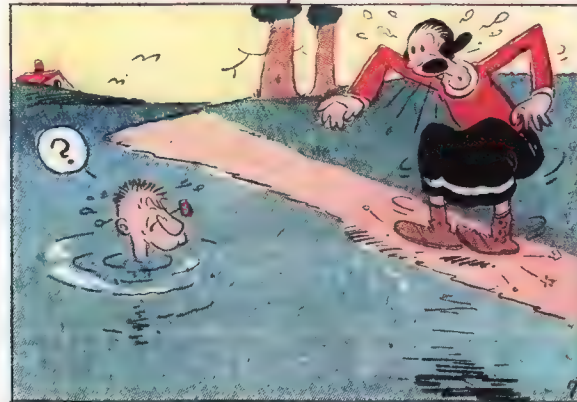
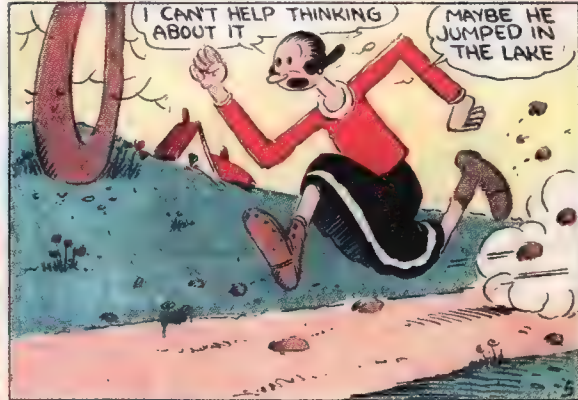
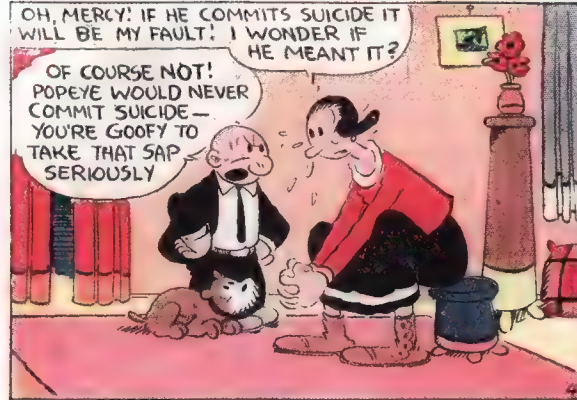
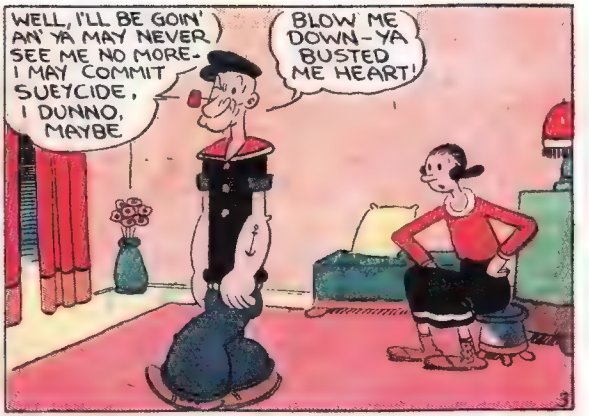
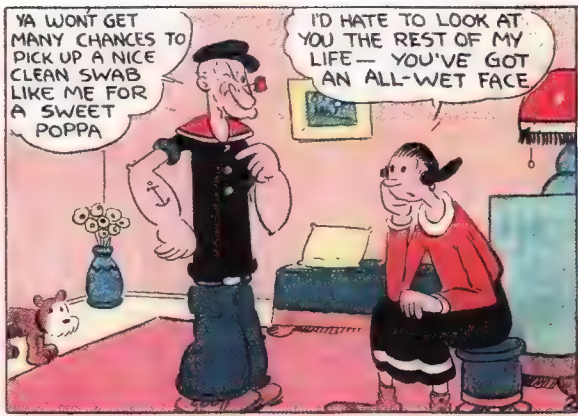
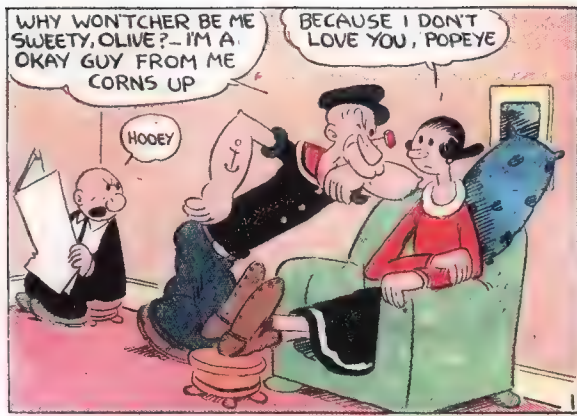


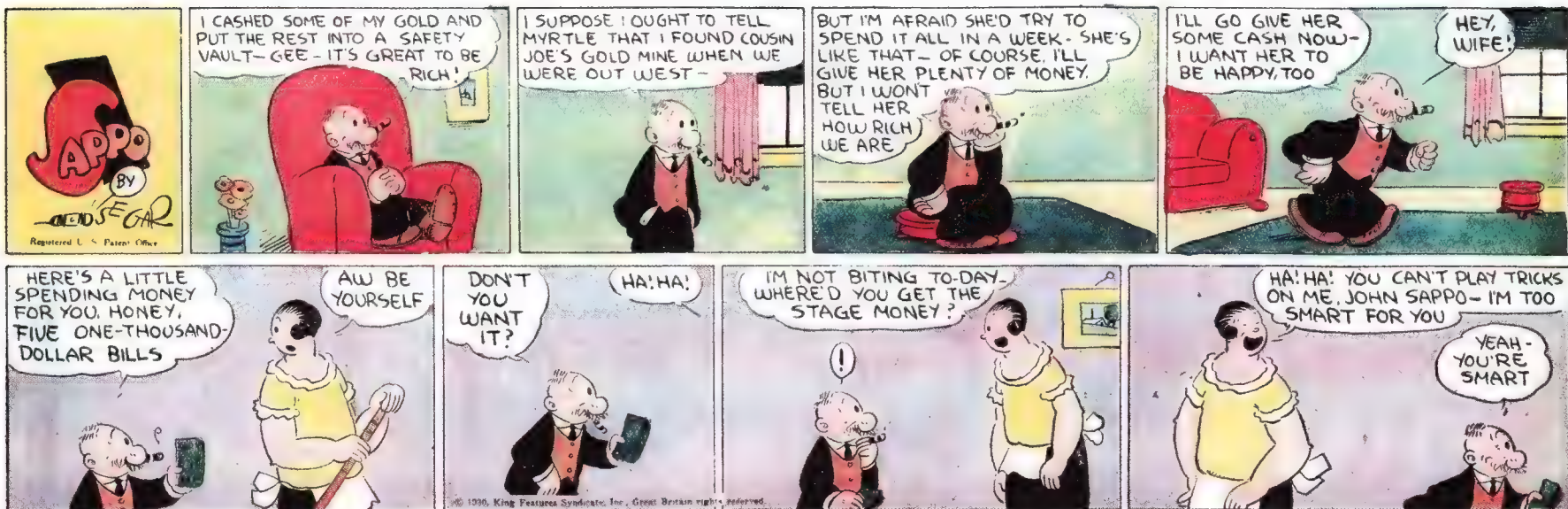


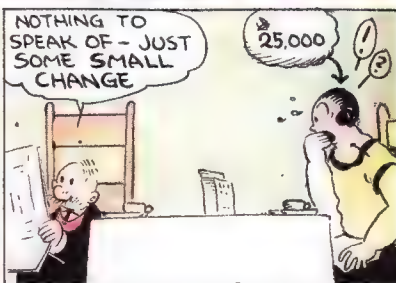
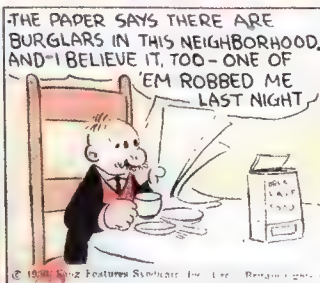
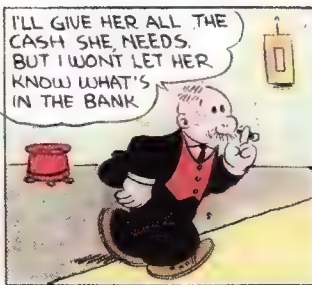
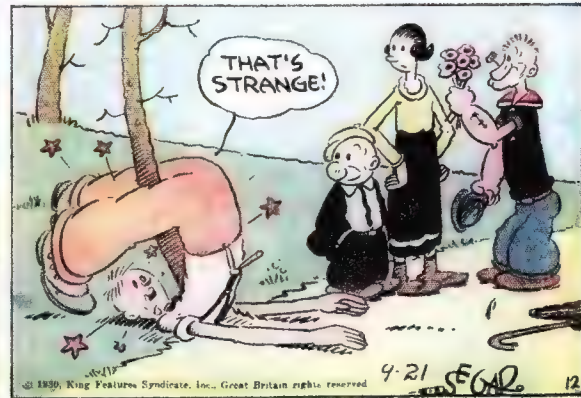
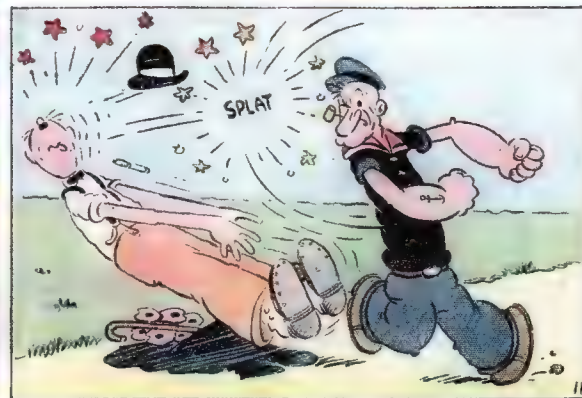
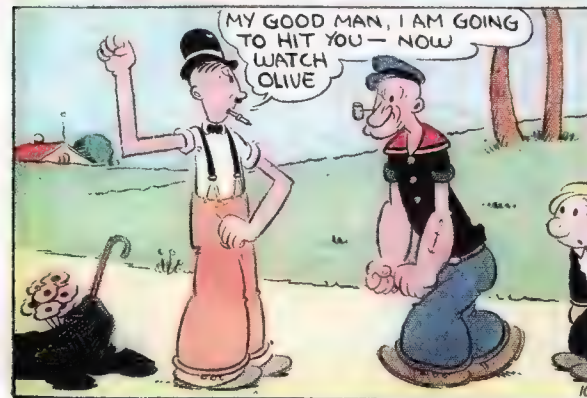
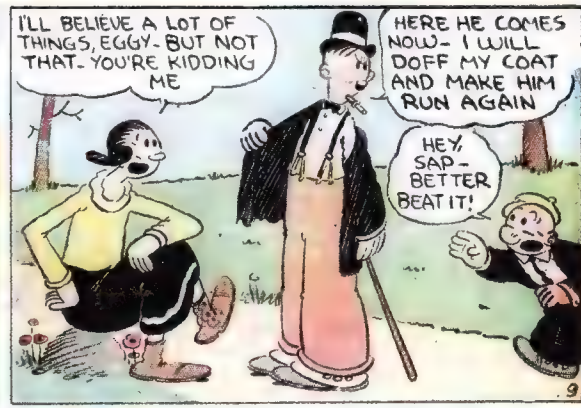
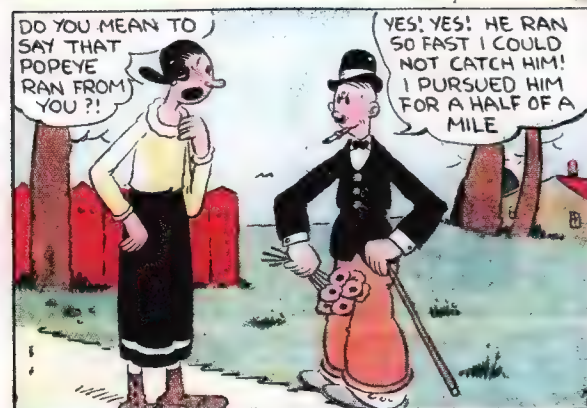
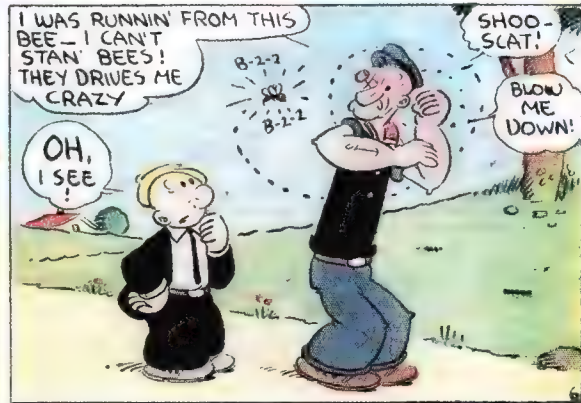
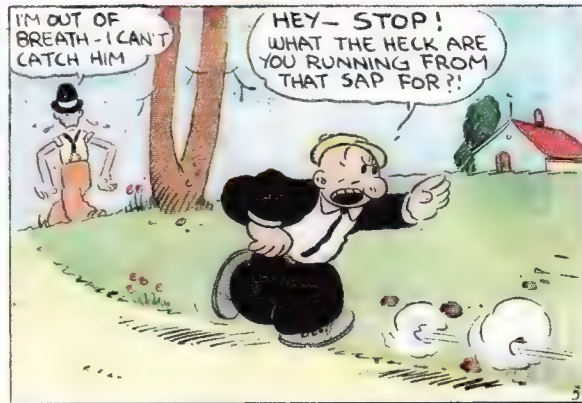


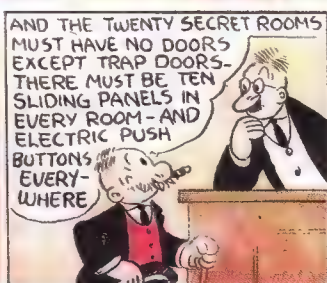
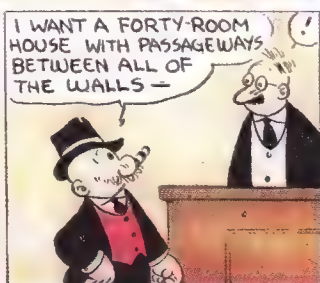
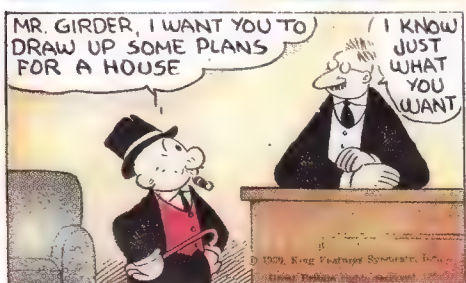
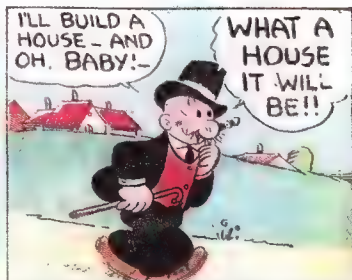
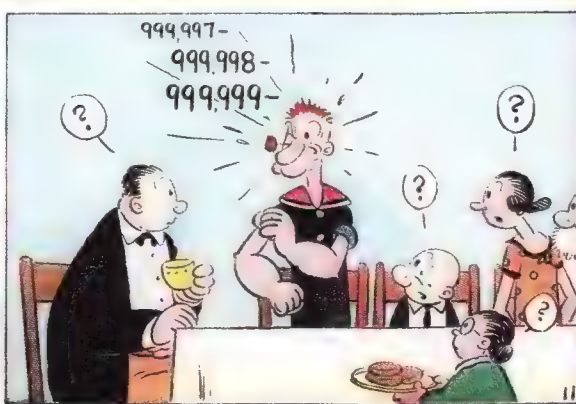
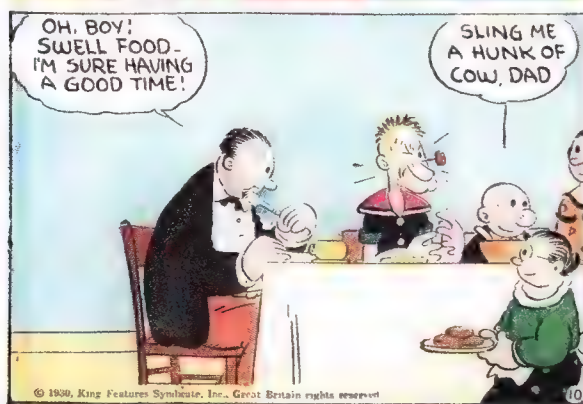
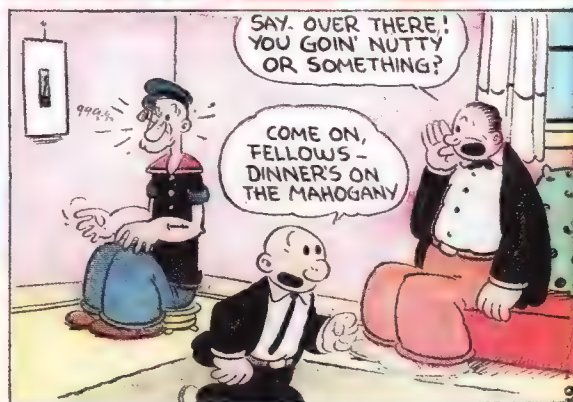
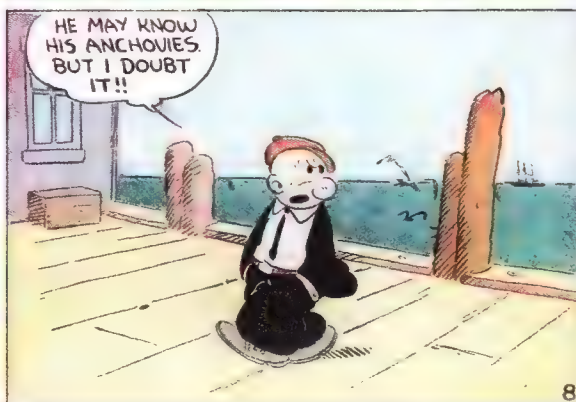
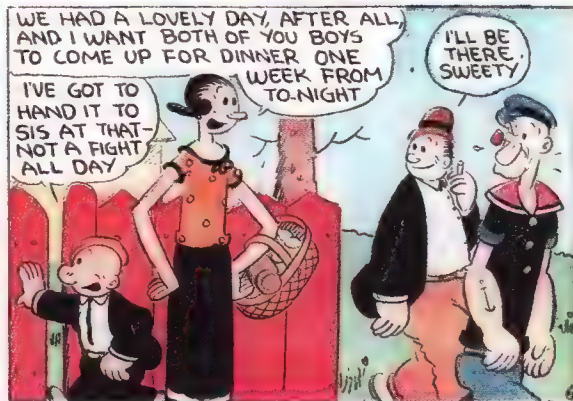
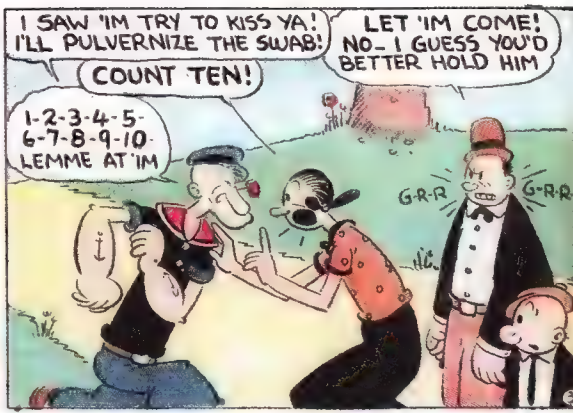
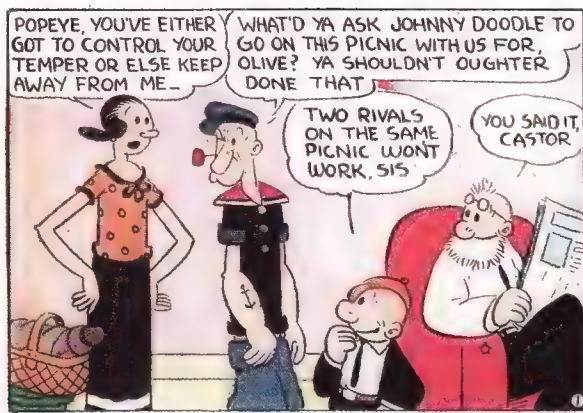


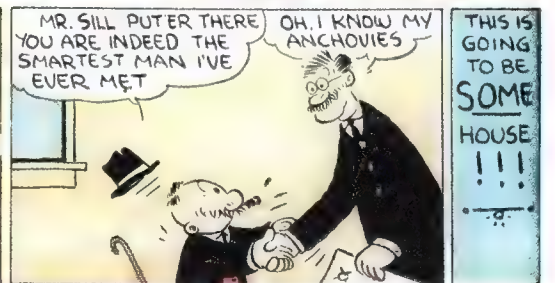
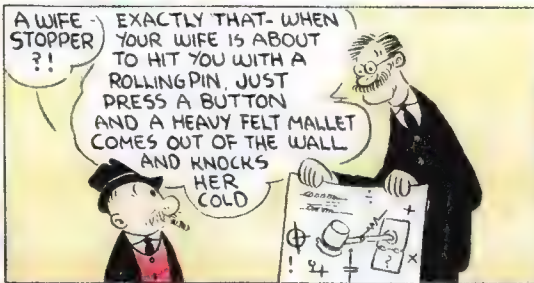
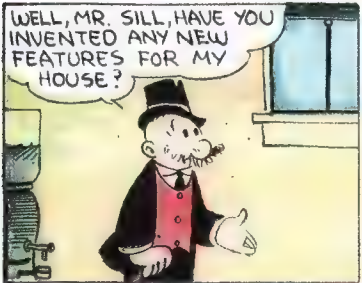
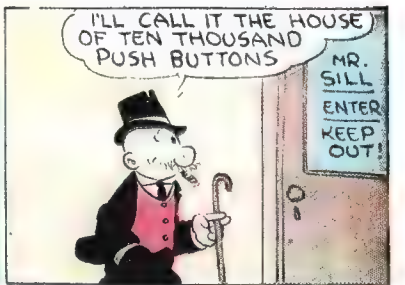
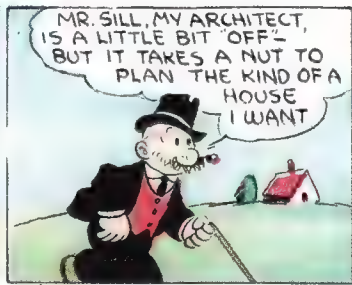
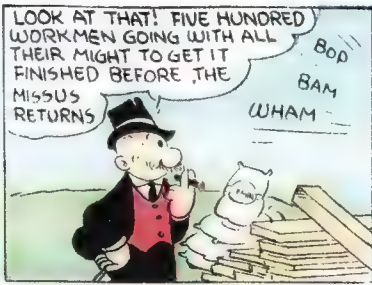
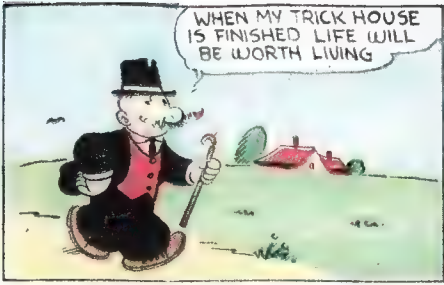
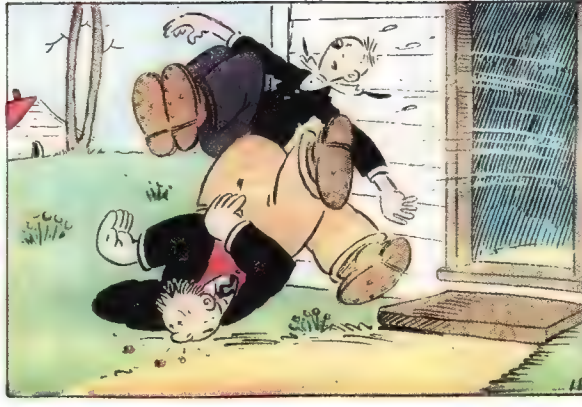
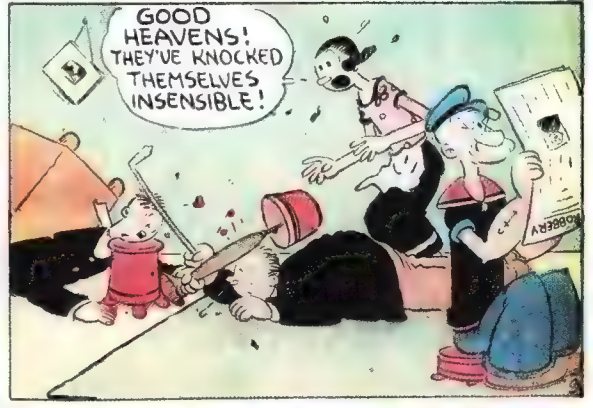
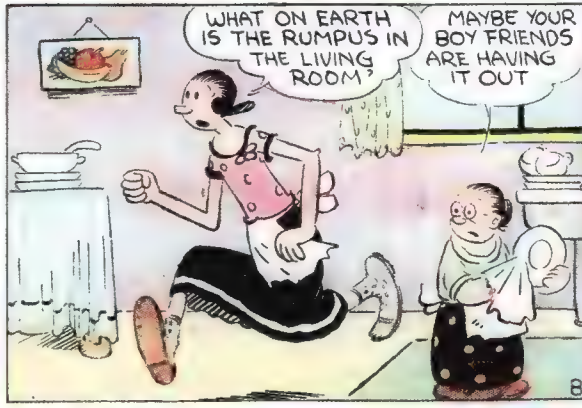
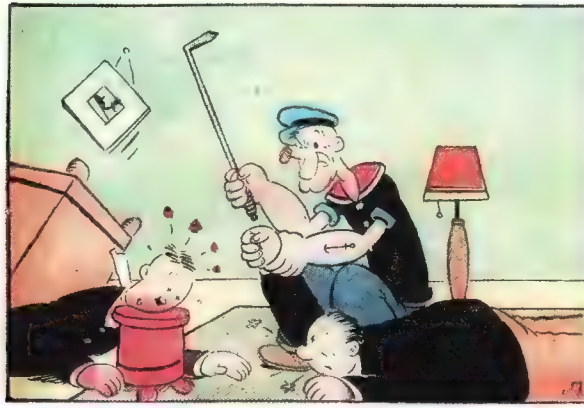
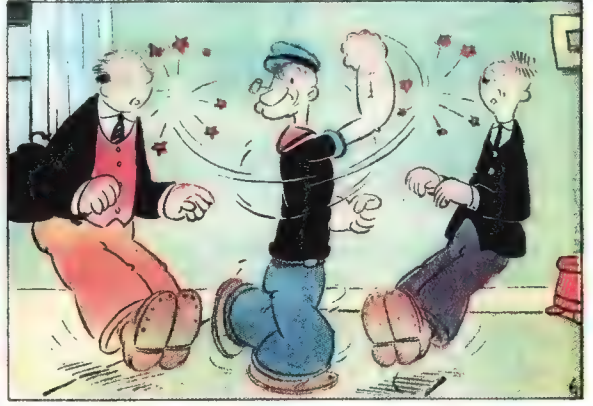
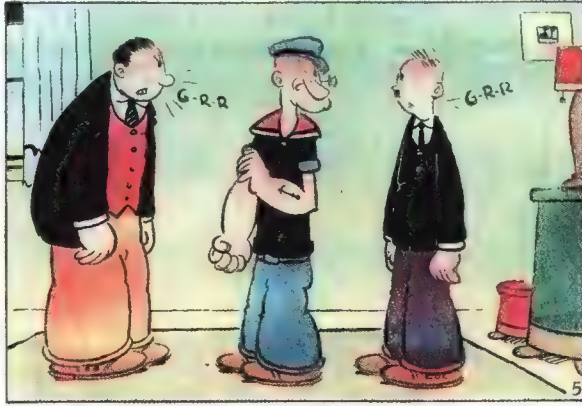
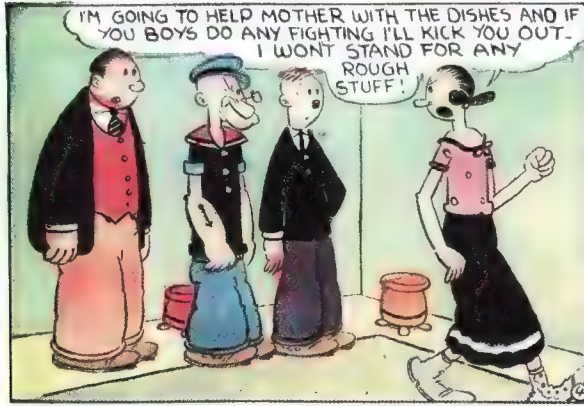
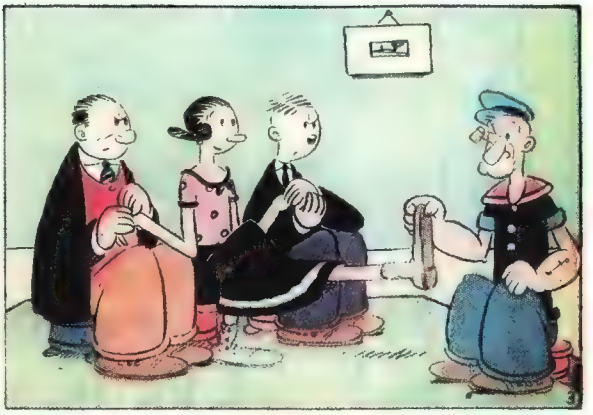
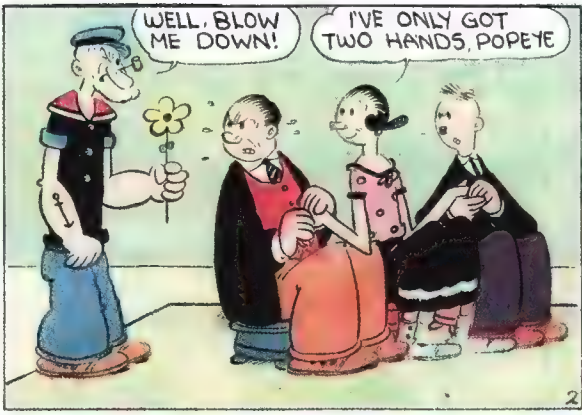
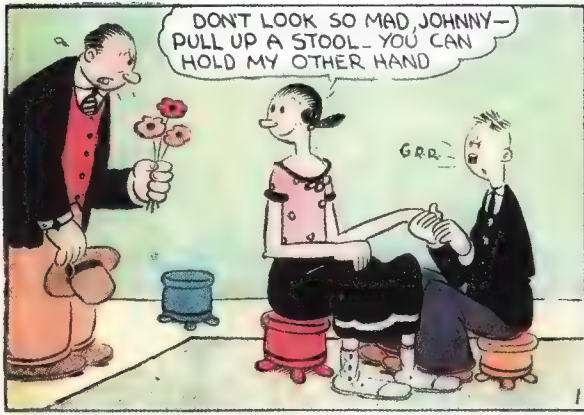


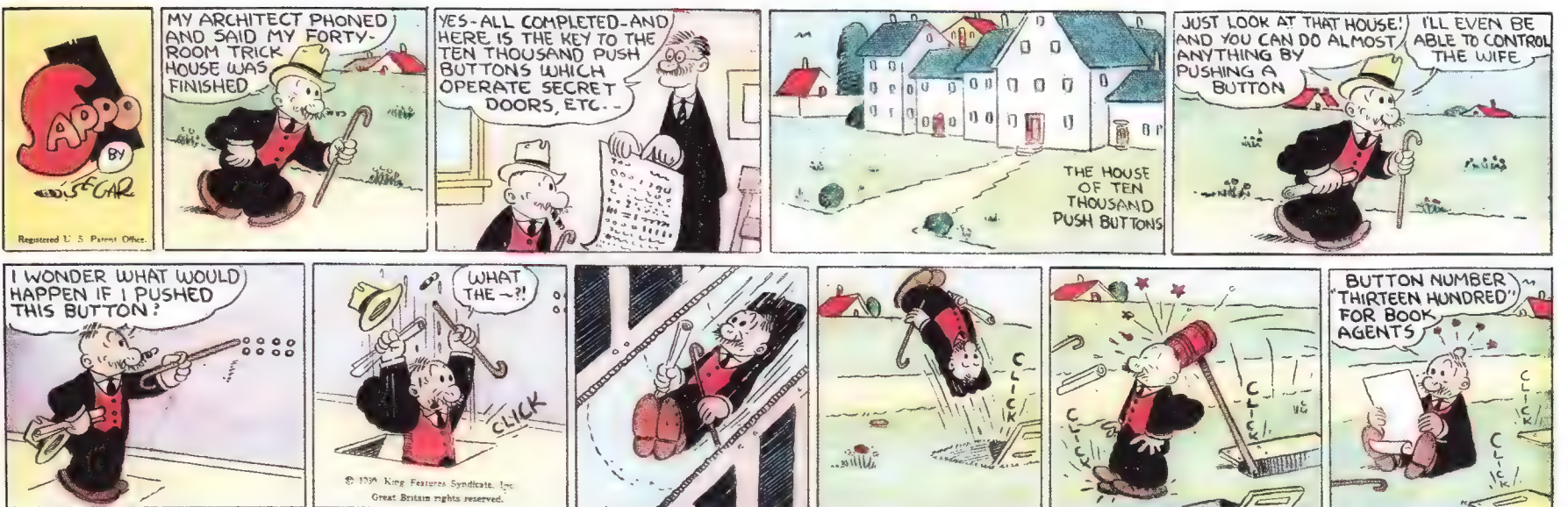


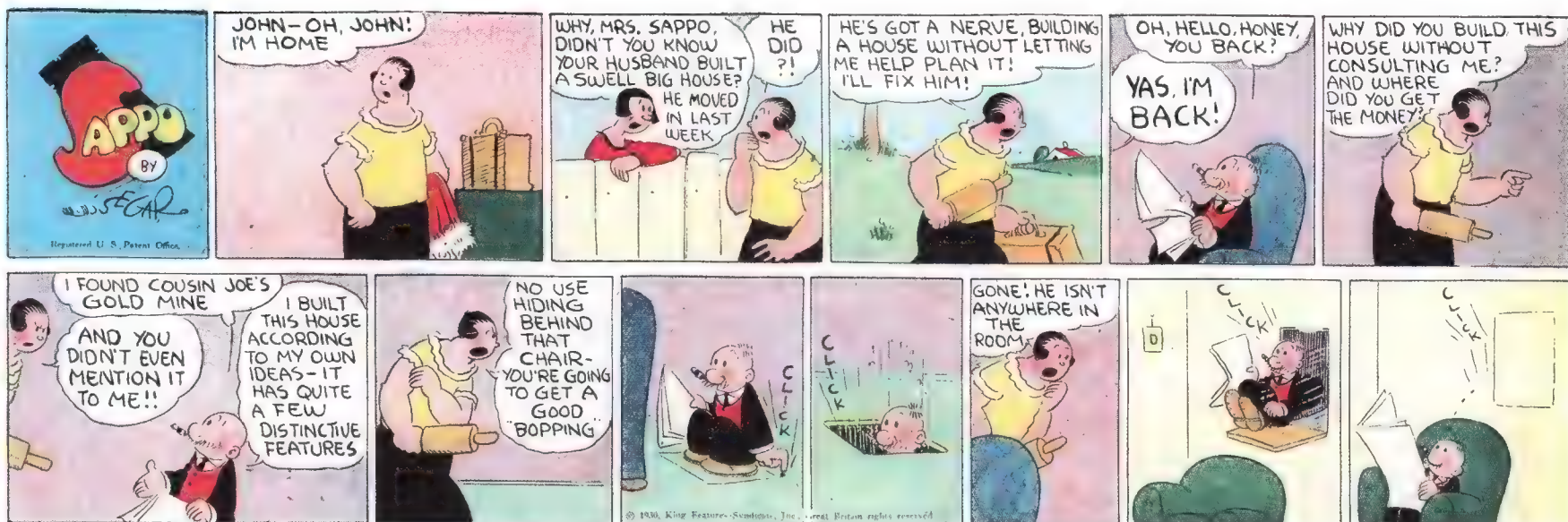


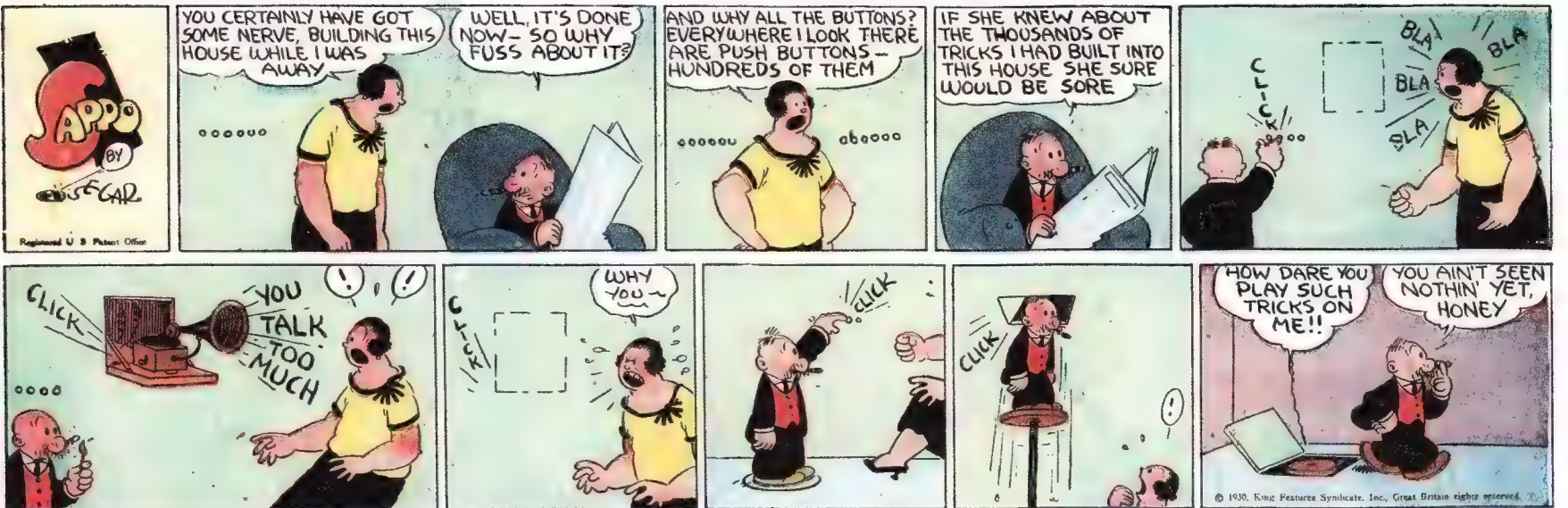


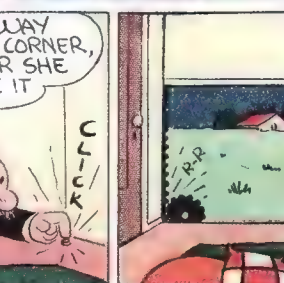
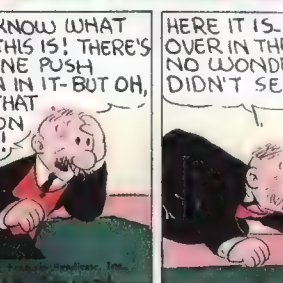
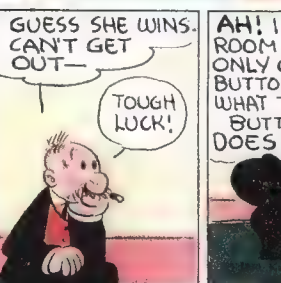
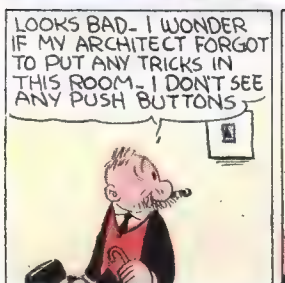
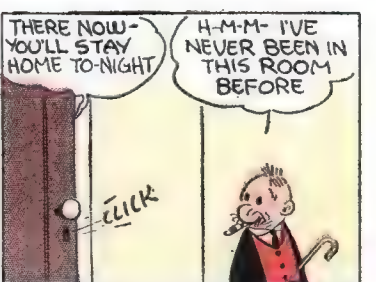
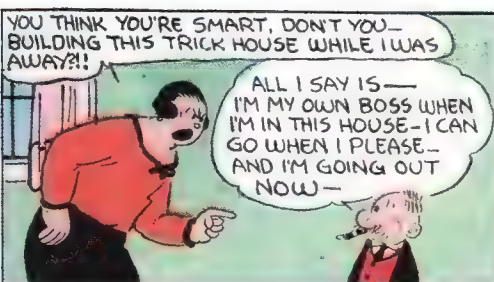
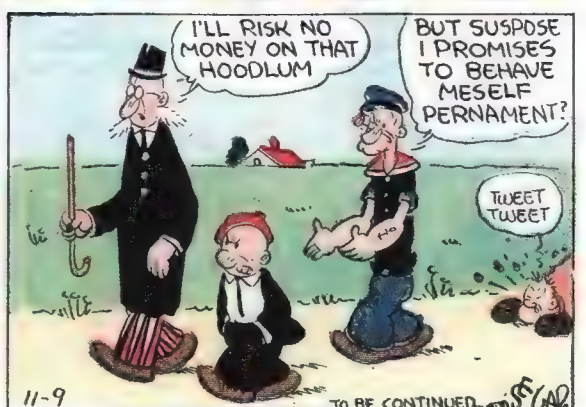
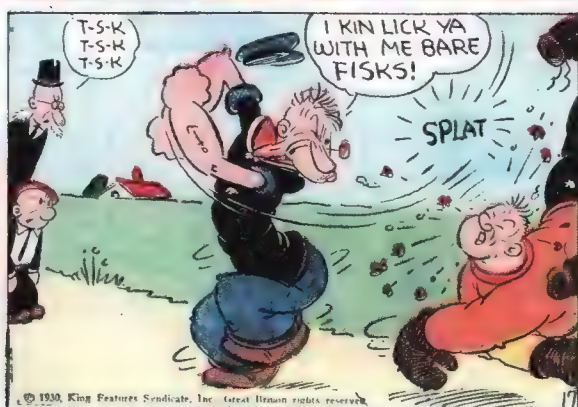
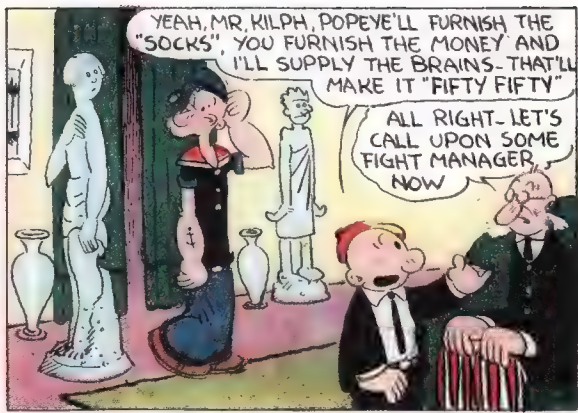
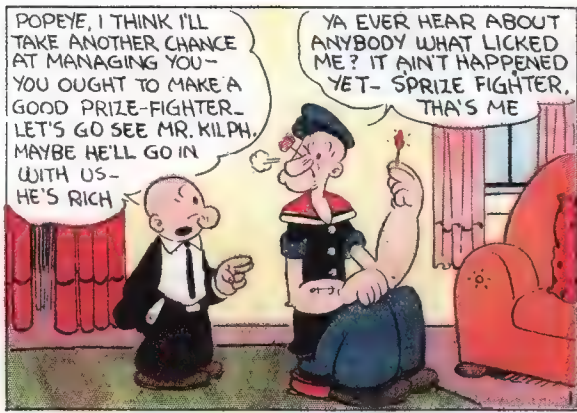


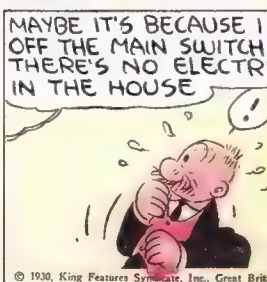
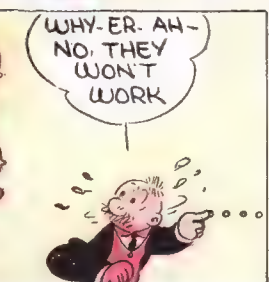
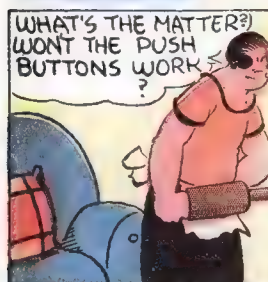
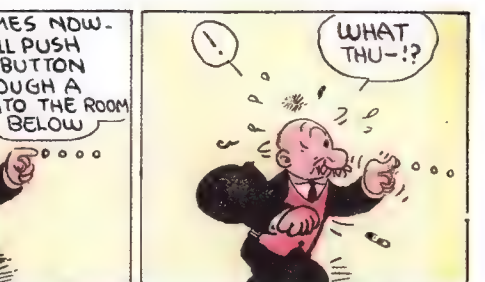
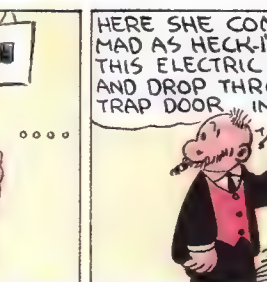
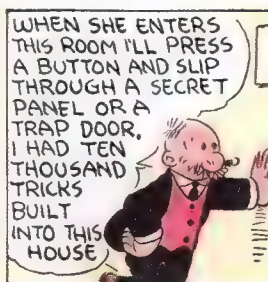
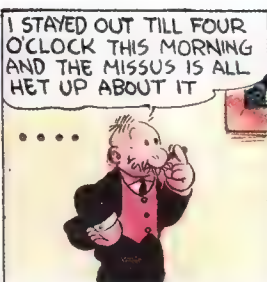
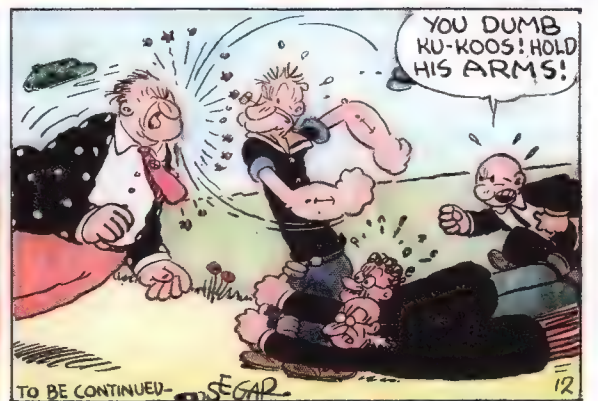
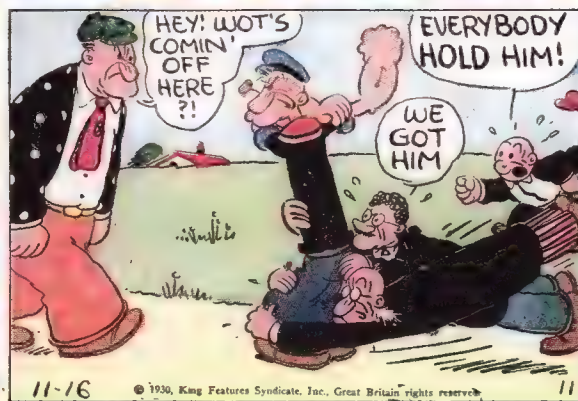
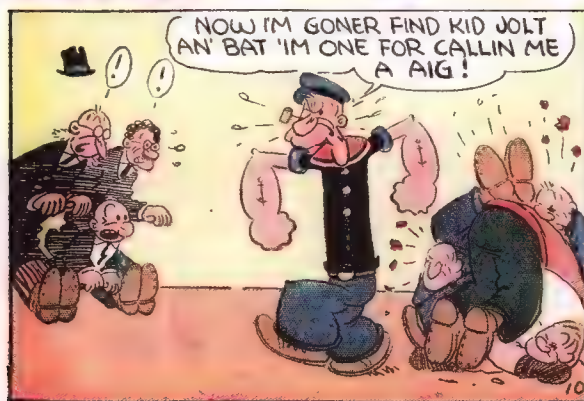
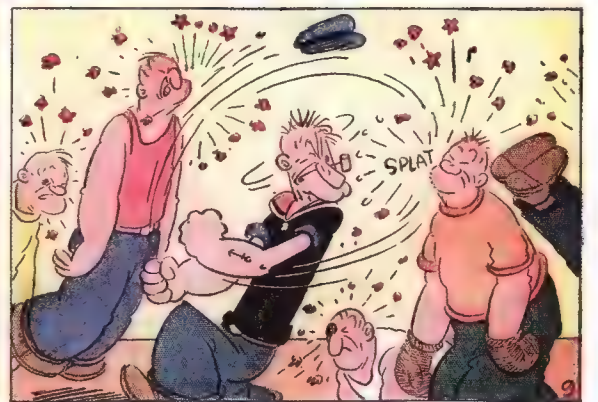
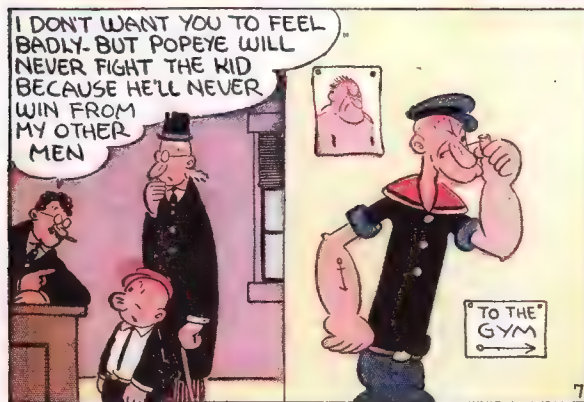
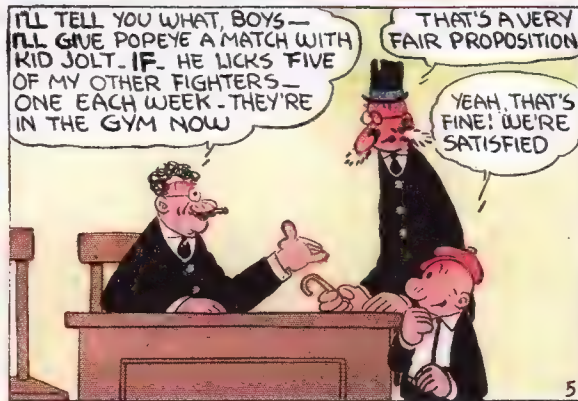
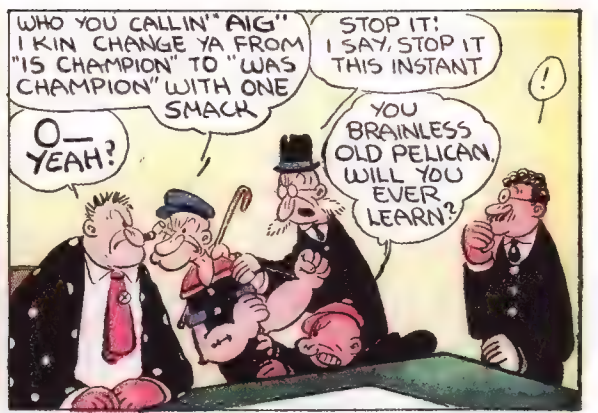
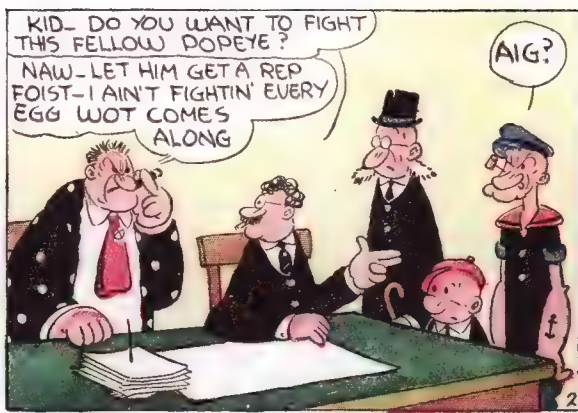
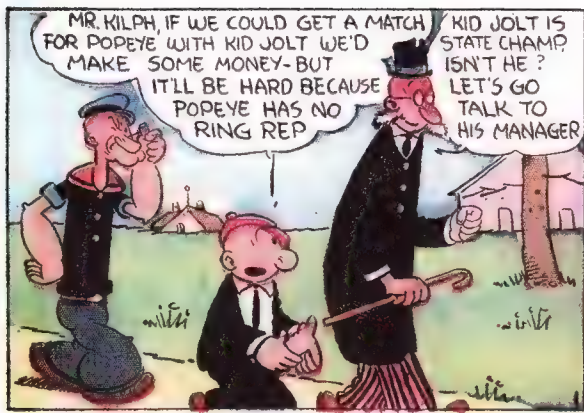


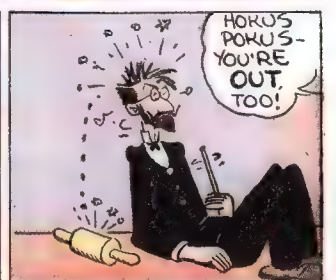
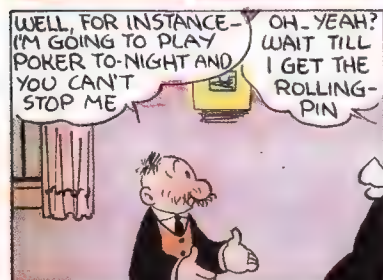
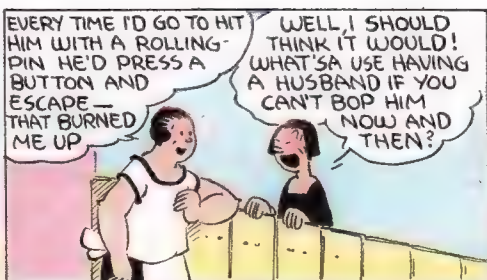
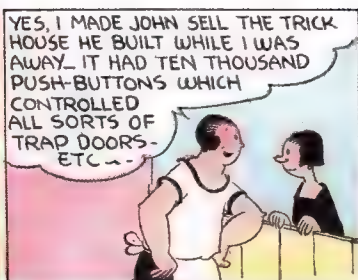
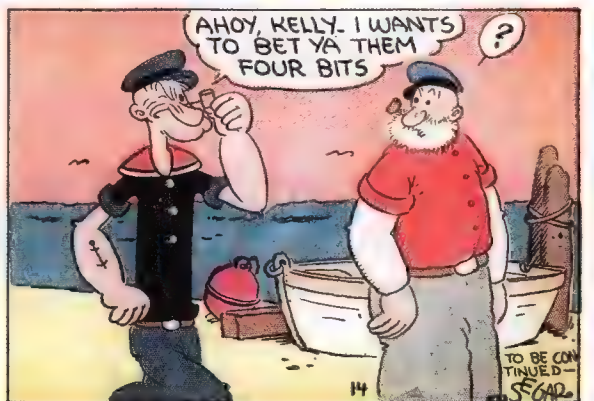
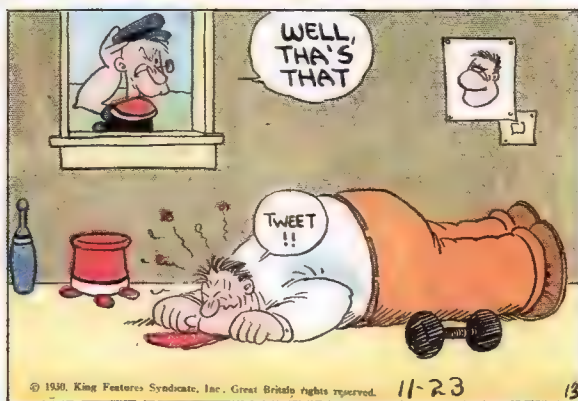
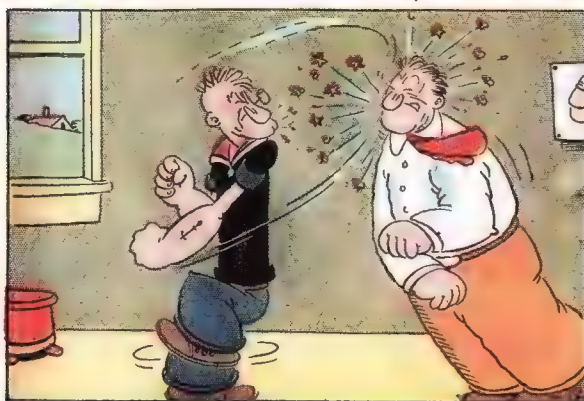
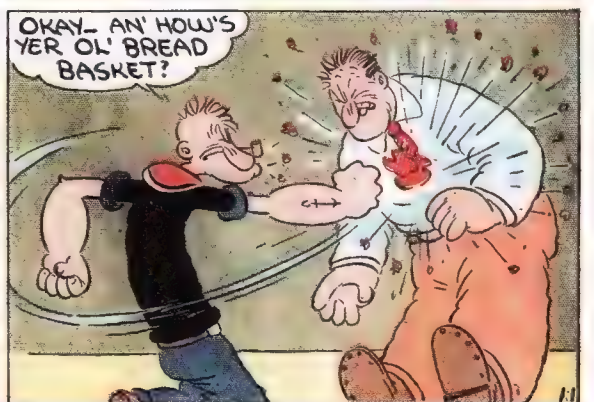
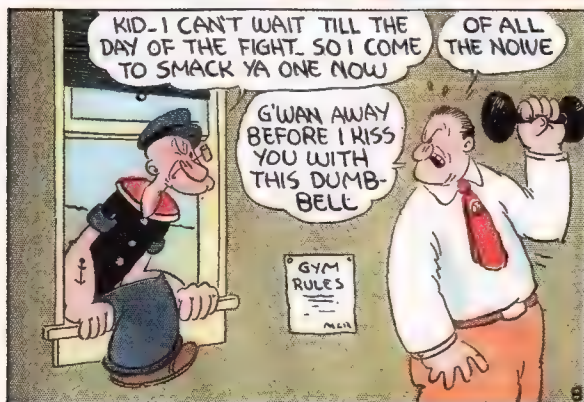
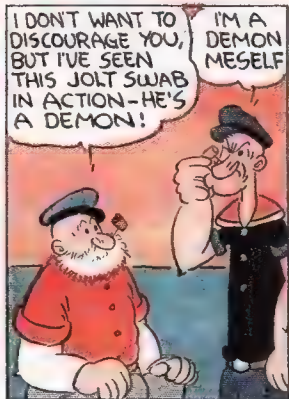
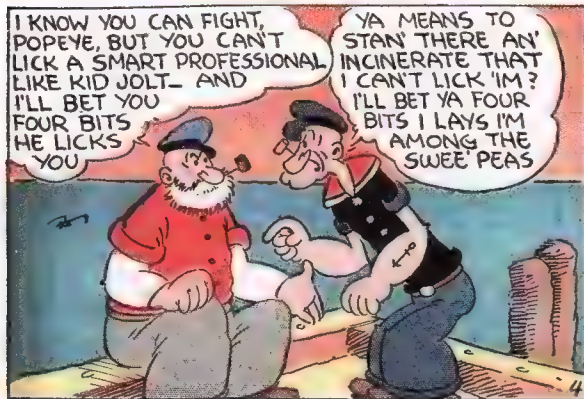
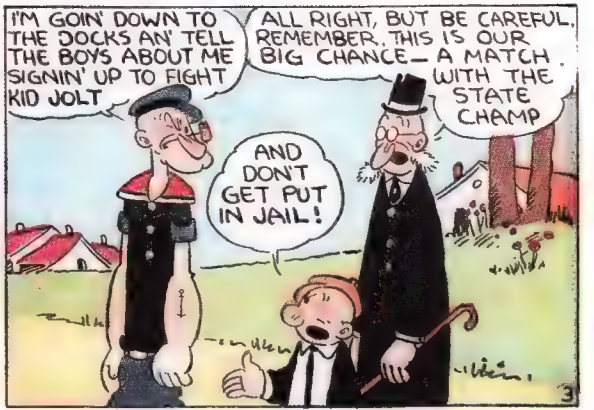
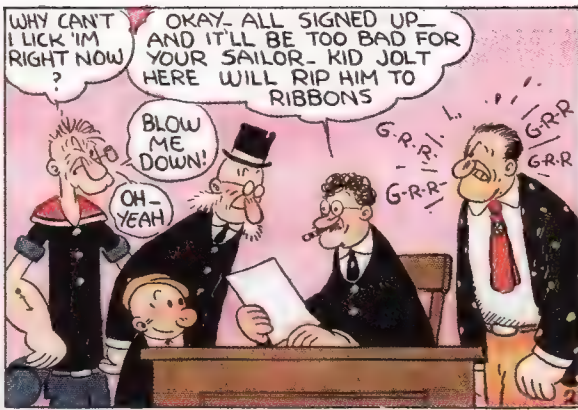




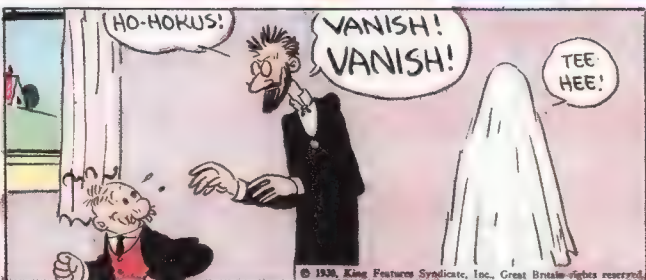
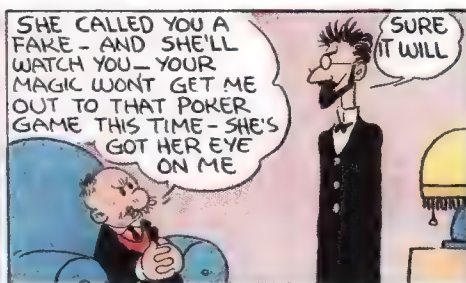
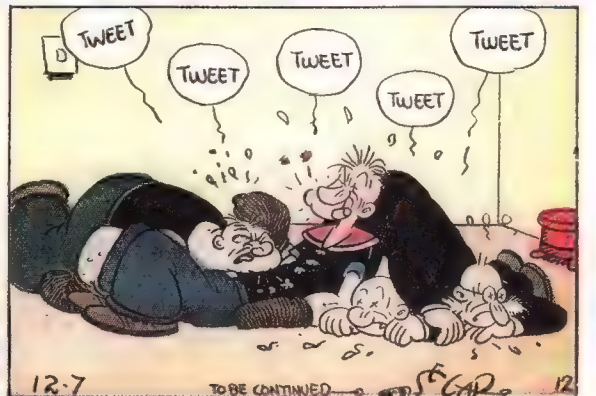
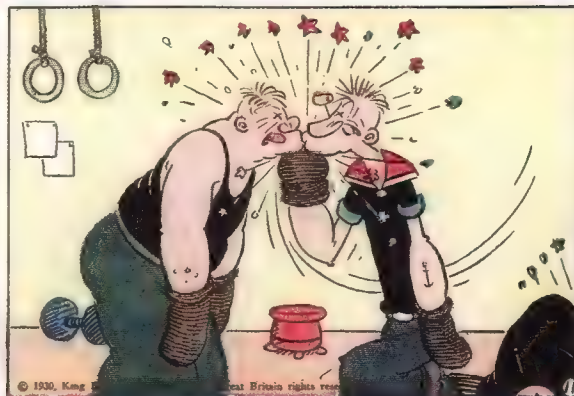
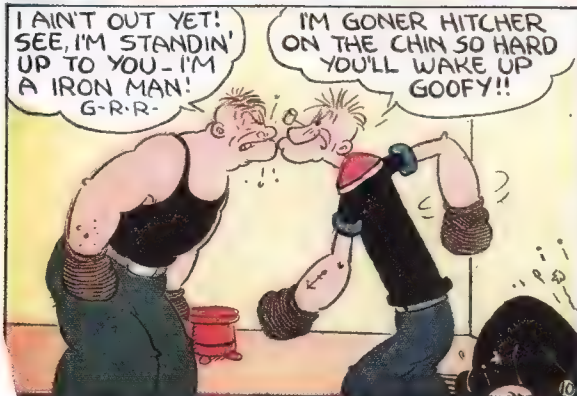
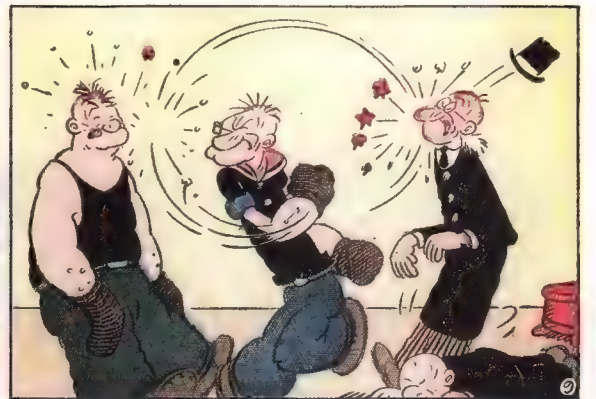
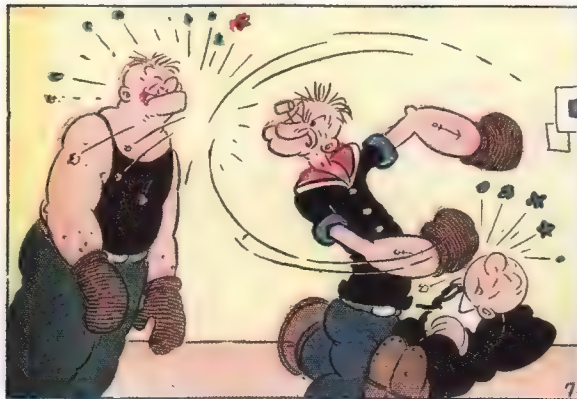
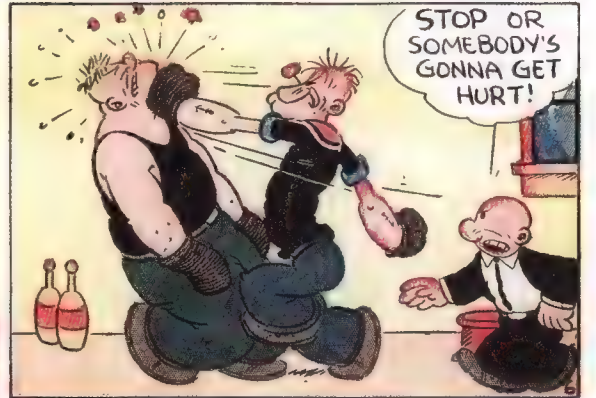
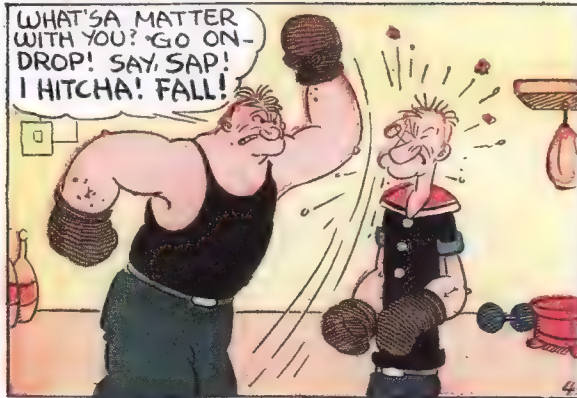
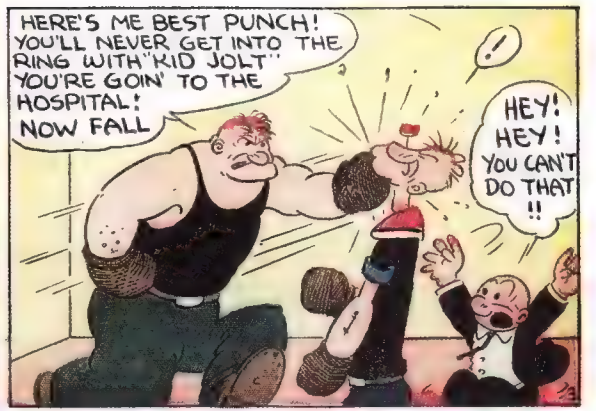
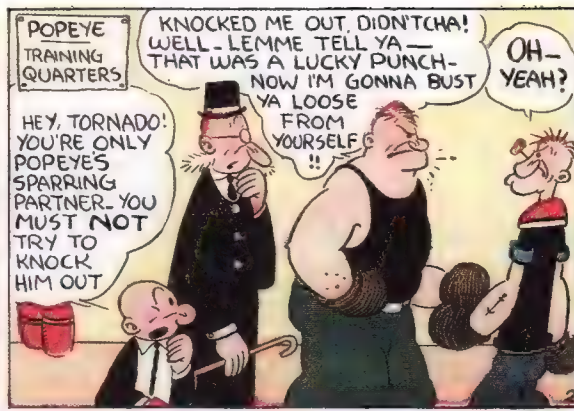
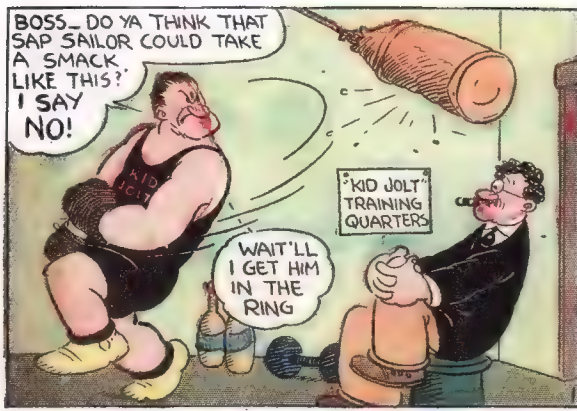


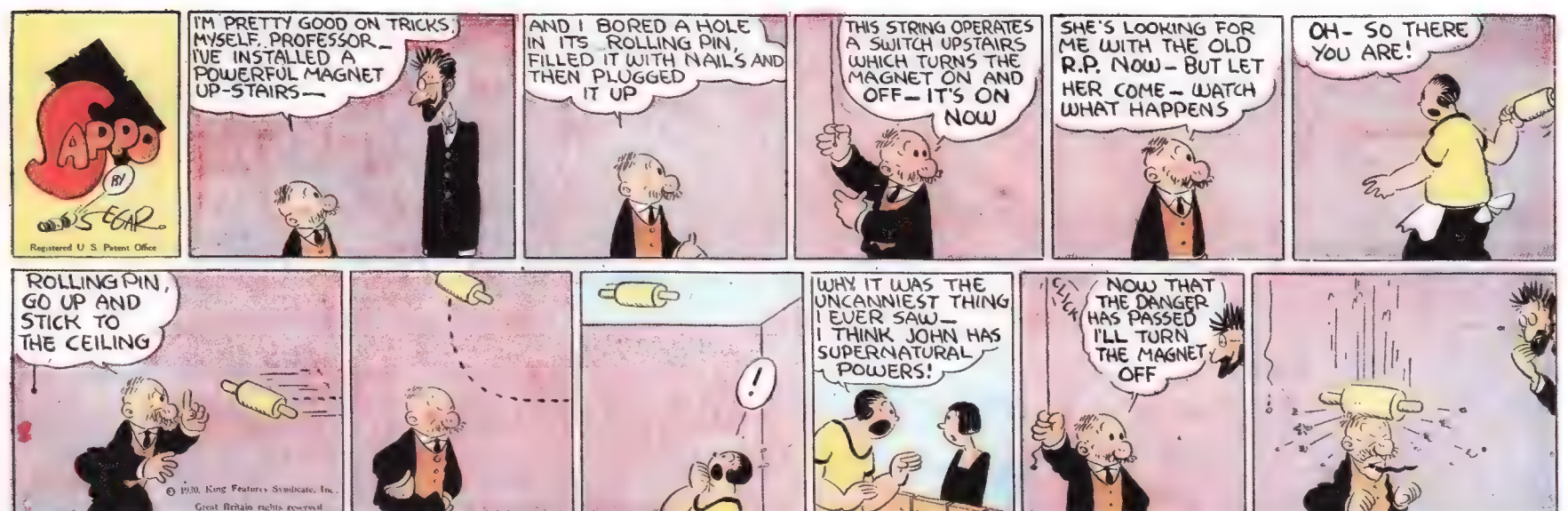
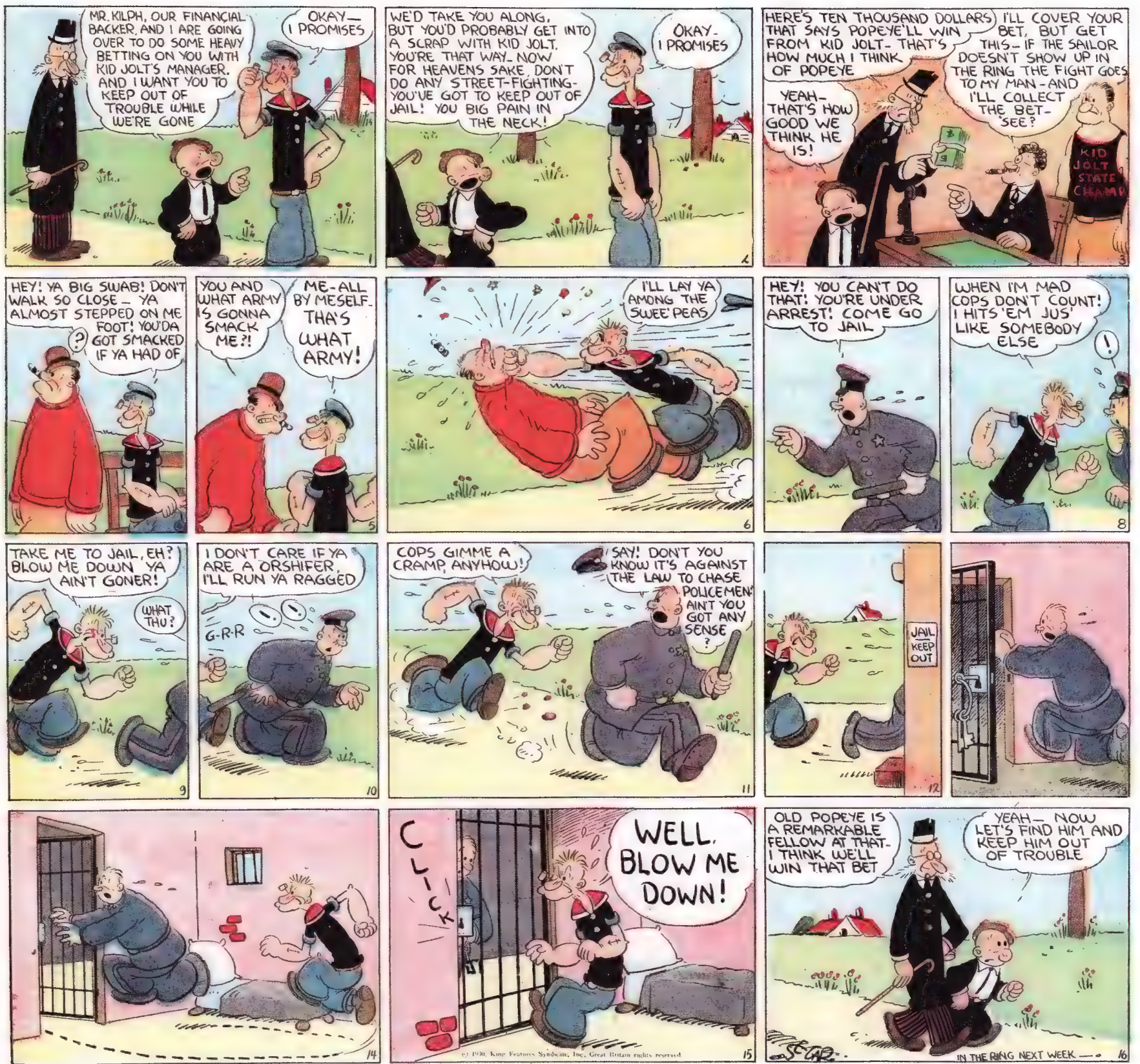


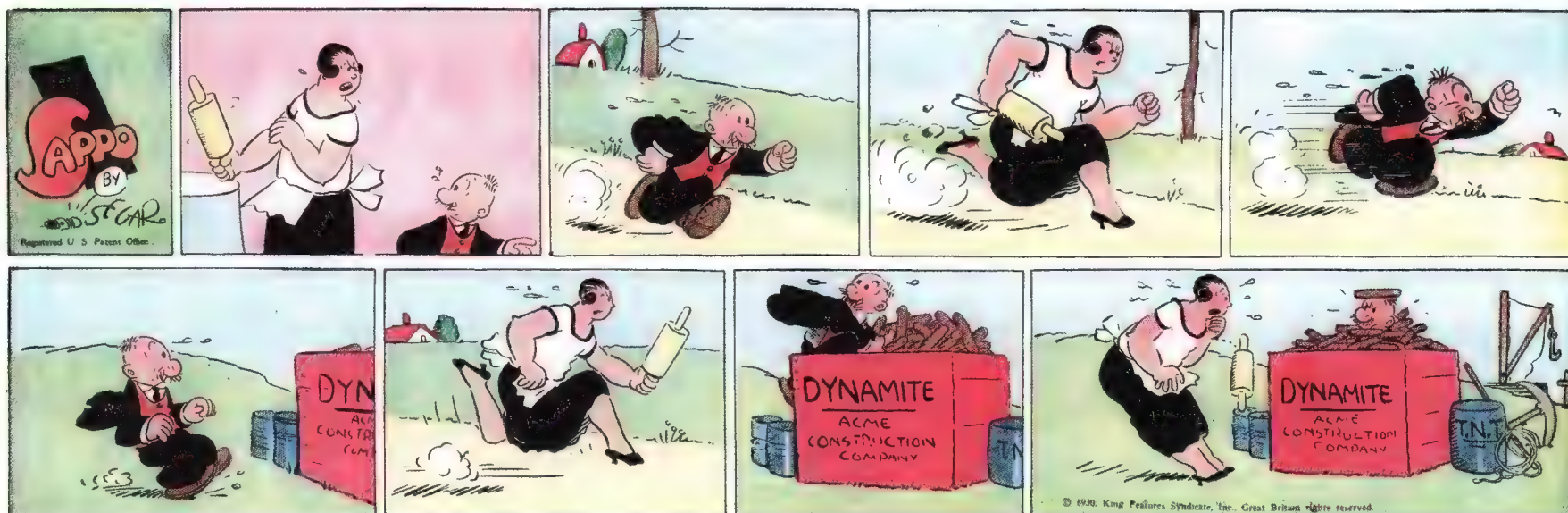


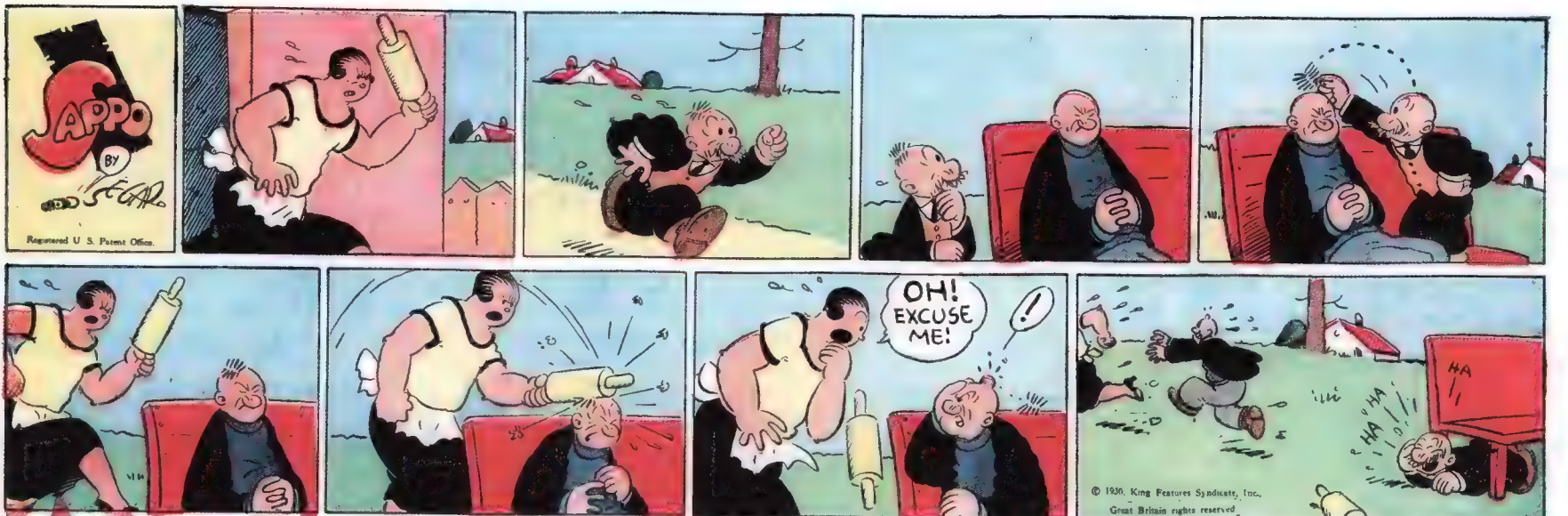
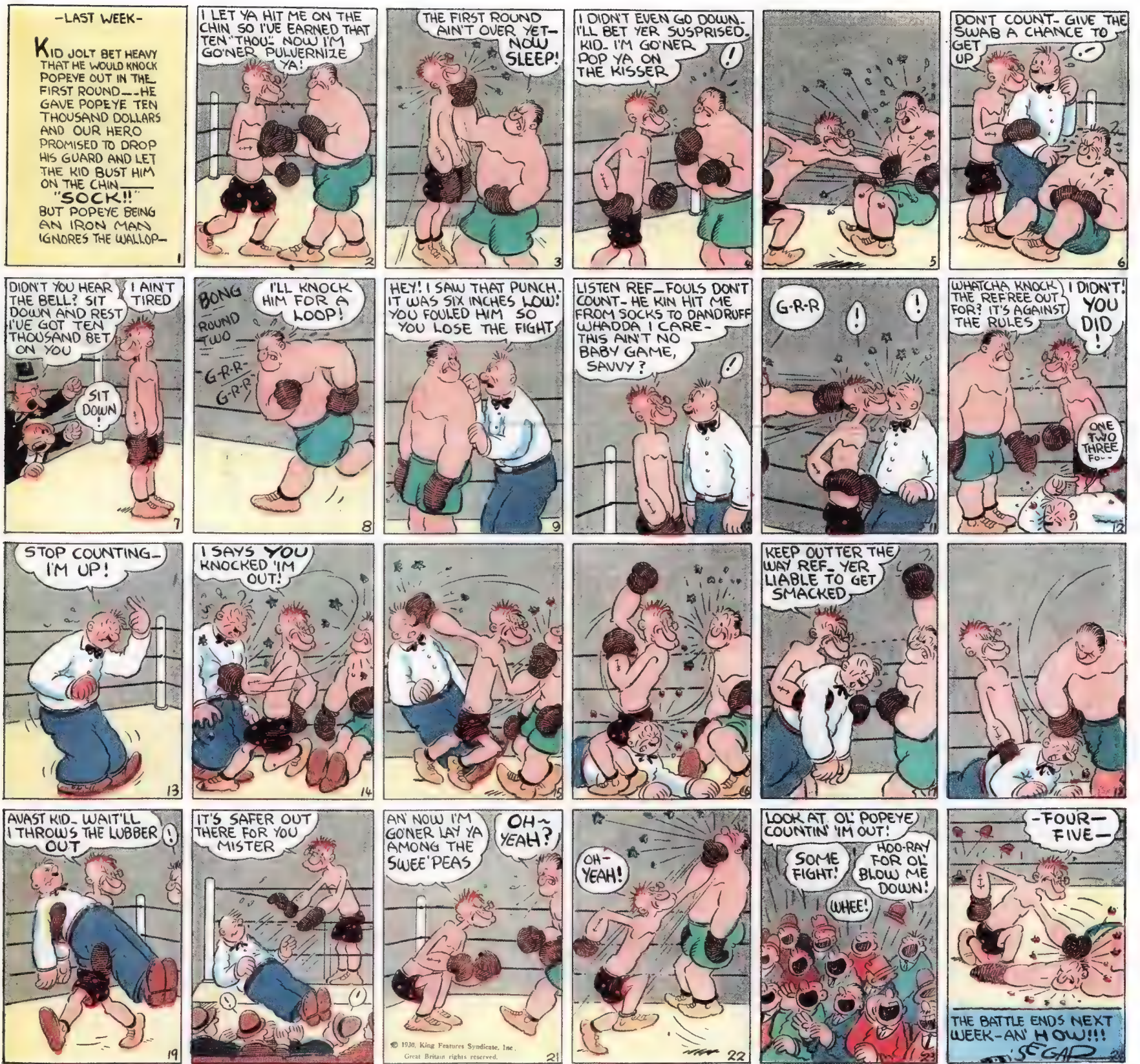


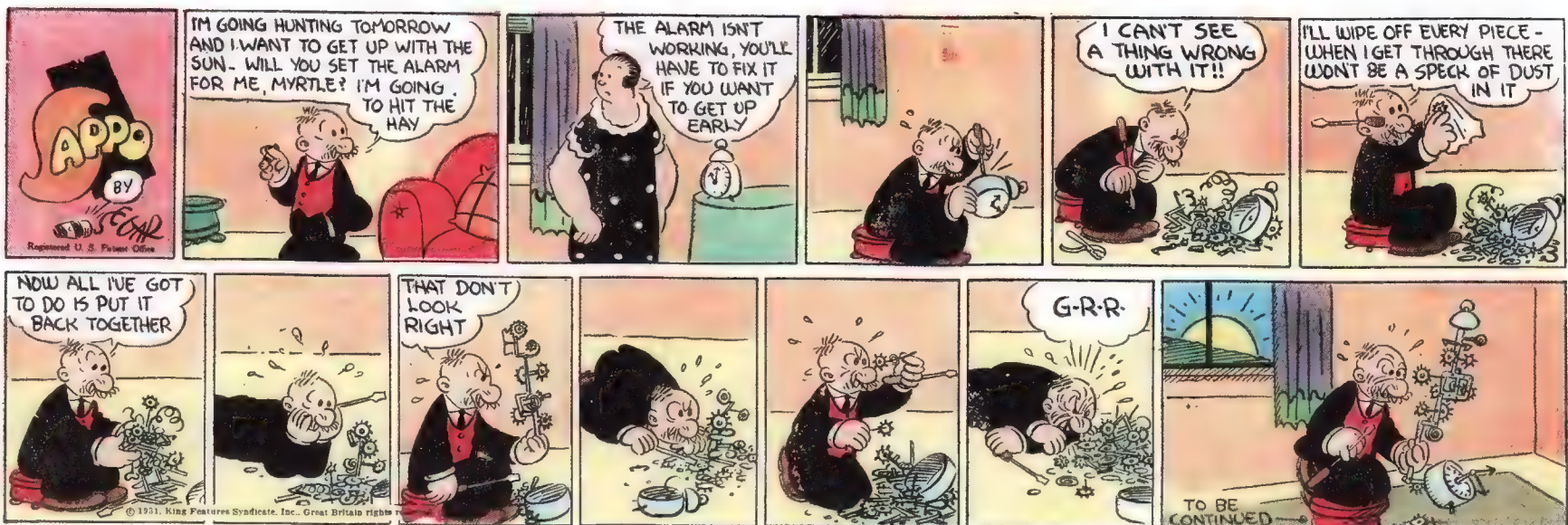
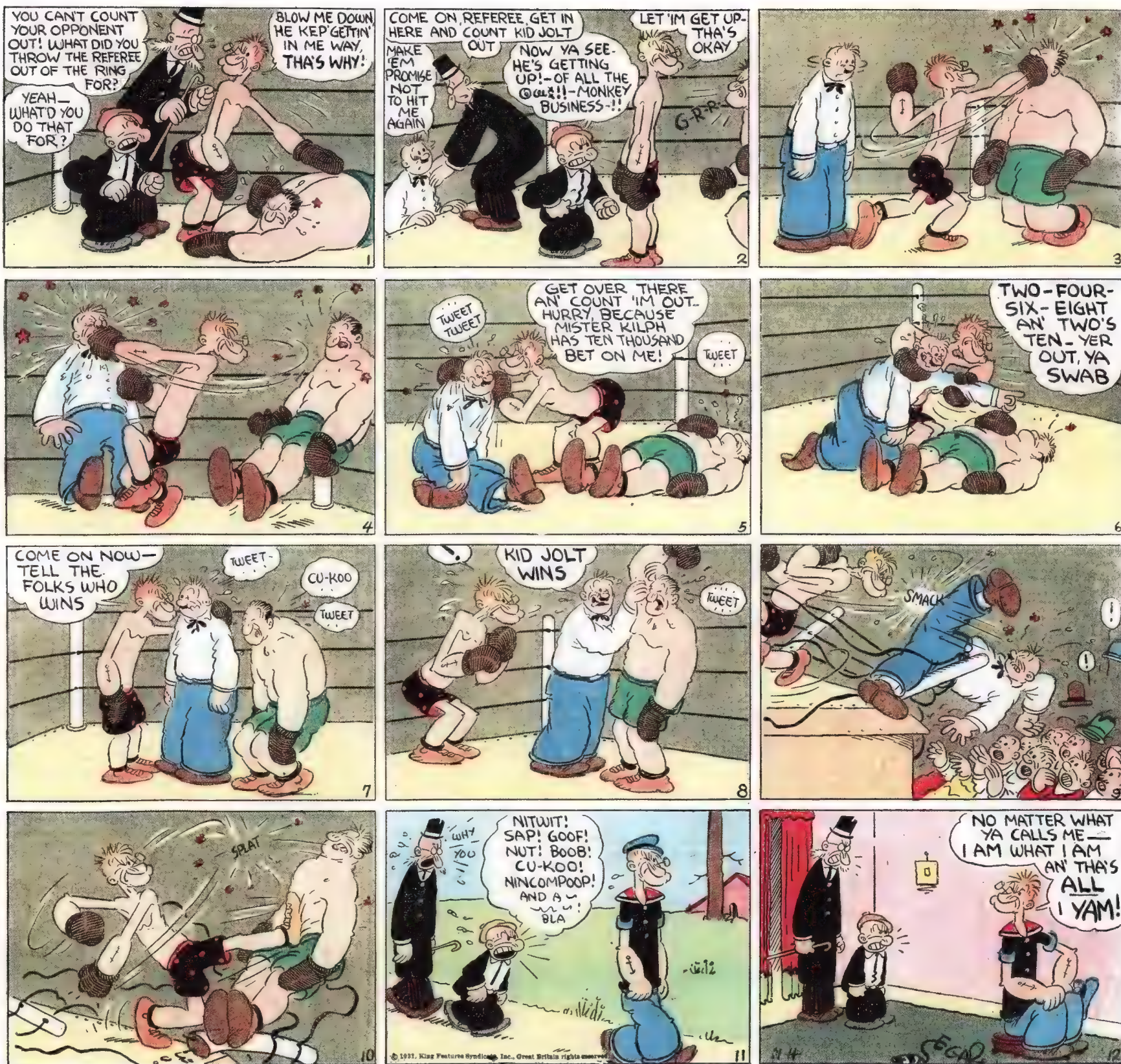


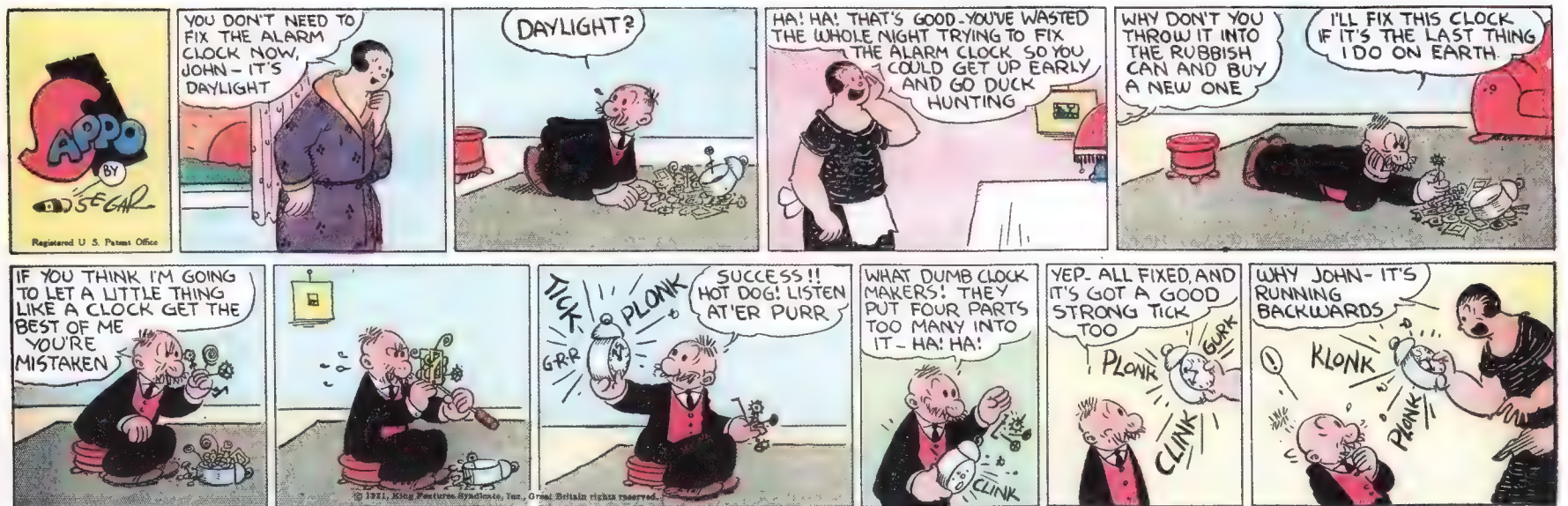
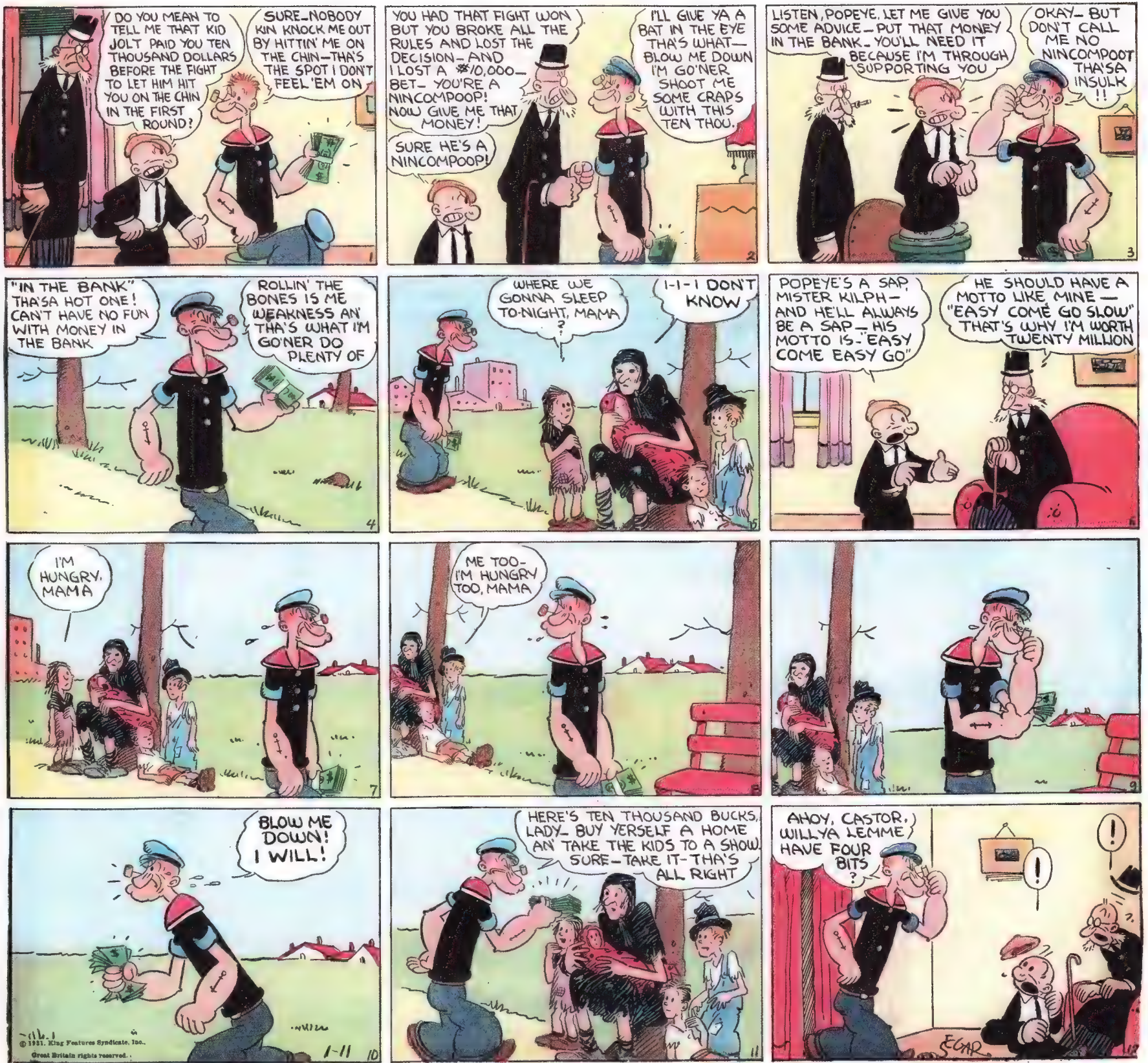


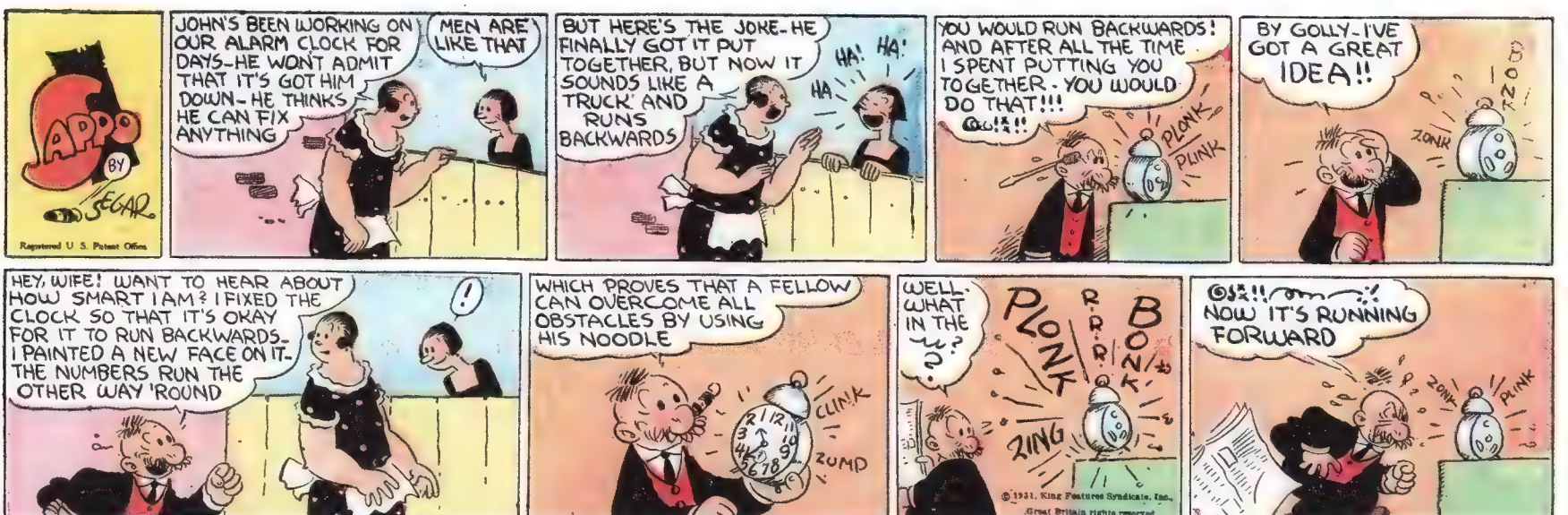


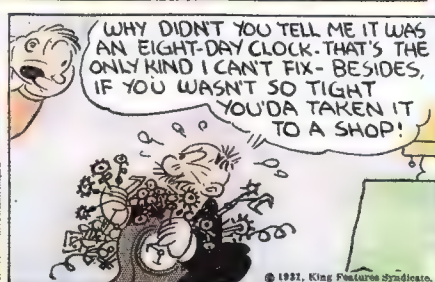
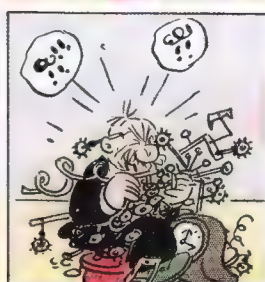
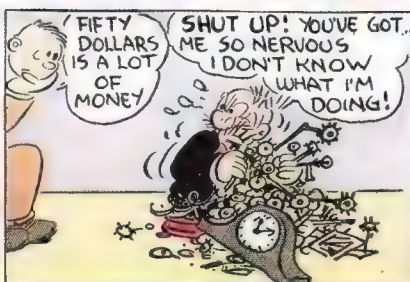
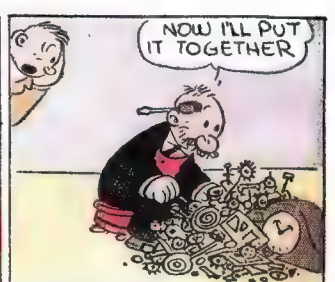
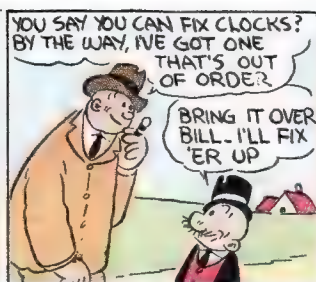
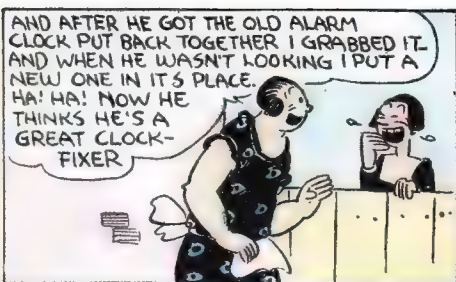
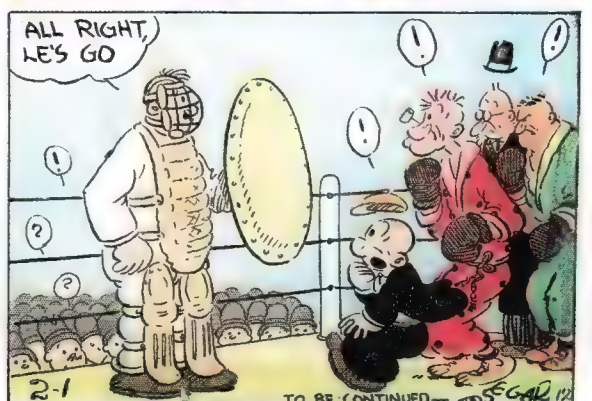
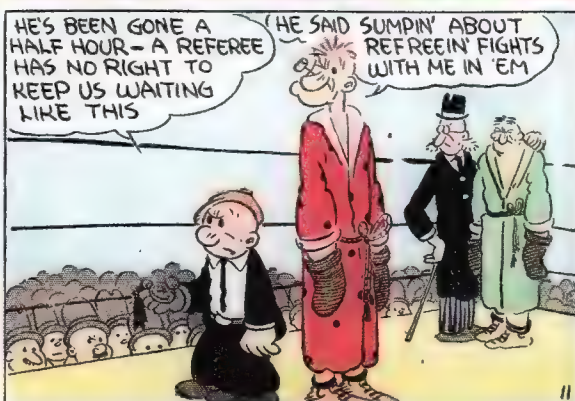
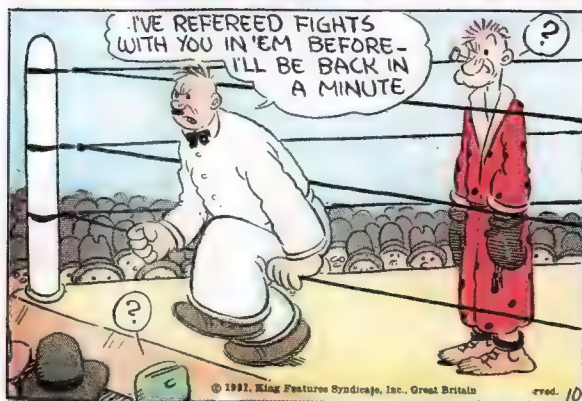
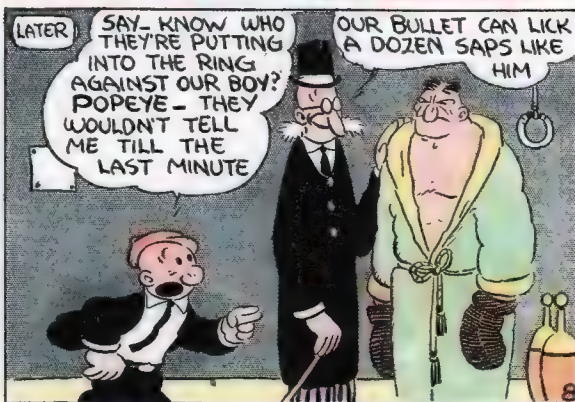
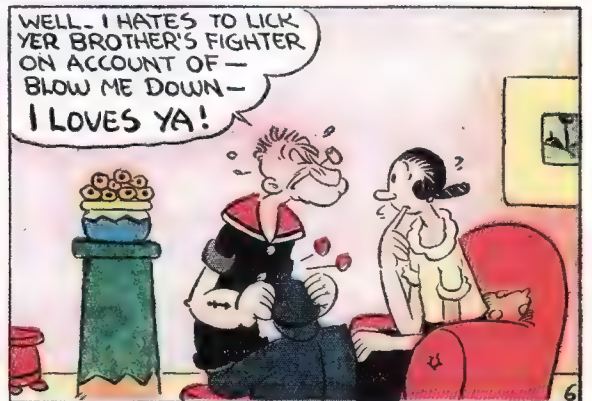
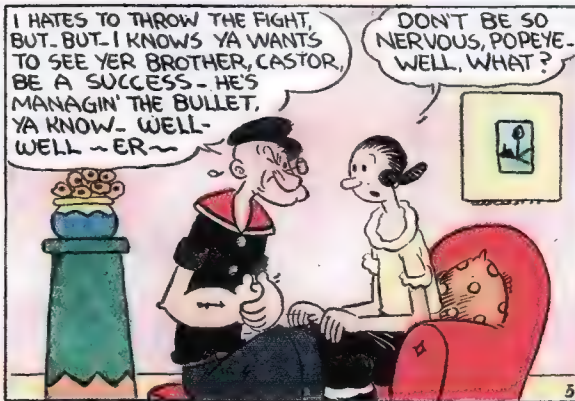
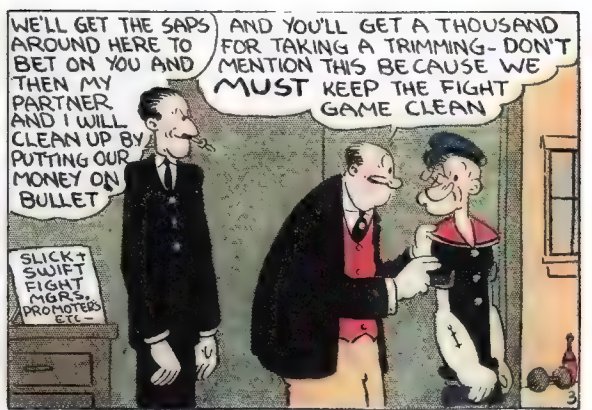
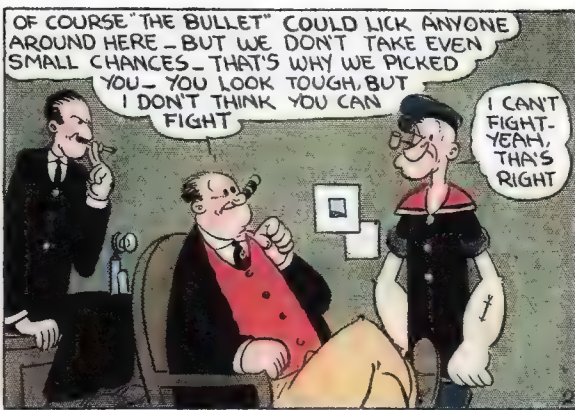
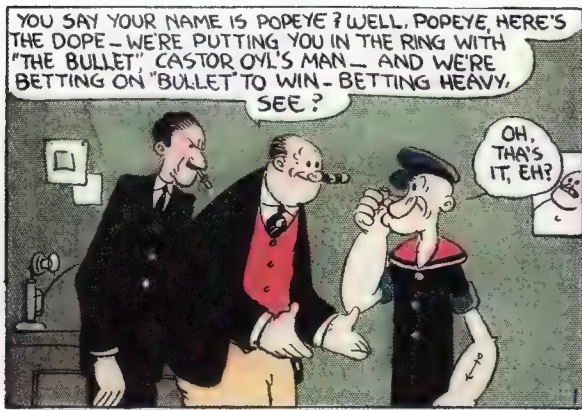


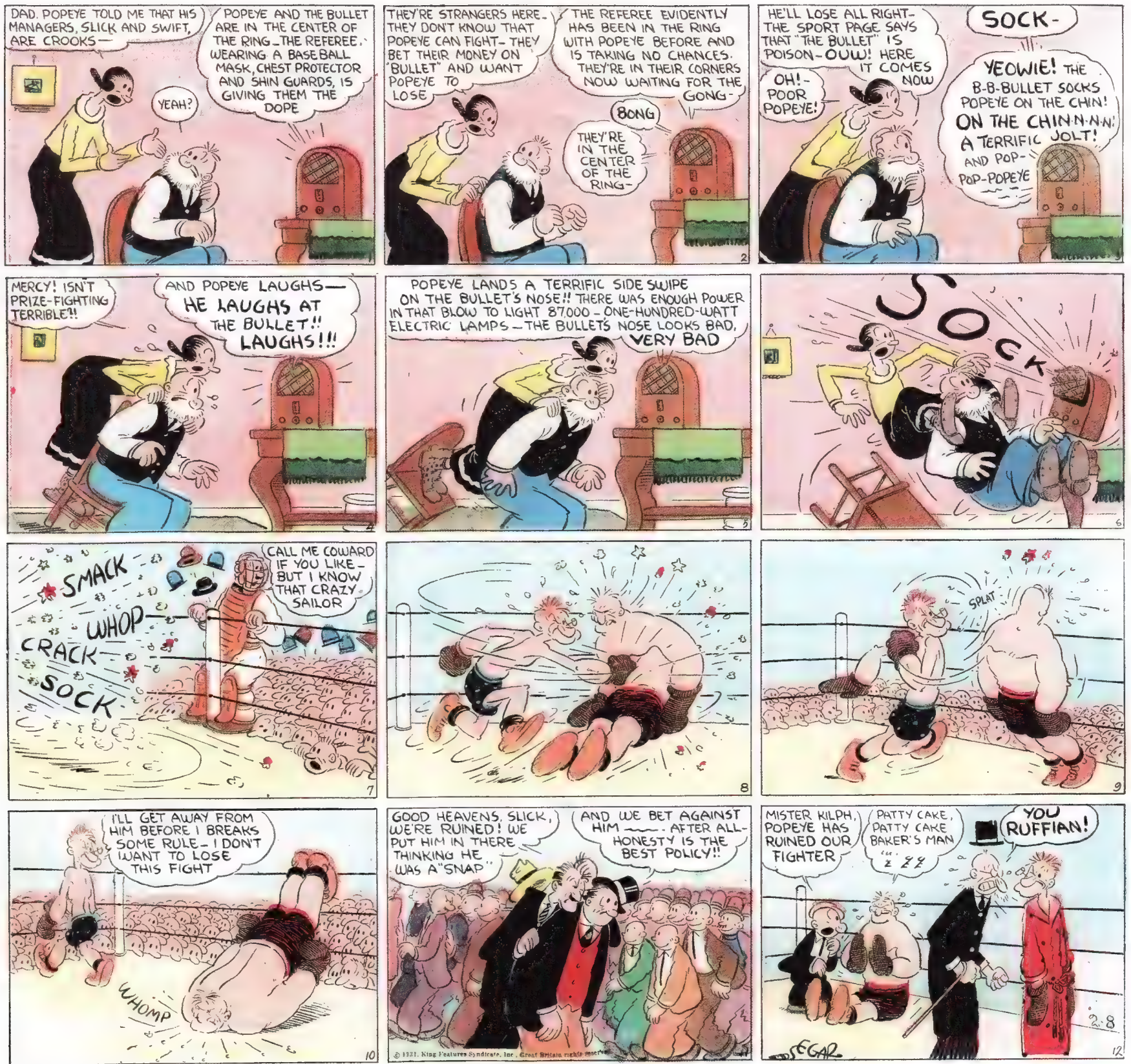




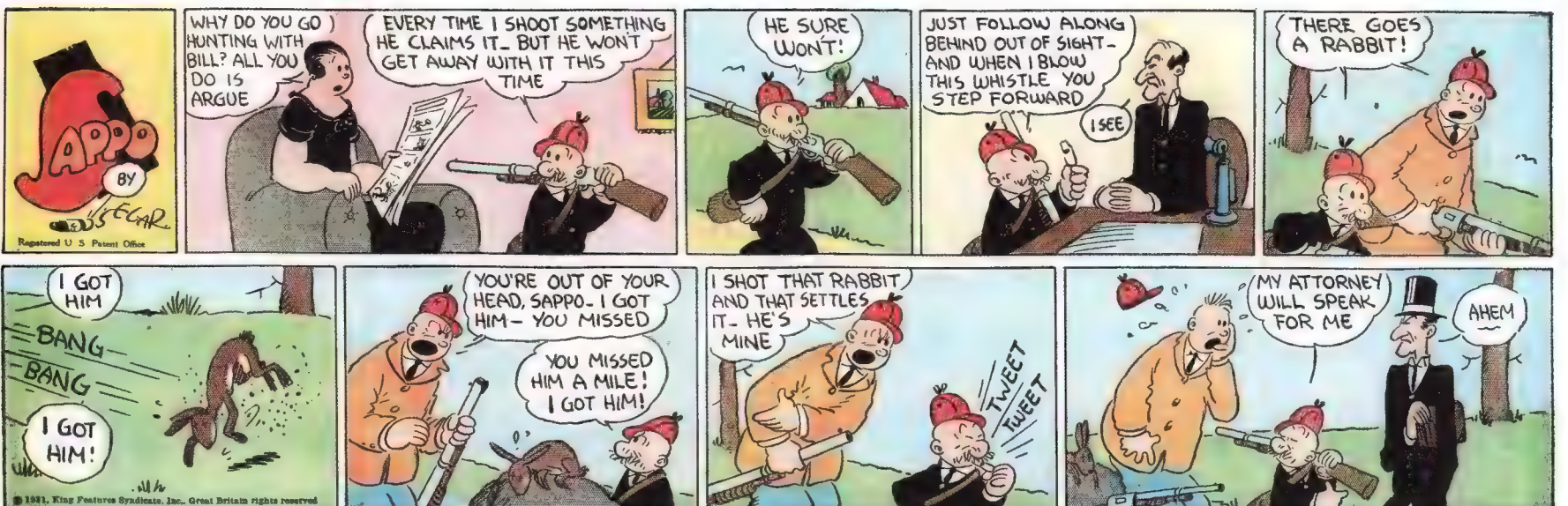




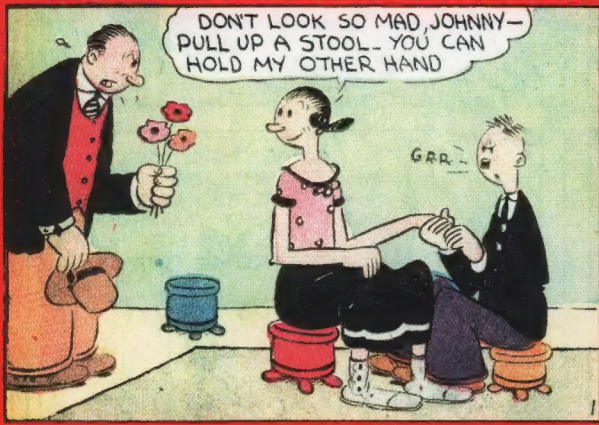












THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS:
POPEYE WAS AN ACCIDENT

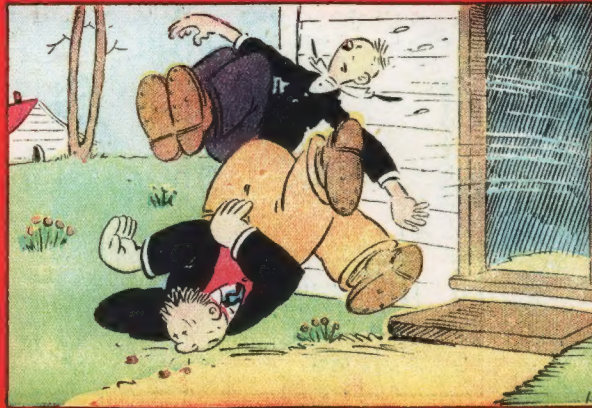
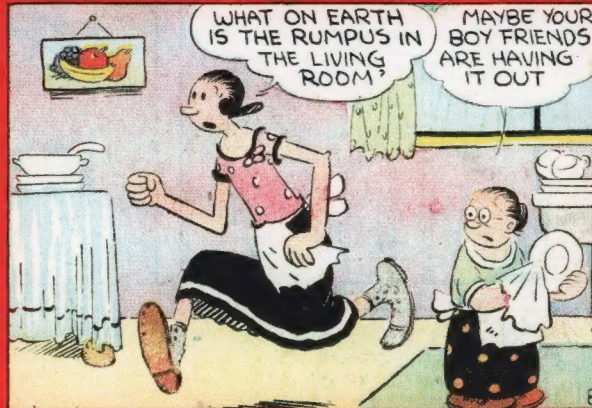
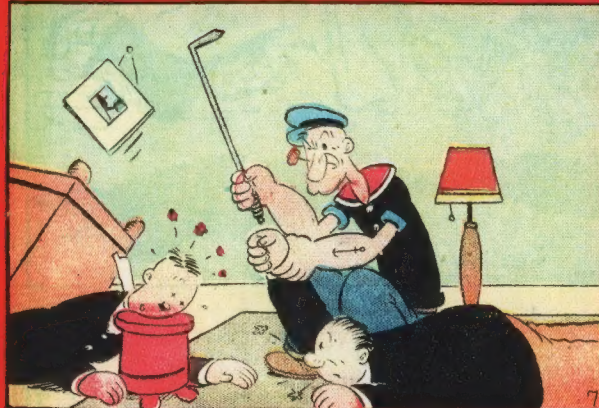
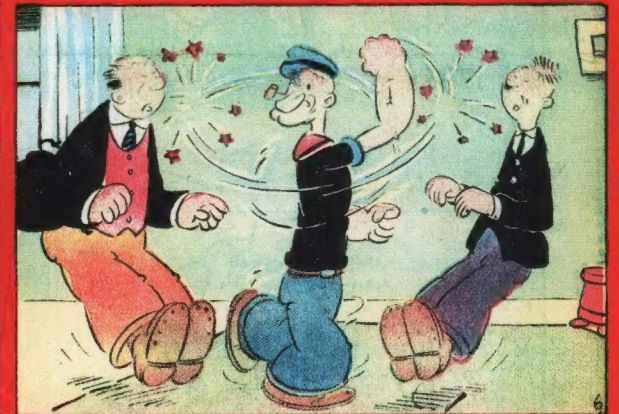
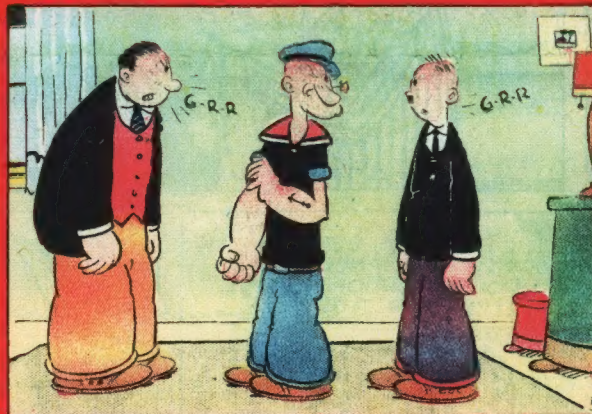
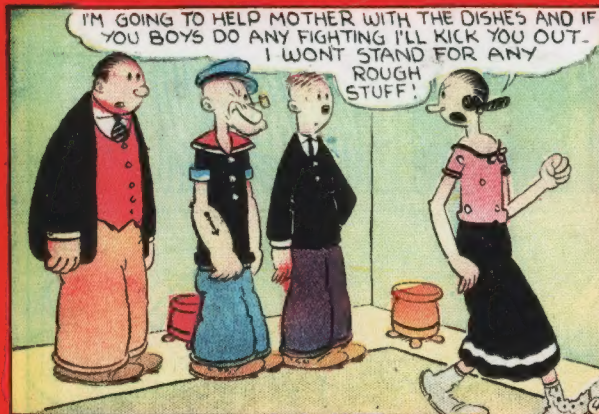
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